JUNE

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

0 ¢
ACFADDEN
LICATION

GINGER ROGERS

A Complete Radio Novel in This Issue—

OUR GAL SUNDAY

The Story of a Great Love That Defied All Obstacles



When comfort means so much

● Because poise and serenity depend on comfort, you'll be grateful for the downy softness—and *extra* comfort—of Modess Sanitary Napkins.

● The reason for this extra comfort? It's simple. Modess has a filler as soft and airy as a cloud. We call it "fluff"—and it's very different from the filler found in most other napkins.

● Thanks to this gentle, yielding fluff, there's nothing like Modess for comfort. It's so *safe*, too! Read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve napkins.





Even if you never lead a Beauty Parade . . .

YOU CAN WIN..If your Smile is Right!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are firm and healthy. Help to keep your gums firmer with daily Ipana and Massage.

YOU CAN HAVE dates and dances—admiration and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. Even the plainest girl has an appealing charm if she keeps her smile at its sparkling best.

Make your smile the real, attractive YOU. But remember, bright teeth and sparkling smiles depend largely upon healthy gums. So help keep your gums firm and your smile more attractive with the aid of Ipana and massage.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may say your gums are only lazy—that they need the work denied them by today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is specially designed to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth.

That special invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Make your smile your most important beauty asset with the help of Ipana and massage. Get a tube of Ipana today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUNE, 1941 VOL. 16 No. 2

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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Every busy morning— Every dancing night



guard your after-bath freshness with Mum!





Avoid underarm odor! Mum every day helps protect your charm, your job, your popularity!

YOUR morning freshness—are you sure it isn't left in the car or bus on your hurried way to the office? Your evening charm—are you certain it hasn't wilted and faded even before the music swings? Remember, perspiration can start just after you leave your freshening tub—*underarm odor* can give the lie to your charm before you are even hours older.

Smart girls never trust in their bath alone. A bath, no matter how glorious, only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents the risk of *underarm odor* to come. Trust your charm every day to smooth, creamy dependable Mum. Keep sure of daintiness!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only 30 seconds! Just a pat under each arm . . . and you're through! Can be used right after underarm shaving, for Mum won't irritate the skin.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor.* With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening.* Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose, too.

MUM takes the odor out of Perspiration

Something to talk about

Radio's full of a number of things, says the editor—and proceeds to tell you about some of them that don't come over your loud speaker

TUNING in on a short wavelength to:

The sweetness of Helen O'Connell, Jimmy Dorsey's singer.

The happiness of Arch Oboler because he has a new house in California and time and money to enjoy it.

The relief when Jack Benny signed again for another year of broadcasting, after stories had him quitting because he worried about his health.

The news that Abbott and Costello are being added to the Charlie McCarthy program, though Charlie's still head man.

The added humor of the Maxwell House program now that Frank Morgan is back.

The improved delivery of newscaster Paul Sullivan, whose popularity rating has increased in like measure.

Fred Allen's quips—more zestful than in several broadcasting seasons.

Ezra Stone's perplexing question: Is the Army going to take him out of the Aldrich Family?

Some guest stars on the Bob Hope program—because his Crossley went down a point once?

The high rating in listener popularity surveys of the Uncle Walter's Doghouse program.

Louella Parsons' new program, previewing Hollywood movies—the star formula she used successfully a few seasons ago on Hollywood Hotel.

The way a Gang Busters drama sometimes peters out at the end, the listener suffering a letdown he didn't expect from the exciting start.

Timothy F. Donovan, a reader who writes: "Can't we have more pictures and stories like 'It's Easy Living' in Radio Mirror? We like to see where these people we hear on the radio live, what their likes and dislikes are. After all, we listeners are human as well as the stars, hence our curiosity to pry into their private lives." Do I hear any ayes?

Daylight Saving—when clocks and tempers run short and twilight lingers longer, when tuning in becomes a struggle with addition and subtraction and you always are an hour late catching a train. P.S.: Keep the pages open to Radio Mirror's Almanac.

A new idea, advanced by the Mutual network—to put serial broadcasts on Saturdays as well as the other five week days. Like getting a 20% increase in salary and it may mean hearing your favorite programs like Ma Perkins six days a week from now on. How's that instead of baseball?

Our brand new addition to the magazine. Have you read it yet? It's the complete radio novel presented for the first time in this issue. If you like the romantic broadcast of Our Gal Sunday and Lord Henry (he always reminds me of David Niven) you will enjoy this story version of that program.

Dorothy Lowell, who is Our Gal Sunday on the air and a charming young woman with a sense of humor.

Mental awards for pleasantness—Albert Spalding on his Sunday afternoon Refreshing program; for stimulating broadcast originals—the CBS Workshop, a late Sunday evening half hour, brilliantly done.

The twentieth floor of Columbia broadcasting—an amazing haven of peace and quiet, shut off from the turmoil, tumult and tension of the other floors where vice presidents shout at assistant vice presidents and stars run in late for rehearsals, publicity men in hot pursuit to glean a new item for the columns. Here on the twentieth floor silence cloaks you in a heavy wrap of sound proofing and only an occasional passerby goes quickly down a narrow corridor. Here is studio 10, tucked away around a corner, where Edwin C. Hill broadcasts and where I tried to keep an appointment with him a short time ago—and failed because our wires got crossed. The only quiet corner in radio around these parts, unless NBC is holding out on me.

The modesty of living to which Ralph Edwards and his wife hold, though his Truth or Consequences broadcasts continue to soar upwards, showering him with financial rewards. Footnote: Look in the July issue and see how it would be to live as Mrs. Edwards, as reported by a writer and cameraman who went and found out.

Guy Lombardo's house—the basement is watery Long Island Sound. Seems a bit damp to a landlubber like me, but apparently for one who spends every spare moment out on the briny deep, it is a dream of paradise. One flight down and you're in your boat without even leaving the house!

FRED R. SAMMIS

It's annoying when your partner trumps your ace...



but not half so annoying as

infectious dandruff



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.





At the first sign of trouble

GET BUSY **with**

LISTERINE

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you've got the slightest evidence of this common form of dandruff, act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum Ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a clinical test, 76% of dandruff patients showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the delightful treatment





FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

Abe Lyman of NBC's Waltz Time, and his vocalist, Rose Blane.

QUITE a few gossip columnists tried to part the Al Donahues recently. They mentioned divorce proceedings. A check-up reveals that the couple have never been happier. The new Donahue band can be tuned in from Chicago's Hotel Sherman via NBC.

* * *

Will Osborne's plan to produce movies fell through and the erstwhile crooner has a newly organized band of fourteen pieces, and will feature a string section. His old band is now a cooperative unit, led by singer Dick Rogers.

* * *

Meredith Blake, Gray Gordon's chic vocalist, heard over Mutual from the Log Cabin in Armonk, N. Y., hints that she will soon announce her engagement to Bud Jump, an oil company executive. The Gordon band has been busy making "soundies" and a set of them will be released monthly.

* * *

Gene Krupa is thumping out from New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. It marks the drummer man's first eastern hotel engagement. There is a very strong possibility that up-and-coming Vaughn Monroe will succeed Krupa at this spot in the summer.

* * *

Kaye Little, Bobby Byrne's new vocalist—she replaced Dorothy Claire when the latter joined Glenn Miller —is recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

* * *

Herbie Kay's bass player, Neal Shadoin, was recently killed when the beach wagon in which he was riding struck the rear of a truck.

* * *

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Johnny Messner is back at the Hotel McAlpin, N. Y., replacing Isham Jones. . . . Woody Herman is due to leave the Hotel New Yorker in June and move on to Chicago's Hotel Sherman. . . . Bobby Byrne will succeed him at the Gotham spot. . . . Les Hite and his crew, a West Coast negro jazz unit, have been signed by Bluebird records. . . . Joe Reichman's Victor record contract has been extended a year. . . . Ex-band leader Sonny Burke is doing most of those crack Charlie Spivak arrangements.

* * *

ARMY NOTES: Raymond Scott has given saxman Herbie Fields a two-year contract. There's nothing special about a contract like that except for the fact that Herbie is in Camp Dix, N. J., and the contract provides for his joining the Scott crew upon dismissal from the army. . . . And Count Basie will have to get himself another manager when he reaches the Casa Manana Ballroom in Culver City, California, in June. By that



The Ink Spots, one of radio's greatest negro quartets, once were porters backstage of the Paramount Theater in New York.

time manager Milton Ebbins will be conscripted.

* * *

Barry Wood fans will probably be surprised to learn that the Hit Parade singer still plays a hot clarinet. Around midnight you can find him sitting in with many of the big dance bands.

* * *

For the benefit of the many dialers who have expressed curiosity about the theme melody of NBC's "American Album of Familiar Music"—it is called "Dream Serenade" and it's conductor Gustave Haenschen's own composition.

* * *

By the time you read this Raymond Scott should be in the midst of his first eastern dance stand—the New Jersey Meadowbrook. CBS and MBS have wires into this rendezvous.

* * *

Artie Shaw, whose desire to pursue a literary career prompted him to seek temporary retirement two years ago to write a book, has realized his ambition this month with the publication of "Artie Shaw's Clarinet Method," issued by Robbins Music Corporation.

"HONEST ABE"

Abe Lyman, the big, brusque bandsman who conduct's NBC's familiar Waltz Time program, is as far removed from the average orchestra leader as BMI is from ASCAP.

While most of his contemporaries quake in the presence of the superior sponsor, this ex-Chicago cab driver gives him a resoundingly informal slap on the back.

While some of the get-rich-quick maestros carefully shun the boys who "knew them when," Abe hunts them out, his pockets stuffed with crisp dollar bills.

"Next to Fred Allen," confided one expert panhandler, "Abe is the best touch."

If his friendly rivals brood over new fads, Abe just spreads his double sized frame over a comfortable sofa, casually lights an enormous cigar, and barks authoritatively, "Listen, I've been in the band business twenty years. I learned that novelties come and go. Just give me a simple, sweet song and I'll do all right."

(*Continued on page* 75)

Meredith Blake, Gray Gordon's vocalist—wedding bells, soon?



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, "I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine."



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely —and the mildness of Camay helped!"

—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

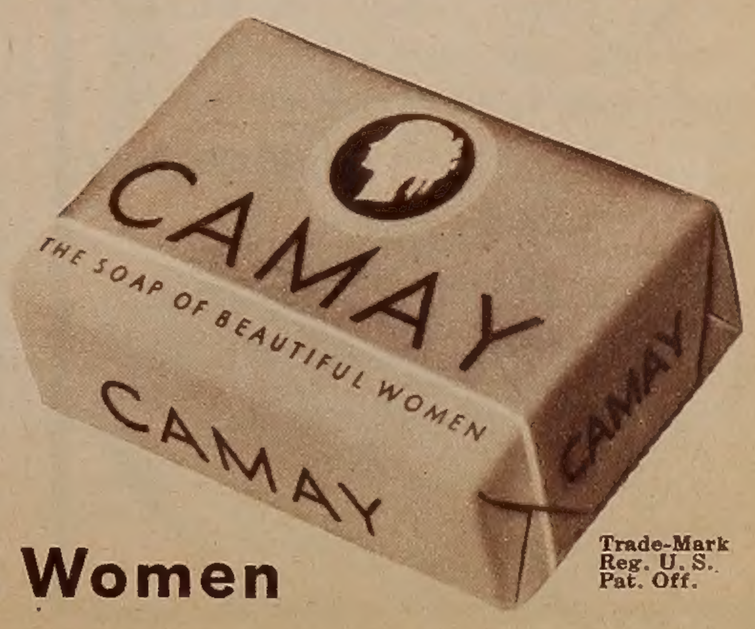
Lovely women welcome Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. GEORGE H. LEGGATT, JR., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride's enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder . . . milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



WHAT'S NEW FROM



Three J. B.'s at the Masquers' Club in Hollywood—Joe Brown, Jack Benny and John Barrymore. All's well again with Benny and his sponsors—he gets time off.

JEANETTE NOLAN and John McIntyre, the husband-and-wife radio acting team, expect an addition to their family in June.

* * *

What's happened to all the talk about a radio series based on old hits of the New York Theater Guild?

* * *

All is peace once more between Jack Benny and his long-time sponsors, the Jell-O folks. Jack has signed a new contract and you'll hear him at the same time over NBC for another season. Jack got what he wanted, too, which wasn't more money but the privilege of taking a broadcast off now and then, whenever he feels he needs a rest. Joe Penner's untimely death really frightened Jack, because he blamed it on the strain of preparing a comedy program once a week. Except for taking a brief vacation every once in a while, the only way of easing the strain is not to work too hard on the show—and Jack's sense of responsibility wouldn't let him do that.

* * *

Credit Mary Margaret McBride with breaking one of the networks' most cherished taboos. Once a week on her CBS programs Mary Margaret has been telling about the backstage workings of other popular radio shows—and she talks about NBC programs as well as CBS ones. Up until this shattering innovation each network had carefully pretended the others didn't even exist.

* * *

Rudy Vallee had all his plans made



The part of "Marge," left vacant by the untimely death of Donna Damerel, is being filled by Helen Mack, young screen and stage star.

to visit New York in May, but he's appearing in a new Universal picture, so he postponed the trip until June or July. No telling whether or not he'll leave Hollywood even then, because Paramount wants to co-star him with John Barrymore in a comedy to be called "World Premiere." Those appearances of the man with the profile on Rudy's NBC air show evidently gave some movie producer an idea.

* * *

The same desire to take life easier is undoubtedly responsible for the on-again-off-again arrangement Bing Crosby has with his sponsors. It's got so that when you tune in on Thursday nights you're never sure whether you'll hear Bing or Don Ameche. Bing and Bob Burns will take their summer vacations at the same time this year. Starting in July, they'll be absent for thirteen broadcasts, while

By DAN SENSENEY

COAST TO COAST

Connie Boswell, Ameche, Ken Carpenter and John Scott Trotter carry on.

* * *

The New Marge, in the Myrt and Marge serial, is Helen Mack, whom you've seen many a time in the movies. Helen was chosen from more than two hundred actresses to play the role originated by the late Donna Damerel. Her voice isn't a double for Donna's, because it was thought wiser not to try for one.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Although he's handsome in a dark, rangy way, and although his fan mail is loaded down with proposals of marriage from romantic maidens who find his soft voice and tinkling guitar pretty irresistible, Claude Casey is one of the shyest of radio stars. Maybe that's one secret of his terrific personal charm.

Claude came to station WBT only a few months ago, but in that time he's increased an already large following of admirers by singing the kind of sentimental ballads people like to hear. He's a star of the famous Briarhoppers on WBT every afternoon except Sunday, and also of the new Dixie Network's first big program, the Dixie Farm Club. Audiences throughout the South hear him on this chain.

By a coincidence, Claude was born almost under the shadow of the WBT transmitter, in Enoree, S. C., where he lived until he was twelve. He was a whiz at playing the harmonica, but changed over to the guitar for no particular reason except that he felt like it. Around his sixteenth birthday he faced the microphone for the first time, playing his guitar at WBTM in Danville, Va. At that time he didn't sing and didn't want to. But as he began to play at social affairs around the country, his involuntary humming along with the guitar got louder and louder until eventually it turned out to be real singing.

When he was eighteen, Claude was doing so well as an entertainer that he organized a band and named it "Claude Casey and His Pine State Playboys." It consisted of a piano, bass fiddle, violin and two guitars, and with it he travelled all over the South. Before the group broke up in Atlanta the boys had made thirty records for Bluebird.

Alone Claude came to Charlotte and, exactly thirty minutes after his first audition at WBT he went on the air. The fan mail that immediately started to pour in convinced WBT program directors they had a real radio find in this boy with the romantic voice who strummed his guitar and punctuated



He never took a lesson in his life, yet Claude Casey and his guitar make good listening on station WBT.

his songs (many of them composed by himself) with the most melodious yodelling heard in a long time. Yet Claude Casey can't read a line of music, never took a lesson in guitar playing, and never studied the technique of yodelling, which is known to be quite a task to master well!

(*Continued on page* 10)

NOW! GET LONGER STOCKING WEAR WITH NEW COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW!



Get 2 Safety Advantages in One Speedy Soap!
COOL Suds, PURE Suds in 3 Seconds!

YES—STOCKINGS CAN WEAR LONGER when you treat 'em to a nightly bath in cool-water Ivory Snow.

Fact is, Ivory Snow has 2 safety elements. *First, purity*—gentle *Ivory* purity! And *second, cool-water suds*—it piles up suds in cool water—in 3 seconds! Remember—hot water and strong soap weaken delicate silk threads! And when a thread weakens, beware! That's the way many a run begins! So wash your stockings every night in cool-water Ivory Snow!



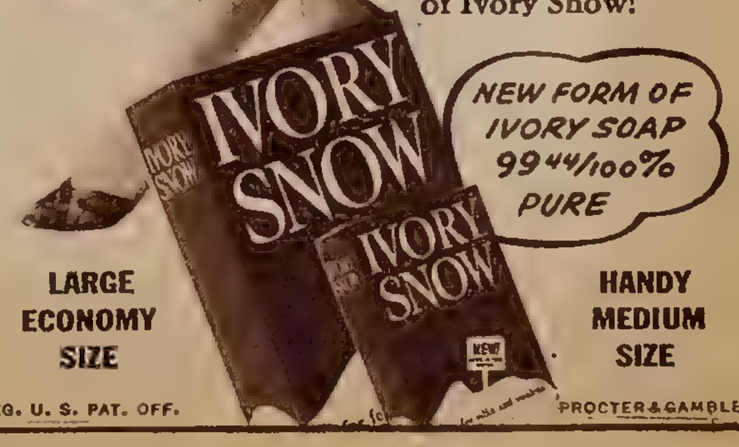


COOL SUDS IN 1-2-3

Yes—in 3 seconds Ivory Snow gives glorious suds in cool water. Nightly stocking washing takes only 2 minutes!

NOT A RUN IN SIGHT!

Moral: Wash your stockings *every* night with cool, pure suds of Ivory Snow!



HERE'S TEAMWORK FOR STOCKINGS!
Cool suds, pure suds—that's Ivory Snow's safety team that helps stockings w-e-a-r!

Good Housekeeping Institute

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE

HANDY MEDIUM SIZE

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Universal Pictures

Eddie Cantor makes protegee history again—lunching with famous Deanna Durbin whom he started on the way to stardom five years ago and his new find, Olive Major.



Young, handsome, and a bachelor is WSAY's manager, Mort Nusbaum.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—When the 1210 Club goes on the air every Saturday afternoon over Rochester's station WSAY, more than 6,000 "Club members" are listening in and Mort Nusbaum has his best fun of the week.

Mort is Station Manager for WSAY, but his hobbies are interviewing celebrities on the air and announcing programs informally without a script. The 1210 Club gives him a chance to do the latter every week and the former quite frequently. It's a program of swing music, dedicated each Saturday to a different orchestra leader, and because of his activities on it Mort has become Rochester's dance-band clearing house and oracle.

At 26, Mort has been a law clerk, press-agent, salesman, reporter and actor. He graduated from the University of Rochester in 1935 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. As a freshman, he'd planned on the law for a career; as a sophomore on journalism; and as a junior on sociology. It wasn't until he was a senior that radio came into the scheme of things, when he talked station WHAM into letting him prepare and broadcast a college amateur hour. Mort, the director and announcer, was as rank an amateur as any of the performers drawn from the undergraduate ranks, but the program amazingly was a success and remained so until Mort graduated from college.

He headed for New York City and a career on the stage, but managers weren't interested. In December of 1935 he joined the Civic Repertory Players, who were toying with a play called "Bury the Dead." For two months the play was given at benefit performances everywhere but on Broadway, and in February Mort got discouraged and quit to become press-agent for a show called "The Devil of Pei-Ling." "Pei-Ling" closed in five days, and "Bury the Dead" was shortly thereafter taken over by a commercial manager and ran twelve solid months!

Broke but not licked, Mort went back to Rochester. Station WHEC offered him a chance to announce and write a commercial series, and he grabbed the job. Then, in September of 1936, a new station opened in Rochester—WSAY. Mort went to work for WSAY a few days after it went on the air, as a part-time announcer, and since then has worked up to be Station Manager—not bad for a youngster.

Mort is still a bachelor, and his hobby outside the studio is motorboating. A 32-foot Gar Wood speed boat that whizzes over the water at better than 55 miles an hour is his summer recreation. Incidentally, coast-to-coast listeners can frequently hear Mort's voice announcing B. S. Bercovici's news broadcasts on the Mutual network.

* * *

Nomination for network broadcasting, coast-to-coast—Smarty Party, which is heard now only on the CBS Pacific chain at 8:30 P.M. Sundays. At first hearing, Smarty Party strikes one as being another Quiz Kids, but it's really a juvenile version of Information Please. Youngsters from nine to thirteen years old answer questions on it, and they're so natural and unaffectedly charming that it's a lot of fun to listen. If you live in the West, try it.

* * *

Club Matinee, that NBC variety program which has so valiantly stuck it out in the midst of an afternoon flood of dramatic serials, is being talked of as the summer replacement for a big night-time sponsored show.

* * *

The cast of Mutual's new six-times-a-week daytime serial, We Are Always Young, sounds like a Who's Who of the New York stage: William Janney, Jessie Royce Landis, Linda Watkins, Margalo Gilmore, Horace Braham, Joe Laurie, Jr. The acting ought to be superlative—and sometimes it is.

* * *

Ben Bernie's son, Jason, didn't wait for the draft to come and get him. He volunteered and is in a training camp right now.

* * *

Did you know that Gertrude Berg, writer and star of The Goldbergs, is writing the scripts as well for Kate Hopkins, Angel of Mercy?

* * *

That clever Deadline Dramas program on NBC Sunday nights won't change its name after all, although a contest was held to pick a new one for it. Listeners wrote in to say they preferred the old title.

* * *

After June 1, you'll have to tune in your handiest Mutual network station to hear prizefight broadcasts. Mutual his signed a year's contract which gives it the exclusive right to broadcast all of the nation's major prizefights, taking the privilege away from NBC, which has had it the last few years. Mutual lost no time in peddling the fights to a sponsor, too—the Gillette Razor people.

* * *

Very wild-western is the new spring outfit in which Lesley Woods, who plays Carol Evans in The Road of Life, showed up for rehearsal recently. It's one of the new "ranch" dresses, in R. A. F. blue, with a wide cowboy belt of palomino calf, studded with bright bits of glass. With it Lesley wears saddle-stitched purse and pumps with a cowboy heel. Her hat, of palomino felt, is a feminine version of the plainsman's Stetson.

* * *

The back-to-the-land bug has bitten radio in earnest. Ed East of the Ask It Basket show has bought a farm in Dutchess County, right near F. D. R.'s Hyde Park. Ted Steele, the singing master of ceremonies on The Song of Your Life, has all but closed a deal for a farm in Connecticut, and Joan Blaine of Valiant Lady is busy scouring all the rural districts near New York City for exactly the kind of farm she wants.

* * *

Ben Grauer, the announcer, has no desire for the country life. He's just bought a 50-foot sloop and will spend week-ends in it, cruising around Long Island Sound. For his vacation he plans to desert the sloop and go to Mexico, where he went last summer, too. His hobby is Mayan ruins, and he wants to re-inspect the ones down there.

* * *

Bea Wain's summer ambition is something else again. She wants to become radio's champion woman golfer, and will spend every free minute of the warm weather taking lessons from professionals.

(*Continued on page* 68)

What do You want to Say?



First Prize . . .

ONLY ONE OF MANY

I NEVER knew to what extent radio had become a part of me until I felt the shock of the "going away" of my radio friend, Marge.

I took her sweet voice for granted—just as I do the dear, familiar voices of my family. Now, my mother tears mingle with those of Myrt, the real mother. I share some of her sorrow and beautiful memories.

Yes, whether we know it or not, the threads of radio are being woven into our pattern of life.—Mrs. Eva Denst, Denver, Colorado.

Second Prize . . .

HAVE YOU R.V.?

Do you have R. V. (radio voice)? I do. Everywhere I go, I find myself talking against a radio going full blast. As a result I have developed a voice quite suitable for hog calling.

I don't know—maybe we'll all give up talking and go back to the sign language. Meanwhile, why do most people play their radios so loudly and as long as they can? You tell me!—Marion Goodwin, Andover, New York.

Third Prize . . .

SOMEONE WHO'S TOPS

What a welcome change, when the clock tolls the hour of two and the announcer says: "Thirty minutes past the hour and time again for Fletcher Wiley." After listening to story after story, it is a treat to hear a program that really is different.—Mrs. Katherine Kirkpatrick, Detroit, Mich.

Fourth Prize . . .

A POETRY PROGRAM, PLEASE!

All the world loves to write poetry—or at least try to write it! So why not a poetry program with contests and prizes for successful contestants? It would prove one of the most popular programs on the air, I feel sure, and some sponsor would be wise to try it out.—Cora May Preble, Compton, Cal.

(*Continued on page 66*)

NOTICE

Because of space requirements, RADIO MIRROR announces the discontinuance of its What Do You Want To Say? contest department, beginning with this issue. The editors want to thank readers for their contributions. They invite further letters of criticism and comment from you, to be submitted to this magazine on the understanding that they are to receive no payment for their publication, but are offered merely for their general interest to the radio public.



Can a skin, Sensitive to Soap, look like "Peaches and Cream"?

Thousands of women find Cashmere Bouquet Soap more mild and agreeable to sensitive skin

BECAUSE you may have found some soaps irritating to your skin . . . a difficulty reported by one woman out of two . . . you may have become too easily discouraged. You notice men gazing with unconcealed admiration at a "peaches and cream" complexion and, with a shrug of your shoulders, you may think enviously—"Oh, she was just born lucky."

Yet if you could ask thousands of lovely women: "Confidentially, how do you do it?" . . . the answer, over and over again would be: "I use Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I find that its mild, gentle lather agrees with my skin, never causes complexion flareups."

Wouldn't you love to be like "peaches and cream" all over? Evening clothes—sports clothes, too—reveal a lot of you to the world!

So, as you bathe, cream each lovely inch of your skin with the glamorous lather of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Step from your bath scented all over with "the fragrance men love."

Buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap wherever good soap is sold. Three luxurious cakes only twenty-five cents.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

You're Mine

DAVID was coming back to me. It was a litany, a popular song, a prayer that my mind and my heart and my whole body kept repeating and repeating. David was coming back. I hurried off the subway and walked west down to the Drive, against the wind that blew fresh from the Hudson. A cloud passed across the bright June sun and the shadow darkened the dingy, narrow street, momentarily quieting the pounding of my pulse.

The words of Uncle Charles, last night, came to me. I almost heard them hanging in the air and I felt my knees shaking under me. I had to go slower.

"Three years in the penitentiary is a long time, Carol. A lifetime! I want to warn you—he'll be a changed man."

"Not David," I'd said slowly and now, walking quickly again back into the sunlight, I repeated out loud, "Not David! He's too fine, too big. And it was an accident. He didn't *mean* to run down the other car."

Then, Uncle Charles' other words came back, though I fought against them. "No, he didn't mean to, but he'd been drinking and the jury called it—forgive me Carol,—murder—"

Again, today, I knew the color had drained from my face. I had reached the Drive. An empty bench was near the corner and slowly I walked to it and sat down.

Was I only a blind, stubborn fool? Clinging to a hope that everyone but me could see so easily was false, hopeless? Had these past three years of heartache only been to make me deny what was true? Three years—of working day after day at a typewriter in a dark, dusty office, going home every night to a cheap furnished room, counting every penny—so David and I could have a decent start when he—when he came back.

Oh, it would be hard, the hardest thing I'd ever done, to win David back softly and warmly to the life of the outside world and to my love for him. But it could be done! A woman's love had accomplished greater things than this.

I hadn't seen David in all those three years since he'd walked out of the courtroom, guilty, the jury said. David had wanted it that way. He said that might make the difference. If I had no memory of walls and bars, he might be able to forget the long years and use me as a reminder that people had lived and breathed and laughed all that time. So I hadn't seen him, not once, in three years. Hadn't seen him, and it happened only a month after we were married. . . .

Sitting there, thinking back, I made up my mind. Everything would work out just as I had planned it. I didn't hesitate again. I walked directly to the building where I'd found the apartment I wanted. Seeing it again now, so spic and span, bright with morning light, gave me back my joy. That was why I'd picked it. The building wasn't new, and the three rooms were badly planned, but from all of them you could see the river and the wide sky stretching out westward across the river, and on the Jersey side the Palisades, like the wall of a far country. That was what David needed—a room with a view!

I threw open the window to let in air, and for a minute stood there letting the breeze whip my hair. I did everything a dozen times. It had to be just so. The phonograph—with all the records we'd liked, and especially Summertime, because Porgy and Bess was our first show together; the pipe rack—with all his old pipes that Uncle Charles had cleaned so carefully for him; the humidor full of his favorite tobacco; the easy chair, placed so he could glance out the window; the curtains, for myself, because he never noticed; the tiny plants on glass shelves across one window; the books out in the open as he liked them; and in the bedroom I sprayed a whisper of his favorite perfume into the air—and put some in the hollow of my throat—where he used to kiss me.

And then it was two o'clock. He was to come at two o'clock. I could feel my heart beating faster, and when I looked in the mirror my face was pink under the blonde curls.

The bell rang! I raced to the door, and as I opened it a great lump in my throat choked me. Yes, it was David! He walked slowly into the living room. "Hello, Carol," he said. Just that. No kiss, no word, no touch. Just, "Hello, Carol."

"David!" And what a David! The tears came to my eyes. I'd wanted not to cry, not to make a scene. But when I looked at him—. He was thin, the black hair close-cropped, his big shoulders stooped, deep lines etched around his mouth. My David! What had they done to him?

I can't say more about that day. It's too painful. In the evening when we went to bed, David made me go into the bedroom alone—and close the door. "I can't," he said. "I'm a murderer. I can't Carol. Believe me. I keep seeing the face of that woman, bending over her husband's body, looking at me with hate and loathing on her face, saying, 'you've killed him—my husband!'"

Nothing I could say or do, changed him. He just kept repeating, "I can't, I can't."

The night was a sleepless one. Many times I got up and went to the window and watched the moon, now plain, now behind a cloud.

My worst fears had come true in a way I never expected. I hadn't faced it as an easy thing. I knew there would be a long, hard fight, but I had thought it would be David and I against the world—the two of us breaking down the shell with me acting as his friend and guide and lover. Now it wasn't David and I. It was David against me and everybody else. He'd put me outside of that high, thick fence he'd built and he wouldn't let me cross to his side.

How I tried! In the months that followed I tore my soul until I felt bruised inside trying to batter down that wall. I tried to make David let me in to him. He wouldn't. Then I tried to tear down the fence, but David only built it up again higher

The romantic fiction version of a radio drama by True Boardman, broadcast on Sunday night's CBS Silver Theater, with Ginger Rogers as the heroine, Carol.

That obsession of David's stood between them like a high wall—

to Hold



Everything became a watery blur—like a dream—David was shouting my name. It was then I lost consciousness.

than before. I was heartbroken.

For a few weeks we went out every night, and when I saw that people only reminded David of what he regarded as his crime we stayed in every night.

And always I tried to keep his mind away from that night in the rain, and that last agonizing scene—the woman holding her husband's dead body in her arms, with the raindrops lashing through the beam of the headlights and into her stark face, the mouth open, accusing David of murder!

Once or twice I thought I was beginning—like the night he came into the bedroom and sat on the side of the bed and took my hand and held it and told me that it was soft and wonderful. I sat up and put my arms around him, and begged him to stay with me. But he retreated, back over that high fence, and I knew he didn't hear me or know my love for him—really know it. He went away—his heart went away, I mean, and left me there in the utter, complete darkness a lonely woman (*Continued on page* 58)

ere was but one chance in a million to win him back. On it Carol gambled—her life



Our Gal

Now, the romance that has thrilled a million listeners, told as a vivid novel complete in this issue. Read the story of a woman's passionate love brought to its fullest flower by a war that could not be escaped

A LORRY came grumblingly up the road from the village, swerved, and stopped at the foot of the wide stone steps at Balmacruchie Castle. Sunday, working at her desk, glanced out of the window and saw it.

A reminder, she thought, that you must not—could not—be altogether happy in this time of war.

Throughout the morning she had gone about her work in a daze of joy. The business of checking medicines and surgical supplies, of visiting the wards, of taking reports from nurses, dieticians, overseers of all kinds—this had been mere ritual, to be accomplished while her inner mind kept repeating, "Soon he'll be here. In my arms again. Henry. Soon."

Marriage itself lulled you into taking marriage for granted. Because society and the law had decreed that it was your right to be with the man you loved every minute of the day, you were all too easily led into forgetting that circumstances might decree otherwise. And when circumstances did so decree—when war took into its rude grasp the man you had thought was all yours—you could feel only a shocked sense of loss. As if you had been robbed, cruelly, unjustly.

England had gone to war. That was the simple, basic fact. Only one of its implications was that Lord Henry Brinthrope must go to war too—yet that was the implication that meant most to Sunday. She had tried not to let this be so. She had, conscientiously, thought of the thousands of other wives, no less deprived than she. Listening to the nightly news reports on the wireless, she had pictured fleets—vessels of the air and vessels of the water—moving one against the other. She had heard the whistles of bombs in her mind's ear, and she had struggled to understand the tides and currents of international politics.

It was all quite meaningless, compared to the horrible truth that Henry was somewhere in the midst of that chaos, and that she might never see him again.

Opening Balmacruchie Castle, the Brinthropes' ancient Scottish estate, and running it as a combined hospital for convalescent soldiers and shelter for evacuated children—that had helped, of course. Physical activity could drug the mind to some extent—or at least could provide thoughts with a road, instead of

Copyright 1941, by Frank and Anne Hummert

Sunday

leaving them free to stumble aimlessly through the trackless morass of fear and bewilderment. And Balmacruchie had the further advantage that she and Henry had never been there together. Its gaunt towers and echoing rooms, the windy moors that surrounded it, the mistily blue sky above it—everything was so different from the surroundings at Brinthrope Manor.

In this austere setting, busy with the hospital, knowing besides that her two children at least were with her and safe, Sunday had found peace of a sort.

But not happiness. Not the happiness that had lifted her heart and carried it away to delirious, breathless heights when, early this morning, Lord Percy Brinthrope had rung up from London to announce that Henry was on his way to Balmacruchie.

"He came through London last night," Henry's uncle had said. His voice, carried over the miles of humming wire, sounded strangely tired. "Took the first train out of Waterloo. But of course—no telling when it'll get to Balmacruchie. Schedules nowadays can't be depended on."

Fleetingly, almost unconsciously, she had the impression that Percy was talking trivialities to prevent himself from saying something more important. The notion vanished, smothered by the overwhelming knowledge that Henry was on his way home. Home—to her arms.

Only after she hung up did she realize that Percy hadn't said how long Henry's leave was for. Not that it mattered. Every moment with him would be so precious that even a single day would give her strength to endure weeks of loneliness. And surely it would be for longer than a day, or Henry would have wired her to meet him in London, instead of taking the time to come up here.

The war and its terrors dropped into the background under the impact of the news that Henry was returning. Only the sight of the lorry, trundling to a stop in front of the castle, had brought back reality.

Sunday stood up and ran into the great hall, impelled by the realization that this lorry had been waiting at the railway station. It might have met Henry's train—might have brought him up to the Castle. She stopped on the terrace, disappointed. Henry wasn't there. The driver of the lorry and his assistant had jumped out of the front seat and gone around to the van, where they were unloading a stretcher bearing a wounded man. Another consignment of casualties for the hospital—

Recognition struck Sunday like a blow over the heart. The wounded man was Henry.

She was running across the rough flags of the terrace. Someone's voice—her own?—was calling "Henry! My darling!" The man on the stretcher raised himself on one elbow and grinned cheerfully, if painfully.

"Hullo, Sunday! Nothing to make a show about, you know. Just a little crack-up—"



Recognition struck Sunday like a blow over the heart. The smiling man on the stretcher was her own husband.

Then she was on her knees, forcing the stretcher-bearers to halt in their progress across the terrace. Her cheek was against Henry's, feeling the light tingle of his day-old beard—golden, like his hair—while she cradled him in her arms. Until she remembered that Lady Brinthrope should not be doing this, that it was undignified, that it would embarrass Henry, as evidences of emotion in public always embarrassed his British soul.

SHE stood up, blinking the tears back. "I'm sorry, darling. It was just that—that Percy didn't tell me you were wounded and I—the shock—"

"I asked him not to." The stretcher began to move again, and she walked beside it, her hand a docile prisoner in his. "Knew you'd worry—thought it was best to have you see me so you wouldn't spend hours imagining—all sorts of things."

That was just, she knew. Already the terror of seeing him helpless had ebbed away, defeated by his cheerfulness and the vitality and strength of his voice. But if Percy had told her he was wounded, she would have spent hours of agony, seeing that strong, slender body grotesquely torn. "What is the trouble—what did happen?" she asked shakily.

"Forced down in a dog-fight," Henry said in the off-hand way that was always a signal that he did not want to discuss something. "Just a broken leg. Brinthrope luck, I guess." And he smiled again. "The plane didn't come off too badly, either. We'll both be in service again in a few weeks."

Sunday caught her breath. In service again! And next time the "Brinthrope luck," if there was such a thing, might not hold.

Determinedly, she put that thought away, and plunged into the activity of arranging Henry's room, settling him there, calling young Dr. Maccrae to inspect the injured leg. There was four-year-old Lonnie to be dealt with, and Jackey and Lively, Sunday's two "fathers," who had brought her up from infancy. All three were clamoring to see Henry, and she had to pacify them with explanations, promises, reassurances.

Sunday had long ago stopped marvelling at the strangeness of the fate that had brought her so many miles, changed her from a foundling into Lady Brinthrope. Memories of the Colorado mining country, its tall, sighing pines and rushing creeks, the crude cabin where she had lived with Jackey and Lively—these occupied a special, quiet corner of her mind, like treasured

Read this thrilling story version of the popular serial broadcast on CBS Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by Anacin. Photographic illustrations especially posed by Dorothy Lowell and Karl Swenson as Sunday and Lord Henry Brinthrope.

keepsakes tucked into a seldom-opened box.

It was there in Silver Creek that Lord Henry Brinthrope had found her when he came to Colorado to inspect the mines that were responsible for part of the Brinthrope fortune. Henry told her, months later, that his first sight of her—barefoot, wearing a cheap cotton dress that made only a perfunctory gesture at concealing the tender immaturity of her body—had tumbled him straight into love. For her part, Sunday was at first too overwhelmed at the proximity of a real English nobleman to think of love. It was only later, when Henry had proved that he was, after all, a human being, that she was able to sort her emotions and discover that he meant everything in life to her. Even then, she had not loved him with the intensity of feeling that marriage had brought.

Sunday's own lack of self-consciousness had always prevented her from knowing how miraculous it was that she and Henry ever married at all. Henry's family opposed the match, at first, with the stubborn intolerance of an honest belief that happiness together was not possible for two people of such different backgrounds. To them, a girl from a Western mining camp—and a foundling, at that!—was on a par with a barmaid from a pub in Hampstead. The news that Henry intended to marry her brought Lord Percy hurrying across the Atlantic, bent on putting an end to this nonsensical scheme of his nephew's. This had proved to be not quite feasible, since Henry could, upon occasion, be as stubborn as any of his elders—and Percy had fallen back on compromise. Sunday must come to England and live for a time at Brinthrope Manor before there could be any talk of marriage.

Jackey and Lively refused to let her go alone, so all three of them were transplanted from Colorado to England. Perhaps Jackey and Lively realized that they were there for inspection and testing; the idea never crossed Sunday's mind, and as a result she was completely natural with a naturalness that ended by conquering all the Brinthropes as completely as it had conquered Henry.

In the three years that followed her marriage, Sunday asked of life only what it gave her: the privilege of being with Henry—of cherishing him, as on their wedding day she had promised to do. And because she was upheld by this love, it had not really been difficult to accustom herself to the ways expected of a Lady Brinthrope. England had changed, the old distinctions were breaking down, and it was no longer an error to be an American and a "commoner." It was enough that you were lovely and warm-hearted and kind and tremendously in love with a husband who adored you.

Sunday and Henry adopted one child, Lonnie, and had one of their own, whom they named David. Life at Brinthrope Manor was ordered, serene. One day followed sedately in the footsteps of the one before. It was unthinkable that anything should ever disturb this calm, self-assured England—even when from across the Channel came the tumult of marching armies and the restless stir of ambitious discontent.

The war struck. With bewildering suddenness Henry was in uniform, flying in France with the R.A.F. Brinthrope Manor was closed—it was too near to London for safety—and Sunday with the children and Jackey and Lively and Alice Sedgewick, Henry's aunt, had gone, almost as if in flight, to Balmacruchie. Lord Percy was in London, on business connected vaguely with what he called "the Ministry." And the months were empty . . . full of activity and work, but empty nevertheless because they did not hold Henry.

But that was all over now, Sunday thought—temporarily over, and these days you couldn't let your mind recognize anything that wasn't temporary. She was waiting in the hall for Dr. Maccrae to leave Henry's room; there were dozens of things she could be doing, but she couldn't bear to go away and thus miss a moment or two that she might spend with Henry after the doctor left. He came out at last, closing the door quietly behind him, a look of concentration on his bony Scottish face. Then, when he saw her, he brightened.

"Oh, Lady Brinthrope. And so now we have another invalid on our hands."



"Is he all right, doctor? The trip from London wasn't bad for him?"

A shaft of sunlight came down through a window behind Sunday, touching her hair and striking from it sparks of golden fire. Dr. Maccrae contemplated the effect with appreciation. After all, he thought, he couldn't be sure. It was better not to say anything that would upset her—she was so young, so defenseless. . . .

"Shook him up a bit," he said cheerily. "He's tired, naturally. And a crack-up in a plane does take it out of you, rather. Rest and quiet—they're what he needs, and I'll trust you to see he gets 'em."

With a professionally brisk nod and smile, he went down the hall, and Sunday softly opened the door of her husband's room.

It must have been a trick of the light. As the door swung noiselessly on its hinges Sunday saw Henry's face, starkly outlined in profile against the panelled wall, and it seemed to her that the skin was stretched tightly, the corners of the lips drawn downwards, a frown cut deeply between the closed eyes. It was the face of a man in pain, determined not to cry out.

Then, at her gasp, he opened his eyes, and the illusion was gone. He was smiling, stretching out his hand to her. "Sunday—dear. I didn't hear you come in."

YOU'RE all right—*really* all right?" she said, fighting to shake off the panic of that fleeting moment when she had watched him unobserved.

"Of course. Just tired." His hand—long-fingered, sinewy — engulfed one of hers, pressing it tightly. "And being here, with you, will be the best medicine in the world for me."

"I wouldn't mind," she said, trying to speak lightly, "I wouldn't mind if you were really ill, Henry. It would mean you'd be here that much longer."

The strong pressure of his fingers relaxed suddenly, and the hand dropped with such suddenness that it was almost snatched away. "Don't talk such nonsense, Sunday," he said sharply. "Of course you'd mind. And so would I."

Wisely, she did not pursue the subject. A thin gold chain hung around her throat, next to the skin. She unlocked it and held it out, dangling, so he could see the little carved ivory figure of a naked, slender woman suspended on it. "See, Henry?" she said. "I've worn it every day. It's—helped, a lot."

Vividly, memory brought back the garden at Brinthrope Manor,



For once he had not thrown up a barrier of distance between them. Sunday looked up and said timidly, "Have you forgotten that I love you?"

Riding habit through courtesy of Saks Fifth Avenue

late on the afternoon before Henry had gone to war . . . old trees soberly gorgeous in their autumn clothes, a pungent smell of damp woodsmoke in the air. Henry giving her this ivory figure, keeping one like it for himself. "They've been in the family for ages—twins. They've never been separated until now. And as long as you have one and I the other . . . well, they're still not separated."

"Have you still got yours?"

" . . . No. I lost it," he said, "the day I crashed, I guess. I felt in my pocket for it when I got into the plane, and it was there. But it must have jostled out when I came down. Sunday, you don't *mind,* do you? It didn't really mean anything—because I'm back, now."

OF course I don't mind," she hastened to say. "Not exactly. It's only—oh, it's only that there were two, and now there's only one. It's silly—"

Terribly silly, to read actuality into symbols, to identify human souls with inanimate objects. A superstition—childish, absurd. . . .

Some instinct told her, suddenly, that Henry wanted her to leave the room. Her presence there was a drain upon him—upon his strength, and worse than that, upon his patience. Nothing he had said, no expression on his face, could lead her to believe this. Yet she knew it, and the knowledge was deeply wounding. It was almost as if there were an antagonism between them, upon which he had to exercise the utmost control to keep from breaking into the open.

"You'll want to rest," she forced her lips to say. "If you feel up to it, I'll bring the children in at teatime."

"All right." This murmur, there could be no doubt, held a note of relief. "Are they well?"

"Blooming, both of them," she answered, amazed at her ability to speak casually when inside she was shrivelling with doubt. "David looks more like you every day."

He smiled and closed his eyes in dismissal.

She walked along the stone-paved hall, down the curving stairway to the little front room she used as an office and sitting-room, feeling utterly deflated. Searching her depression, trying to analyze it, she at last found a spark of anger there, and resolutely fanned it until it burst into satisfying flame. It was anger at herself, at her own morbid fancies. That was the trouble! Because Henry was weak, tired, suffering from shock, she had leaped to the conclusion that he was—changed, different. She had allowed herself to read sinister meanings into a chance word, a half-seen expression on his face, a moment of weariness. The reaction from the morning's mood of intense delight had been too sudden.

She resolved to be less sensitive, less . . . feminine. And at last she laughed. She was behaving exactly like a woman, and surely nothing in the world could be more upsetting to a wounded man!

Alone in his room Henry abandoned himself to the fit of painful coughing he had grimly held back while Sunday was with him. Each paroxysm seemed to wrench the nerves out of his flesh. When it was over he lay back, spent and trembling, his injured leg in its cast throbbing abominably. Feverishly, his thoughts wandered, but they returned each time to one cardinal point; Sunday must not know that anything serious was wrong with him. He caught himself up sharply. Wrong? But nothing *was* wrong—only a broken leg and perhaps a cold in his chest. He'd be all right if he'd do as the doctor said—rest, be quiet.

But God! How could a man be quiet when all he could think of was the possibility of being a drag on his wife? Or of being tucked away in a forgotten corner when civilization was fighting for its existence?

His eyes flew open as he heard the door-latch click. But it was only a nurse, not Sunday.

"Dr. Maccrae sent me, Lord Brinthrope. Are you comfortable?" Her efficiency, so blessedly impersonal, calmed his hysteria. "If you will just swallow this." She was mixing something in a glass; obediently he took it, and after a time sleep came.

IT was altogether to be expected, Dr. Maccrae told Sunday, that Henry should suffer a relapse after his journey from London: natural that there should be some fever and a great deal of weakness. Still later, when this initial period of what the doctor called "acute discomfort" was over, he assured her that Henry was recovering satisfactorily.

"He's restless, to be sure," he admitted. "In fact, he's a very poor patient, and I've told him so. But all men who are used to active lives are poor patients . . . particularly in wartime."

"But his cough," Sunday said. "He tries to hide it from me, so I know it worries him. And I think it worries you."

"Yes—a little." Casually Maccrae flipped a cigarette into the huge fireplace where a crackling blaze battled the inadequacy of Balmacruchie's heating arrangements. It was a raw March day; gusts of rain rattled against the windows of Sunday's sitting room. "In weather like this it's a wonder we all aren't coughing."

Alice Sedgewick, Henry's aunt, looked up from her knitting on the other side of the hearth. "You worry too much, Sunday dear," she observed placidly. "All men are idiots when they're ill. They think bad temper proves that being flat on their backs hasn't robbed them of their manliness."

"It isn't bad temper, Aunt Alice," Sunday said seriously. "Henry isn't capable of that, anyway. He acts as if—as if being ill were part of a secret he's keeping from me. That's the only way I can explain it—I know it sounds foolish—"

"Would it make you feel better," Maccrae spoke tentatively, "if I called in someone for consultation? There's a man in Edinburgh—I had classes under him at the University. I think he might come."

"Oh, could you ask him?" Sunday was suddenly alight, eager.

"Of course. Not that it's necessary, probably." Unseen by Sunday, his eyes sought those of Mrs. Sedgewick. They exchanged tiny nods of satisfaction and complete understanding—nods that harked back to a private conversation between them earlier that morning.

"I'd like to have a specialist see Lord Brinthrope," the doctor had said. "There's a congestion in his lungs I don't understand. But it isn't the sort of thing that's so vital it's worth troubling Lady Brinthrope about. Not now, when she's so ready to be alarmed at anything."

"By all means get the specialist," was Alice's answer. "As for managing Sunday—well, doctor, I should think you'd be clever enough to make her think it's your idea. Where's your bedside manner?"

In due time Dr. Fergusson came over from Edinburgh, and spent most of the morning in Henry's room, and went away again after having told Sunday that rest was the one thing her husband needed. Dr. Fergusson was a man sparing of words.

But at the doorway he turned to throw over (*Continued on page* 79)



Little Genius

They loved her, for she was their daughter, and hers was a precious talent—but of the longing in her little-girl heart they could know nothing



She hated the piano! It wouldn't let her play with the children in the street, or go to school, or even ride in the fast subway.

CROUCHED against the closed door to the living room, Paula listened to the quarreling voices. First her father's, deep and raspy. Then her mother's, softer, but edged with hysteria. And then her father again, joining in an angry duet that went on and on, making her want to cry.

Because they were quarreling about her.

"But Art—she's so little! Only eight years old—it isn't right that she should spend all day, *every* day, practicing. Never knowing any other children—"

"Mary, you seem to forget that in exactly one week Paula is to play the Beethoven concerto with the country's biggest symphony! Isn't that just a little more important than whether or not she romps with other children?"

"No! No, Art, it isn't! Not to me—and not to you, either, if you weren't so determined to make a prodigy out of your child—so you can live off the money she earns!"

"You've no right to say that!"

Paula lifted her hands to her ears, and pressed the palms hard against them so that only a low, indistinguishable mutter came through. Slowly, her head hanging, she walked over to the piano. It smiled back at her with a wide grin of ivory teeth. When she was a little girl, she'd really thought that the piano was a big, friendly animal, smiling at her. She'd loved to touch the teeth and hear the music come out. Now she hated it. She wished she had never seen a piano, never let it get her into its power so that she couldn't ever go to school like other children, or play in the streets, or even ride in the subway.

Just yesterday she'd wanted to come home in the subway, because she'd heard it went faster than the wind, so fast it took your breath away. But her father had said no, it was crowded, and the people might jostle her so she'd fall and maybe hurt her hands.

Her hands! She wished something *would* happen to them so she could never play another note!

And having a child prodigy for a daughter didn't make her father and mother happy, either. They were always quarreling over her—Mother pulling her one way, wanting her to play and have fun, and Father pulling the other, insisting that she practice all day long.

Standing there beside the piano, she felt rebellion seething in her thin little breast. She took her hands away from her ears, then quickly replaced them. The voices in the next room were still furious.

Paula went on tiptoe to the other door, the one leading to the hall. Closing it softly behind her, she went on down the hall and out of the apartment—not daring to think, not daring to let herself know what she was doing.

On the street another little girl, about Paula's age, was skipping rope. Paula would have liked to stay and talk to her, but she knew that before long her father and mother would stop quarreling and miss her, and then she would be brought back indoors. She had fifteen cents in the pocket of her dress, so she walked down the street to the subway kiosk. Underground, she dropped one nickel into the turnstile, and spent the next four hours happily riding back and forth on the subway. It was pretty much like a merry-go-round, she thought; she'd never been on one of those either, but she'd seen pictures of them in magazines.

She would have stayed on the train longer, but it seemed to her that a guard was beginning to look

at her with a curious expression in his eye, so she got off at the next stop and climbed back up to the street. She had no idea where she was. This region of red-fronted houses, set close to sidewalks that were littered with baby carriages and torn newspapers and empty ash cans, was unlike anything she had ever seen before. But there were children, lots of them, racing up and down the pavements without paying any attention to the grinding traffic. Only a few feet away a little girl was bouncing a ball up and down and repeating carefully, rhythmically, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers . . . Peter Piper picked . . ."

PAULA waited until the little girl saw her and stopped bouncing the ball. Then she said quickly, "Hello. It must be hard to do that. What you're doing?"

The little girl, who wore a dark-blue dress like a uniform, nodded proudly. "You bet it is. But I hardly ever miss. My name's Jane. What's yours?"

"Pau— Christine."

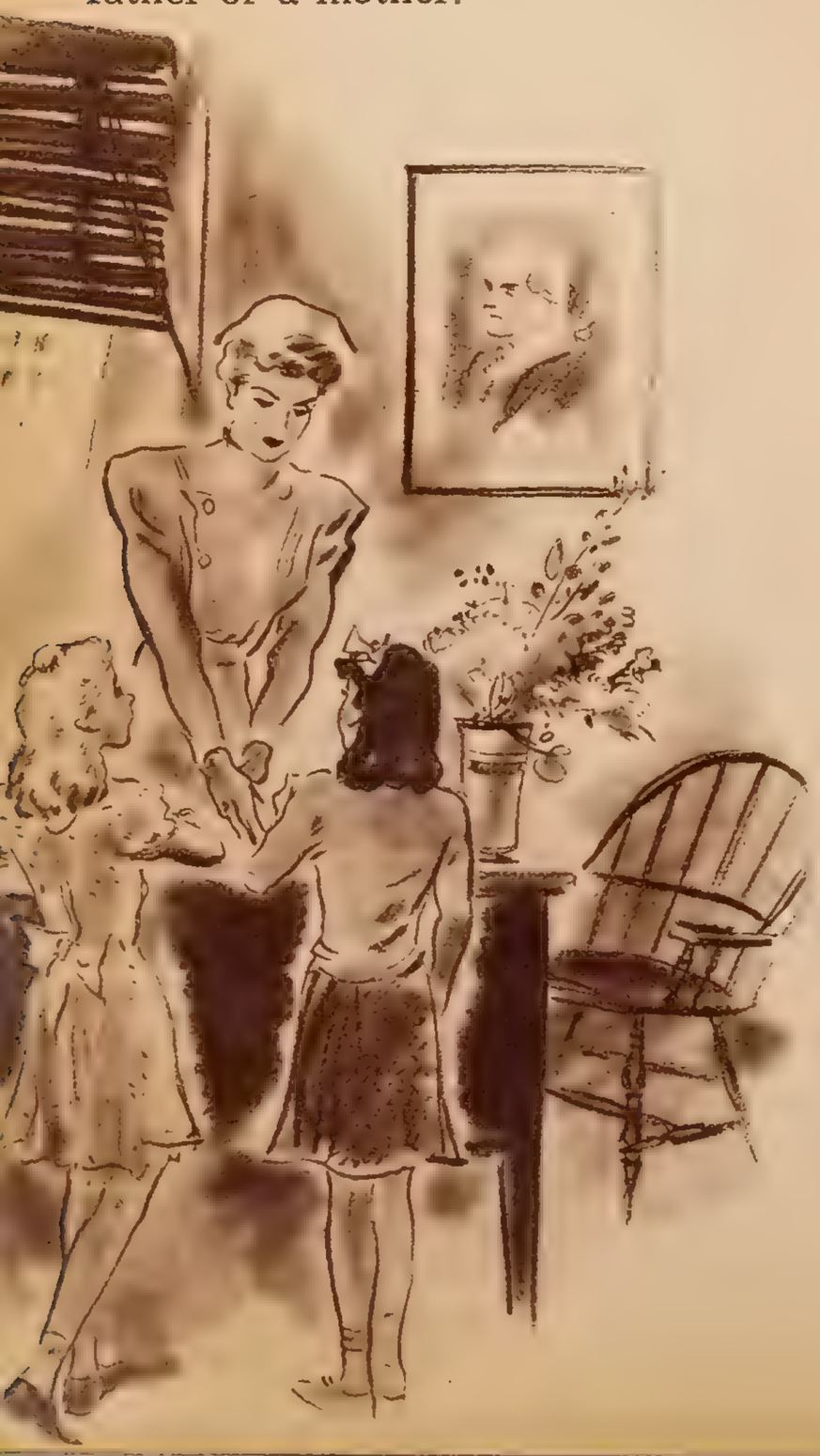
"Christine?" Jane said. "That's not what you started to say."

"It is, too," Paula said defensively. "My name's Christine Smith."

Jane laughed. "Gee, Smith's my name, too. Lots of us foundlings are named Smith. Are you a foundling?"

"What's a foundling?" Paula asked.

"Why—an orphan without a father or a mother."



"I thought all orphans didn't have fathers or mothers."

"Oh, no," Jane explained, her tone showing a hint of superiority. "Lots of orphans have a mother or a father and some even have both, but they can't keep 'em— The father and the mother can't keep the children, I mean. There's lots like that in the Home."

"The Home?"

Jane indicated a gray building farther down the block. "Sure. That's where we all live, about two hundred of us. With Mother Hubbard. She's the matron, and the Home belongs to her. You see, she didn't have any children of her own but she had lots of money and no family at all—so she started the Home."

Paula listened, enraptured. "Two hundred of you!" she breathed. "Oh, I bet you have lots of fun!"

"You bet. Sometimes kids get adopted, but they all cry when they leave the Home and Mother Hubbard. We call her Mother Hubbard, you know, after the song."

"What song?"

"Why, you don't know *anything*, do you?" Jane marveled. "The one about Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard. . . . I can play it on the piano. Can you play the piano?"

"Oh, no!" Paula said.

"Well, I can't now, either," Jane said comfortingly. "I hurt my hand the other day and I had to stop my lessons until it gets better." She exhibited a brown paw. "A window fell on it. At first it hurt, but now it's just stiff."

Paula looked down at her feet, scraped one toe back and forth over the sidewalk. "Well . . ." she said tentatively, hating to go, knowing she must.

"Gee, I wish you lived at the Home," Jane burst out. "Maybe you could—if you're really a foundling. Where do you live now?"

"Why—no place."

"Is your mother dead?"

"Oh, no," Paula said, shocked. "But I—I don't know where she is."

"How about your father?"

"He's awful mean. He hollers at me all the time."

"Well, I guess that makes you a foundling, all right," Jane said sympathetically. "Tell you what—you come with me and we'll ask Mother Hubbard if you can stay."

"All right," Paula said.

She wanted to stay in the Home, where all those other children lived, more than she had ever wanted anything in all her life.

Mother Hubbard was a white-haired lady with a gentle face and a soft voice, who sat in a lovely bright living room where a fire crackled and a radio played softly.

"But won't your parents miss you, Christine?" Mother Hubbard asked when Jane had introduced Paula and pleaded that she be allowed to stay in the Home.

Paula hung her head. "No, they won't," she said in a small voice. And it wasn't a lie, she said to herself. They wouldn't really miss her.

"Don't they love you?"

"Well—maybe Mother does, but—but I don't know where she is right now. And my father doesn't love me at all. He yells at me all the time." Suddenly, remembering the long, lonely hours of practicing, remembering the clash of voices behind the closed door, only a few hours ago, she began to cry. It was true that her father didn't love her. She'd never realized it before, but now that she'd put it into words, she knew it was true. He couldn't love her, or he wouldn't treat her the way he did.

Mother Hubbard looked at her thoughtfully, appraising the neat jumper dress, the carefully combed hair, the clean, pale skin. The music on the radio suddenly swelled to a crescendo as Paula mastered her sobs.

"Shall I turn the radio off, Mother Hubbard?" Jane asked.

Quickly, Paula intervened. "No, please—that's Debussy. It's beautiful." Instinct made her say it; she could not, all at once, forget all those years of training.

"You know music, Christine?" Mother Hubbard asked, and Paula cautiously answered:

"No—just Debussy. He's my favorite composer."

MOTHER HUBBARD nodded. "Well," she said, "I can't promise to let you stay, Christine. But suppose you have some supper with Jane, and afterwards we'll see . . ."

Jane flung both arms around the matron's waist. "I just know you'll let her stay!" she cried. "Won't you, Mother Hubbard?"

"Maybe. Now run along and wash."

For a moment, after the children had gone, Mrs. Hubbard stood in the middle of the room, one finger tapping her lips thoughtfully. The music on the radio came to an end, and a masculine voice said excitedly, "A bulletin from the City News Service: Paula Martin, eight, piano prodigy who is scheduled to make her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next week, has disappeared from her home. Her father believes her kidnaped. . . ."

Paula slept that night in a tiny room where white walls did not quite reach the ceiling, so that she

had the illusion of being alone, yet close to Jane, who occupied the nextdoor cubicle. She drifted off to sleep as if she were wrapped in a blanket of warm, comforting happiness. For Mother Hubbard had said she might stay, and ahead there was a prospect of friendship and play and study in a schoolroom with other children—and never, never any practicing.

THIS was the most fascinating place she had ever known. There was always something to do, always someone to talk to. She revelled in the companionship like a tired traveler revelling in a cool stream. Only now and then—in a pause in a game, or when a strain of music came to her from the radio—the thought of her mother burst through, telling her that what she was doing was not altogether good. Whenever this happened she shouted and played all the louder, to drive the discomfort out of her mind.

Besides Jane, her best friend was a boy named Phil, who taught her the games he and his friends played. Jane, affecting scorn, said that she wouldn't want to learn boys' games —they were rough and horrid. But Paula overrode her; she wanted to learn everything, all the games, pack every experience she could into this brief time of happiness. She was such an apt pupil that even Phil was impressed at the ease with which she learned to make and throw spitballs, and whistle through her teeth.

But of course such a paradise could not be hers forever.

One afternoon she was called to Mother Hubbard's office. Something told her why, and she went with dragging steps to where her father and mother stood waiting. At sight of her mother a sudden lump came to her throat, and she ran straight into the open arms; from their haven watching with big eyes for the outburst of rage which must come from her father.

It did not come. He was smiling. And that, somehow, was worse.

"Well, Paula," he said, "you gave us quite a scare. But it's all right. The publicity's been worth it."

Paula's mother raised her head. "Anyone would think you'd enjoyed it, Art!"

"I was worried to death," he said.

"I wasn't worried," his wife said, still holding Paula close to her, "because I knew all the time where Paula was. Mrs. Hubbard called me the first night she was here, and I came and saw her, eating in the dining hall with the other children."

"You *knew*? And you didn't tell me?" Bewilderment fought with rising anger in his face.

"I didn't tell you because I wanted you to realize that Paula—your little girl meant more to you than a child prodigy. But now," Mary Martin said wearily, "I'm beginning to see that I should have waited longer before letting you know she was safe."

Paula's father opened his mouth quickly—then shut it as the door opened and Mrs. Hubbard came in.

"Well, Christine," she said. "But I ought to call you Paula now."

Paula hung her head. "Yes, Mrs. Hubbard," she said indistinctly.

Her father, shifting his weight nervously from one foot to the other, said, "You've been very kind, Mrs. Hubbard, but we won't take up any more of your time. Come, Paula."

He held out his hand. Her mother stood a little apart, watching, her lips pressed together.

Paula, desperate to clutch one last moment before she returned to the bondage of her home, her piano, her eternal practicing, said, "I can't go now, Daddy. I've got to—" Her voice almost failed her. "—to say goodbye to Jane—and Phil."

Mrs. Hubbard went to the window and opened it. Children were playing outside, and she sent one of them to get Jane and Phil. While they waited, there was a heavy, uncomfortable silence. Mrs. Hubbard looked anxiously at Paula's mother.

Jane and Phil stood below the window, and Paula leaned out to talk to them. Only now there didn't seem to be anything to say. Or maybe it was only too hard to say it while her father was there.

"I'm going home now, Jane. My father and mother are here for me."

"Oh, Chris! We were having so much fun! Do you have to go?"

"I guess so. . . . Well, g'bye."

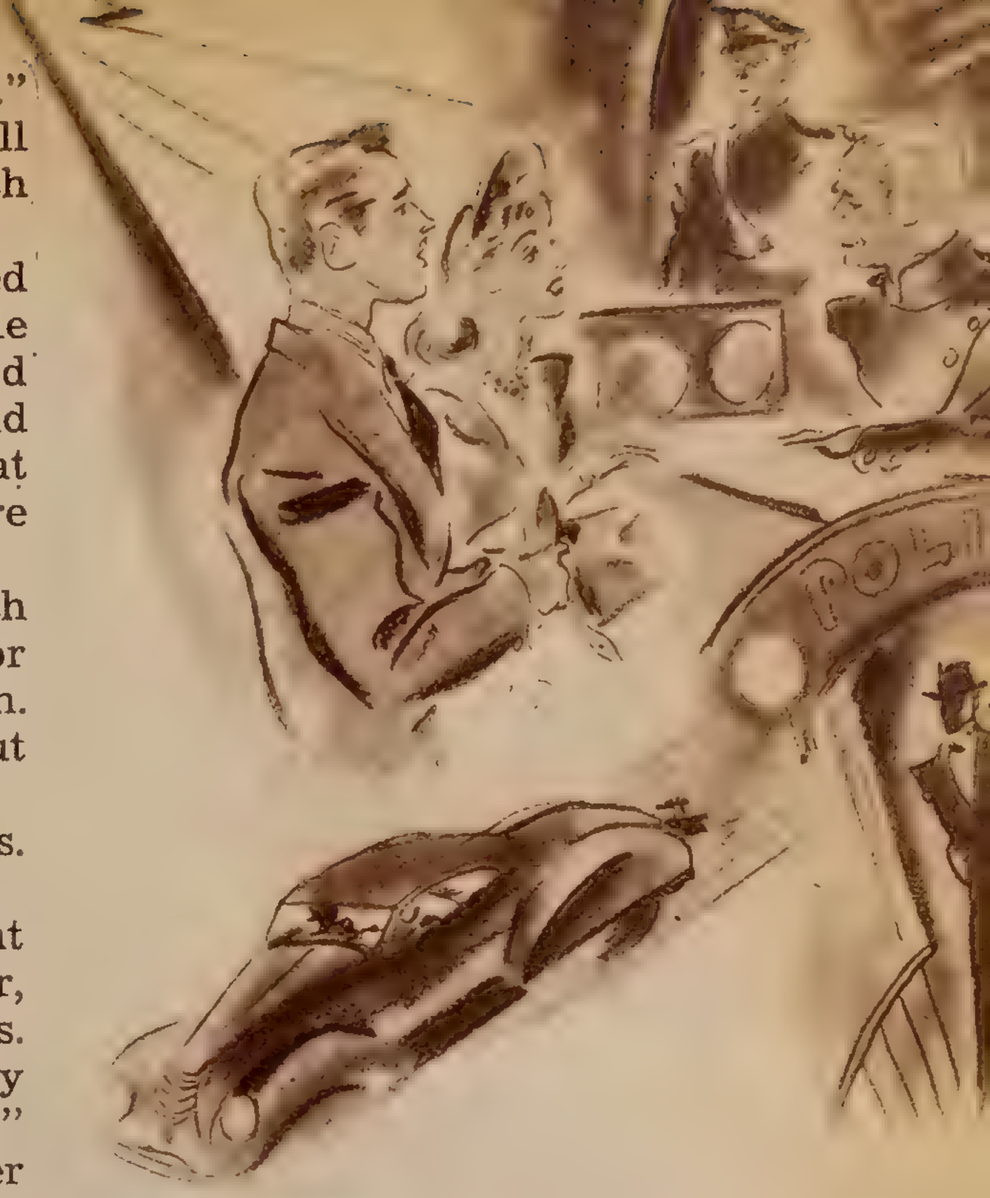
"G'bye."

They stood for a moment between the window, backed slowly away, embarrassed, then turned and raced for the others. Paula couldn't watch them, because tears made a shimmering curtain in front of her eyes.

Her father cleared his throat. "Come along, Paula. You've lost a lot of time. You'll have to practice hard now."

"Daddy, please!" She whirled around. "I don't want to play the piano. I want to stay here. . . . Mummy, can't I stay? Foundlings have such *fun*!"

Her mother put a hand to her mouth. "Oh, Art!" she said, but the muffling hand made the words sound more like a sob. "Art—let her give up the piano and be a normal child. Let's be like other parents—not slave-drivers."



"And waste a gift like Paula's?"

"Childhood is a greater gift."

"You're being sentimental," he said. "Paula isn't like other children. She's a genius. She belongs to the world. Every prodigy has to make sacrifices. I've had enough nonsense. Paula, come along."

"I won't be a prodigy!" Paula cried. "I won't, I won't!"

"Are you coming?" her father said steadily.

Paula stood his gaze for an instant. Then her shoulders sagged. "All right," she said tremulously. She turned to close the window. Her right hand tugged at the sash, hard, and the poorly balanced frame came down with the speed of a guillotine on her left hand which lay across the sill.

Paula screamed with the pain. She saw her father, her mother, Mrs. Hubbard all rushing toward her before she fainted.

THE Infirmary of Mother Hubbard's Home was gay with flowers; a procession of fairy-story people marched around the walls. The doctor was gentle and smiling, and when he stood up and announced that he was through he had really hurt Paula very little.

But she was crying when her father and mother came in.

"Darling," her mother said tenderly, "does it hurt so very badly?"

"No," Paula said, her eyes on her father. "But—but the doctor says my hand will be all right. I'll be able to play the piano again."

"Only when you want to, dear," her mother said. "Never unless you want to."

And then Paula noticed for the first time that as they stood together beside her bed, her father and mother were holding hands.

THE END

Adapted from a play written by Dena Reed and Edward Peyton Harris, for the radio program, Grand Central Station, now heard Tuesday evenings at 9:00, E. S. T., over the NBC-Blue.

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Heaven's for the Asking

Their first quarrel was very nearly their last, for they were too young to be so much in love. But Barry Wood was lucky and so—



Barry Wood's romantic baritone voice is a feature of Lucky Strike's Saturday Night Hit Parade, broadcast over the Columbia networks.

THE curtain rang down on the George White Scandals. The audience filed out humming the hit tune the orchestra was playing. Backstage, in the Gails' dressing room, there was confusion. Jane and June, the older set of twins, had a date. Jean and Joan, a year younger, were helping them dress, offering a lipstick, a handkerchief, a dab of perfume, a pair of gloves.

Mrs. Gail stood laughing in the doorway. "Confusion Hall, this dressing-room," she said. "It reminds me of home when you were babies and I had to bathe and dress you, one after another."

Jane, standing before a full-length mirror, pulled at the beige crepe suit she wore so it slipped smoothly over her slim body. She blew gently on the big fox cuffs so they would look bigger still. She adjusted her blue straw hat at what she hoped was an angle.

"What's Barry Wood like?" she asked June as they hurried down the backstage corridor. June had met Barry in New Haven. His brother had been leader of the orchestra in the theater there.

"Barry Wood," June repeated. "Well, he's a Yale man—captain of the water polo team and terribly good-looking in a strong, easy way. He's fresh, too; he's really a fresh fellow. But you'll like him. Everyone does!"

The boys were waiting. "My twin, Jane," said June. And she and Barry's companion started off towards Broadway and a taxi.

Jane caught Barry's quick scowl.

"Don't take it so hard," she told him. "Wait and see what I'm like. Maybe I won't be so bad."

"Who's taking anything hard?"



Barry and the family he loves above all else in the world before the rustic fireplace in their Connecticut farmhouse—Jane, Baby Beverly and Bonnie.

Barry wanted to know.

"You!" Jane stood her ground. "Certainly you didn't look exactly happy just now when June paired off with your pal. You can't prefer her looks, you know. Most people can't tell us apart. . . ."

"Look," Barry told her, "a girl like you, a girl with a gentle face and eyes that look as if they'd been cut out of brown velvet, should be sweet and docile and . . ."

"Dumb, no doubt," finished Jane.

Up Broadway their taxi traveled, slithering in and out of traffic, horn honking, radio playing, the lights of electric signs flashing red and green, blue and golden, on every side. They were bound for Harlem and the Cotton Club and the hot music of Duke Ellington's band.

Barry began singing "Dark Town Strutters' Ball" softly, for Jane. "I'll be down to get you in a taxi, Honey. . . ."

"Next," thought Jane, "he'll be reaching for my hand and he won't get it."

But he did get it. And she held on tight.

That was the beginning, the beginning of their love and their quarrels. It was funny about their quarrels. They quarreled to break the spell they had for each other from the first. They quarreled when they found themselves about to go under completely.

As they danced, Jane marveled that this man's strong arms about her should bring, at once, the greatest peace and the greatest excitement she ever had known. And Barry wondered if this girl with whom he moved to the music, whose sweet-smelling hair lay in soft ringlets on his shoulder, would think he was crazy if he should bend his head a little lower and ask her to marry him and if, indeed, he wasn't crazy for wanting this so very much.

There are things all lovers do in New York. And because their love is new they find pristine beauty everywhere they go. Jane and Barry danced on roofs under the stars. They sailed across the bay on a slow ferry, standing alone on the upper deck, astern, watching the wash of their boat shining with the moon. On Sundays they drove into the little hills of Connecticut and dreamed, out loud, of a Revolutionary farmhouse with big fireplaces and hand-hewn timbers and hand-forged hinges and a trout stream running through the woods nearby. They went to the Metropolitan and found their way to the dimness of Per-neb's Tomb and when Barry kissed Jane against her will—she thinking someone might come upon them and he not caring—they quarreled again.

"That *cute* girl you told me about," she said, "the one you met when her act played New Haven, remember . . ."

"I remember well," Barry challenged. "What about her?"

(*Continued on page* 55)

A DRAMATIC STORY OF LIVES BEHIND THE MIKE

I ALWAYS knew that I wouldn't be beautiful, even when I was too young to know all that it would mean when I'd grown up. My brothers called me "funny face," and though they said it because they loved me and were only teasing me, it always reminded me of my imperfections. It wasn't that I was ugly, it was just that none of me was exactly as it should have been. My forehead curved out a little too much, my eyes crinkled up into a resemblance of continuous laughter and so hid their true depth and blueness. My hair wasn't brunette and it certainly wasn't blonde, either. And my nose—that was really the comic part. It was short, it curved in when I wanted it to curve out, and was, to me, the final touch to a face that—well, was a "funny face."

Sometimes, in those days, I would dream and in the dream a magician with a wand of ebony and gold stood in front of me. His wand would wave and miraculously I would be turned into a woman of breath-taking beauty.

But never did I think that one day such magic would really happen—almost as I'd dreamed it—and I would have such beauty as I'd scarcely dared to hope for.

If Dwight had been different, I might never have cared whether I was beautiful or not. He could have been like the other boys I knew, fated to find his success in some garage or factory at home, and I would have known only happiness. But Dwight's path was to lead out into a larger world where faith in oneself must be terribly strong to stay unshattered and where love becomes a cruel battle for survival. Where, when you feel the first sharp, burning hurt of heartbreak, there is no one who will listen, and no one whose sympathy becomes your shield.

I was singing in our local radio station in Big Boulder when it happened. I had just finished my number, which was lucky, because when I saw Dwight Barron—when I looked through the window of the radio studio and caught sight of him—something came slowly up in my chest, tightening in my throat, choking off my breath.

I don't want to tell you too much about his features, because you might recognize them from his pictures. But I can't imagine loving



She loved Dwight passionately but she was afraid that wasn't enough to hold him. Then Eve said, "You don't have to lose him. You can be as beautiful as you want, if only you have the nerve—"

I HAD TO HAVE *Beauty*

At first, the doctor was reluctant to do what I asked of him—but when I told him I was a radio singer, he changed his mind and led me into a small, bright surgery.



him the same way if he had been one of those tall spare men, towering up somewhere in the rarer atmosphere. No, Dwight had that sort of solid, strong blocky figure, with powerful shoulders and firm, compact body and—not too far above my own—his face, fresh colored and healthy looking with springing curly brown hair above a broad, friendly looking brow and warm gray eyes. His mouth was wide, with corners that were always sort of mobile, ready to grin. And his nose—it was straight, full modeled, as perfect as mine was imperfect.

In the perverse way men seem to have, Dwight—so handsome, so popular, so much in demand—was attracted to me. And there wasn't much I could have done about it, even if I'd wanted to, because right after that first stunning moment I was told that I would spend the summer working there in the studio with Dwight Barron on the same program.

IT SEEMED so simple, so utterly natural, when he proposed to me. I had come to be necessary to him, it seemed to me. Working together as we did on the program, he'd ask my advice about his songs, and his arrangements, and even his contracts. Once he told me, "I think I've got a half way decent voice because none of my resonance cavity was used for brains. But I fooled them. I got you."

I can see now that a talent as precious as Dwight's is never wasted. No one should have been surprised when the New York offer came, the kind that happens just once to anyone.

I can't quite tell even yet where it first seemed to go wrong. Whether it was the

day I knew for sure we were leaving Big Boulder or whether it was the moment we got off the train and were greeted by a dozen important people and cameramen, and even reporters. It might have been the apartment we decided on, looking over the gray blue of the East River to Long Island and its rows of smokestacks and houses linked together—the apartment so much larger than I'd thought was necessary. Or the maid that Dwight's boss, Bill Graylin, assured us we must have. Or the auto that Dwight brought home to try out—because the publicity man convinced us it would be valuable. Or perhaps it was those first days when I went with Dwight to the studio for his rehearsals. He had been signed for a big, hour long program, with a famous comedian and the most popular swing band, and there were dozens of important people to handle every detail—details that Dwight once had left to me. No one wanted my opinion and I didn't give it. What could I suggest that would be more valuable than the ideas of experts being paid thousands of dollars to decide what was right?

YET it might have gone on long, dragging months before Dwight would have had to tell me himself, oh, so gently. But no one could have remained blind after our first few parties.

There was the time I wore the yellow evening dress that I'd bought especially and all the other women were dressed in street clothes and I could feel their curious eyes—not mocking, just amused and curious. The next time we were invited out, I tried to be so careful to wear what would be right. I chose the simple green and white striped jersey dress I'd picked for the trip to New York. It wasn't elegant, but Dwight had said it made him proud to have me walk ahead of him to the diner. And when we'd gotten ready for bed, he had admired it so much, he had taken it off himself. What I didn't know this night was that we were going to the Rainbow Room; that even the elevators that shoot you up to the heights of Radio City at 1,300 feet a minute are filled only with people in evening dress. Luckily Bill Graylin and his girl, Eve Coyne, who were with us, pretended not to notice my mistake and I'm not even sure Dwight knew. It would have been hard to have been conscious of anything that evening but of Eve Coyne.

Eve glittered. Just her hair was enough to overpower me, sweeping up from her temples in faultless wings of gold, arriving without visible anchorage to join the high triple pompadour that became a swirl of ringlets. Her face was cool, carved in ivory. Her eyes were periwinkle blue with incredible lashes, and a faintly luminous blue-green shadow lay on her lids.

Nobody missed my bright remarks. Nobody here knew I had ever made any, no one but Dwight, and he was too busy drinking in new thrills to notice.

That must have been when I first could see plainly what was happening. Could see that Dwight fitted the new pattern of our lives as though he had always been a coast to coast radio star who wore evening dress and danced to the music of the Rainbow Room. Could see that, just as he fitted the pattern, I was an odd piece that didn't belong.

It showed in other ways—the night Dwight stood leaning against the mantel and said, "You ought to get out more, have more fun, like Eve."

The way his tone changed made me look up. I saw his face relax into a smile. He was picturing Eve, golden, perfect Eve, and it was a pleasanter sight than his wife, sitting right there with him.

I got up suddenly and went into my room. With chattering teeth I lay in bed, burrowing under the covers to escape this new knowledge. I knew—I had to admit the truth—I didn't fit this pattern. I couldn't compare with Eve. I had turned sour, suspicious because of Eve and all the other Eves. It was the women, their grace, their style, their beauty contrasting day after day with my "funny face." I was sick with envy of them for the beauty I could never have.

Dwight came to the door and tapped, very gently.

My throat was aching with sobs and I could not trust my voice. I remembered the way he had said, "Like Eve—," the way he had smiled. How could I let him see me now, swollen-eyed from weeping?

And so he did not come in that night. It seemed to be a turning point. Before, each night had drawn us close, fused us, sent us out each morning reassured. Now, through his busy days from which I always found some excuse to escape, my thoughts kept going back and back, crushing the joy out of my memories. And I got it all figured out.

Yet there was enough hope left from those first months of happiness—fool's paradise or not—to let me in for the worst mistake I ever made.

If Eve, so exquisite, so wise in her knowledge of men, had been less honest and had taken Dwight from me as she knew she could, without coming to me first, it would have been a different story.



But Eve did come to see me the next morning. She came in with a rush of fur and flowers and my heart tied itself in a small tight knot, as it always did when I saw her. Her loveliness was so perfect, it was in her clothes, in the way her slim body moved with silken ease, in the redness of her lips, the fullness of her figure. The maid was finishing up in the room and Eve waited until she had closed the door behind her.

"THIS is a tough thing to tell you cold," she said slowly.

"Never mind," I said, in a whisper, for I began to know what she was going to say. "Is it—Dwight?"

She nodded and laughed strangely. "Maybe I'm wrong. But after you've been around awhile, certain things fall into patterns. With me, it's gotten to be a kind of game telling what men are thinking, how they're feeling about me. I've learned to watch, to know when to call the turns, to time the changes."

She paused and there was a frankness in her eyes that stayed.

"When I say I've caught the first high sign from your Dwight, it's the voice of experience talking, not just wishful thinking, because these things don't ring any wedding bells for me. But I'll give you fair warning. I'm talking quick while I still can. Dwight's kind doesn't grow on every tree and I might not be immune forever—"



She smiled, not carefully beautiful, but a tender curving of the lips that scared me worse than anything she had said. Just the way it scared me last night when Dwight smiled the first time he had spoken her name.

I was being told, and all the frankness, and all the friendliness in the world, didn't lessen the terrible pain of the knowledge, that my husband was being lost to me.

"Don't look like that," Eve said sharply. "I'd like it better if you hit me."

I shrugged. "Why should I? It's not your fault. It had to happen. Nobody's to blame." Then I added, thinking aloud, "Except me. For marrying Dwight."

The splendid arch of her eyebrows twisted into a puzzled frown. "Pardon my error," she said, shaking her head. "I guess I was all wrong about you. I didn't think you'd give up without a battle."

"It was bound to happen," I said, numbly.

"Why?" Eve demanded. "Don't you see? That's what I'm here for."

I shook my head and she looked at me sharply. "Something *is* wrong, isn't it? Things have changed between you two?"

I nodded, blinking back tears.

"But not too wrong? I mean, you haven't decided anything. Splitting up, divorce—"

"Oh, no!" The actual words could still shock me.

"Then listen. I don't want to be the one who takes your husband away. Don't ask me why—"

I felt cold. "But what can I do?"

She reached for my hand, drew me up and across the room. She swung my dressing room door wide, so that we were both reflected in the big mirror. I shuddered away from the sight of myself looking like a small, flushed, awkward schoolgirl, beside her suavely clad slim height, topped by hair rising golden smooth to the wonderful strange wig-like cap of ice-blue feathers, its froth of veil making her seem even more remotely perfect. I turned away but her hands on my shoulders held me.

"You've got to face it," she said, almost viciously. "You were tops in Boulder but in New York the competition's keener. A wife can't hold her husband here by trying to look cute in a bungalow apron. You've got to have beauty, glamour—"

"But if I haven't got it," I cried.

"You go out and get it! Listen, if we had to depend on what we were born with, I wouldn't be such a popular model."

I caught my breath. "You mean I—I could—"

"I'll prove it in ten minutes, at Eleanor Eaton's."

"N—now?"

She laughed. "Tomorrow I may feel different." And the threat in what she said was unmistakable.

That was how I found myself going through the famous red door on Fifth Avenue which has opened as the haven to so many women. I walked into the salon first. I had a suffocating impression of deep piled rugs, of glittering showcases, of slick, marvelous salesgirls. I knew then that all of my life until now was in the balance. For I had made up my mind. I was not going to lose Dwight without a fight. He was all of me and without him I would be a purposeless, lost human with no hope, no desire. Suddenly, I remembered my childhood dream. A magician to turn me into a beautiful woman! A woman with the perfection of Eve.

My mind whirled with these thoughts and the acute, painful embarrassment of (*Continued on page* 60)



Fictionized from the dramatic radio serial, Young Widder Brown, heard every Monday through Friday, at 4:45 P.M., E.D.S.T., on the NBC-Red network. Illustration specially posed by Florence Freeman as Ellen Brown and Ned Wever as Dr. Anthony Loring.

Young

ELLEN felt as if her heart were standing on tiptoe as she walked to the gate with Anthony that evening. It was ridiculous the way she felt as if she were sixteen again and everything was so new and eager and glowing, as if all the things that lay between that time and this, the sadness and the pain and disillusionment had not really happened at all and nothing was real except this happiness; Anthony and herself and the love which lay unspoken between them.

The spicy scent of clove pinks filled the garden, mingling with the sweeter fragrance of the early roses and overhead there was a moon, a slender new moon as young as their love. And the stars seemed so close she felt she could touch them just by reaching up her hand.

"Ellen," Anthony said then and his hand went out to hers and held it. Strange the way it was as they stood there in the darkness with the touch of his hand on hers, this deep peace, this strength and tenderness, their abiding confidence in each other, so different from the hectic, agonizing uncertainties of her love for Peter Turner. "You don't know what all this does to a city bred man. Grass under my feet instead of hard pavements, seeing the moon and stars instead of just knowing they're up there in the sky somewhere above the city smoke, feeling that life is simple and uncomplicated again. And you . . . I have so much to thank you for, Ellen."

"You've thanked me enough by staying on here," Ellen said softly. Then suddenly the fear came, the little nagging fear that had such a way of creeping in on her happiness ever since the night his sister Victoria had come. "You *are* staying, aren't you, Anthony?"

Anthony's laugh came then, eager and boyish.

"Neither flood, nor fire, nor Victoria herself could drive me away," he said. "And of the three I admit Victoria is the most formidable. She can't understand how I feel about all this or about my patients, either. She doesn't know what it means to me, helping people who are close to me, whose lives I know about, who have become my friends. In Chicago I'd be called to operate on some man or woman or child I'd never seen before, but here it isn't only my patient who is important to me but the people who love that patient, the husband or wife or children or mother or father who is waiting outside of a closed door and I know that their hope is my hope

Copyright 1941, by Frank and Anne Hummert

Widder Brown

Nothing seemed real but this great love between Anthony and herself—even the scheming, clever Victoria couldn't rob her of happiness—but Ellen forgot that her children had their rights too!



It was sweet, then, his arms holding her again in that secret world of their own.

and their despair mine, too. That's the compensation that comes to the country doctor, Ellen, that human relationship. But Victoria looked at me as if I'd suddenly gone mad this morning when I was so pleased with the chicken and the basket of garden strawberries and early peas old Jim Carson brought me for pulling his wife through in the typhoid epidemic. She reminded me of the fees I used to get in Chicago. You've made those days seem very far away, Ellen."

They meant so much, those words. Ellen remembered them after Anthony had gone. More than anything they expressed the feeling she had about him, too. She felt as if she had been born again with this love—as if nothing had existed before it came. Nothing . . . no, that was wrong. There was Janey and Mark, those youngsters of hers who had been her whole life such a short time ago. Only loving Anthony hadn't interfered with that love at all. It had sharpened it, crystallized it.

Only a month ago she had not known there was such a man as Anthony Loring in the world. Incredible to remember that now, to think of the day she had first seen his picture in the Chicago paper and to realize it had meant no more to her than a way to help the Health Centre. She hadn't foreseen this when she had written to him so impulsively, asking if he could suggest someone to take charge of the hospital. He had come to Simpsonville himself instead of writing, and at first he had been aloof and unyielding, critical of Ellen because he felt she had overstepped her authority as a private citizen in concerning herself with the affairs of the Centre—not realizing that its very existence was a tribute to Ellen's courage and perseverance. She was amused now to think how much she had at first resented Anthony's attitude, but now, little by little, the barriers between them had crumbled until now she realized what his going away would mean to her. For even as he mentioned the possibility of leaving she felt desolation closing in on her, so that it seemed he had already gone, while he was still there with her.

Even then, Ellen didn't know that the loneliness she felt was because she loved

him. It was almost as if she were afraid to love again and so she tried to put other names on the emotion that held her. But when typhoid raged up in the hill country beyond the town and she went with him to help fight the epidemic, she saw all the things she had never seen in Anthony before, the tenderness which had been hidden in his strength, the idealism his harshness had concealed. There, as they worked together, she saw a man that she or any woman could be proud to love.

EVERYTHING had been so simple, so easy. Her love had grown so slowly that Ellen accepted it as unquestioningly as she did her love for her children. It was only when they came back to Simpsonville that fear came.

For Victoria was waiting for them when they got back. Victoria, who was Anthony's sister and who idolized him. Ellen had felt awkward as Victoria greeted them so gaily, feeling the challenge that lay under her laugh. At first she had only stood there, the hot color flaring to her cheeks. Then suddenly she had sensed that Victoria's rush of words wasn't as artless as it sounded. In that moment she knew that Victoria was her enemy because Anthony loved her and because she was the real reason he had decided to stay in Simpsonville instead of returning to Chicago.

With this realization had come the quickening of Ellen's own pride, of her determination not to give in to this woman's ambition for her brother.

But the next day when Victoria came to the tea room for lunch Ellen wondered if she had been wrong about her after all.

"I like you, Ellen," Victoria said. "I want you to know that, for I'm afraid I hurt you last night without intending to at all. It's only that I don't stop to think how the things I'm saying might sound to someone who doesn't know me and I go around blurting out every thought that ever skips across my brain. I don't care if most people misunderstand, but you're different, Ellen. I don't want to start off on the wrong foot with you."

Ellen couldn't help liking her after that. Victoria's apparent honesty and her lack of subtleties appealed to Ellen's own candid nature. Even when Victoria made no attempt to conceal the fact that she felt Anthony's place was in Chicago and that she was doing everything she could to make him see it, Ellen couldn't find it in her heart to resent her. For there was a spirit of sportsmanship in everything Victoria did and she was so gay and amusing even when she was being her most contrary self that made Ellen warm to her. For all her sophistication Victoria seemed like a charming, unthinking child intent on having her own way but accepting it graciously when she discovered she couldn't.

She woke the next morning as she had awakened so often lately, with the singing thought of Anthony in her heart. Every day was a new adventure now, listening for the telephone to ring, wondering if she would see him, if he might come into the tea room for lunch without calling her as he did sometimes. That was the most exciting of all, seeing him when she wasn't expecting to at all, feeling the room quicken into life as he walked into it.

But when the phone rang that morning and Ellen ran to answer, it was Victoria's laughing voice she heard.

"Darling, can't you play truant from that tea room of yours this evening? I'm sure it's really your nice big Swedish Hilda who runs the place and does all the cooking and planning. No one as pretty as you could possibly cook as well. Now don't contradict me," she said, as Ellen's laughter interrupted her. "Just tell me you're coming. Anthony was paid yesterday. Would you believe it? A great plump chicken that would feed six, with only Anthony and me to do justice to it. And don't laugh. That was what he got. A chicken and some peas and strawberries."

"I'm not laughing," Ellen said softly. "I think it's sweet the way everybody is showing their appreciation of Anthony."

"Oh, my dear," Victoria laughed. "I do believe you're just as impractical as Anthony and I never thought I would meet his equal. Now me, I'm more the earthy sort, just a mercenary old girl who thinks there's nothing quite so heartening to look at as a nice fat check. Now you are coming, aren't you? You might as well promise, for you know I don't give up easily once I've set my heart on anything."

There was a lot to do before Ellen could leave that evening, just as the first early diners were beginning to straggle into the tea room. She had felt a little guilty about the new dress she had bought a few days ago, but she was glad of the extravagance when she arrived and saw Victoria looking as if she had just stepped out of a fashion magazine.

"Anthony will be a little late," Victoria said. "He just telephoned he had to make an unexpected call, and frankly I'm delighted. It will give the two of us a little time together."

But after a few minutes she gave up the pretence of making light, inconsequential conversation.

"Ellen, you're the most completely disarming person I've ever met," she confessed. "I just can't pretend with you, try as I will. So I'm not going to beat around the bush at all. I'm going to come right out with what I have to say. Ellen, I want you to help me convince Anthony that he should go back to Chicago."

"I can't do that," Ellen said, quietly enough for all the turmoil in her heart. "You see, I happen to think that people should be allowed to make decisions for themselves and Anthony has made his."

"But it's so wrong for him," Victoria protested. "Can't you see that? Anthony might think right now that this is what he wants, but he won't go on thinking that way. Don't you see, Ellen? Anthony had one of the most successful practices in Chicago and every year he was becoming more and more prominent in the medical world."

"Yet he was giving up all that even before he came here," Ellen said. "It was because he'd announced that he was giving up his city practice that I wrote to him in the first place. So you see, it wasn't a whim, Anthony's staying here. It was the sort of thing (*Continued on page 70*)



Life Can Be Beautiful

Something entirely new—special photographs and character studies of people you've listened to in one of radio's most popular serial dramas, an inspiring message of faith written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker.

Meet Papa David, Marybelle Owen, Rita Yates, Barry Markham!

Photos by CBS.



Marybelle Owen came into the lives of the people in Papa David's book shop when she appeared as a claimant to a huge estate which Stephen Hamilton, as a lawyer, was settling. Eventually, she was proved to be the rightful heiress. When she received her money she plunged into a wild orgy or extravagance, and it was some time before she confessed she was gradually going blind, and was determined to drain everything she could from life before that happened. To add to her tragedy, she had fallen in love with Stephen. But during her convalescence from an operation performed by Dr. Markham in hopes of saving her eyesight, Marybelle found herself actually in love with Stanley, Stephen's twin brother, and there is now a possibility that she may find happiness with him. Marybelle is very charming — somewhat French in her speech and mannerisms, for although her parents were Americans she was brought up in France.

(*Played by Ruth Yorke*)

Tune in Life Can Be Beautiful Mondays through Fridays at 1:00 P.M., E.D.S.T., on CBS, and 11 A.M., E.D.S.T., on NBC-Red, sponsored by Ivory.

PRESENTING *Living Portraits*

PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE



Barry Markham, the son of Dr. Bertram Markham, first met Chichi at a house-party to which she was invited by a rich woman who had taken an interest in her. Up to then, Barry had never known any girl outside his own wealthy circle. Chichi's innocent charm appealed to him, and he fell in love at once. Barry has been accustomed all his life to the privileges of wealth, but it would be unfair to call him a "play boy." He possesses many good qualities—kindness, unselfishness, honesty. He had the good sense to know that he and Chichi could never be happy together—not because they came from different social worlds, but because Chichi herself was unable to love him as much as he wanted to be loved—and gracefully bowed himself out of the race for her heart, marrying instead a girl with a background like his own. He was recently drafted, and is now a private in the Army.
(*Played by Richard Kollmar*)



Rita Yates is a brilliant example of Papa David's power to bring out the very best in people. She was born and brought up in the slums and grew to womanhood believing that she must be ruthless and mercenary to find happiness. Her only motive when she ran into the book shop, declaring she was in danger, was to become acquainted with Toby Nelson and get some of the money he'd won in a prize contest. But she could not hold out long against Papa David's sincere goodness. Gradually she came to wonder if her whole philosophy was wrong. Too, she really began to fall in love with Toby. Hoping for a change in her character, Chichi, who had at first seen through her motives and distrusted her, became her good friend. Through Papa David's efforts, Rita has been given a job in the neighborhood Settlement House, where she is slowly finding a new meaning in her life.
(*Played by Mitzi Gould*)



David Solomon is his real name, but everyone calls him Papa David. This gentle old man is a symbol of all the tolerance and kindness which the world so badly needs. His English pronunciation and grammar may not be very polished, but there is never any doubt about the goodness of his soul. For many years he has owned a small book shop in a poor district of New York's East Side. He will not call it a "second-hand" book shop because, he says, there are no second-hand books; there are only books which have not been read at all, and books which have been slightly read. It's typical of David that his greatest friend is Ben Levy, who married the girl David loved as a young man. His simple philosophy is that life can be beautiful if you love it and will look for the good in everyone instead of seeking out the bad; and certainly this creed has done much to help Chichi and Stephen—as well as thousands of his daily radio listeners.

(*Played by Ralph Locke*)

HUCKLEBERRY DUCK

Lyrics by
JACK LAWRENCE

Arranged by Mark Warnow

Music by
RAYMOND SCOTT

Huck-le - ber - - ry Huck-le ber - - ry That's the

name of a lit-tle duck a lo-va-ble lit-tle duck, I had

Huck-le - ber - - ry Huck-le-

ber - - ry Such a mis-chie-vous lit-tle pet, He'd wad-dle a-round and get in

bad. He was so

Copyright, 1940, Circle Music Co., New York

Extra! Presenting the novelty tune that's sweeping the country—composed by Maestro Raymond Scott; arranged by brother Mark Warnow of Hit Parade

mer-ry, and so ve-ry fond of my huck-le-ber-ry patch, He'd eat and go "Quack quack" I could-n't

hold him, had to scold him, And I told him not to scratch, But scold-ings rolled like wa-ter off his back Huck-le-

ber - ry ate so ma - ny Soon he

hard-ly could walk a-round, He fell in the lake and drowned: Bad luck! Poor Huck-le-ber-ry

Duck.



A dessert that's quick and easy to make is the famous Baked Alaska—golden brown outside and cold and ice-creamy within.



For a real treat try Grapefruit Pie, garnished with either grated cheese, whipped cream, peanut butter or hard sauce.



Points in favor of this veal curry are that it can be made from leftover roast and it's an excellent hot weather dish.



On warm days make this Veal and Ham Loaf early and serve it cold.

THE COOKING CORNER PRESENTS

HERE we are, rushing headlong into summer, and isn't it exciting to step out of the house these bright balmy mornings and see the soft green of new grass and trees and the rainbow hues of flowers sparkling in the sun? I am sure you are just as thrilled as I am at the renewed prospect of enjoying happy hours out of doors.

And it is just these considerations that I have had in mind in choosing our Cooking Corner recipes this month. Some of them are as new as the tender young grass, some of them are so quickly prepared that they will cut the time you spend in the kitchen to a minimum. In addition, all are delicious and all are well within the moderate budget.

Veal curry is a particular favorite of mine and, since it originated in India, it is an excellent hot weather dish. Moreover, it can be made of leftover roast.

Veal Curry

4 cups cooked veal, diced
3 medium onions, chopped
2 medium apples, chopped
6 stalks celery, chopped
2 tbls. butter
¼ cup curry powder
½ cup New Orleans type molasses
2 cups meat stock
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. ginger
½ cup cold water
2 egg yolks beaten

SOMETHING NEW and EASY TOO

Saute veal, onions, apples and celery in butter until onions begin to turn clear, being careful not to scorch. Stir in meat stock and curry powder and simmer five minutes. Add molasses and dry seasonings and cook 20 minutes. Add water and cook 5 minutes more, stirring until thickened. Just before serving, add beaten egg yolks and heat to boiling point, stirring constantly. Serve in hot rice ring with a condiment such as chutney, chopped peanuts, shredded fresh coconut, chopped hard cooked egg yolks, chopped hard cooked egg whites and chopped cooked bacon. In preparing your curry, be sure to use a low flame and stir frequently since it burns easily.

Follow your hot curry with a Baked Alaska.

Baked Alaska

1 pint ice cream
1 sponge cake
¾ cup sliced Brazil nuts
3 egg whites
3 tbls. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
Pinch salt

Remove center from top of cake, leaving shell at least three quarters of an inch in thickness. Fill with ice cream and sprinkle with half a cup of Brazil nuts. Cover with meringue made of beating egg whites stiff and adding salt, sugar and vanilla. Bake at 450 degrees F. until light brown, about 5 minutes.

You know how refreshing a cold dinner can be at the end of a hot day, and as the main course for such a meal nothing quite compares with meat loaf. I suggest cold veal and ham loaf made with mushroom soup and for dessert the very new grapefruit pie with a garnish of grated cheese, whipped cream, peanut butter or hard sauce, as illustrated. Both can be prepared in the morning and popped into the oven to cook while you are doing your housework—and there you are with a free day at your disposal and no worries about dinner.

Veal and Ham Loaf

1 lb. veal, ground
1 lb. smoked ham, ground
4 tbls. tomato catsup
2 tbls. green pepper, chopped fine
2 eggs, beaten
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 small onion, chopped fine
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. chili powder

Combine ingredients in order given and turn into buttered loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for an hour to an hour and a quarter. Cool, chill and slice.

Grapefruit Pie

2½ cups grapefruit sections
½ cup brown sugar
2½ tbls. flour
½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. nutmeg
2 tbls. butter
Pastry

Line pie pan with pastry. Mix brown sugar, flour, cinnamon and nutmeg. Arrange half the grapefruit in the pie shell. Sprinkle with half the sugar mixture. Repeat grapefruit and sugar layers. Dot with butter, add top crust and bake at 450 degrees for 25 minutes.

Incidentally, I hope you are keeping canned soup in mind as a warm weather standby for there is no better basis for quick nourishing meals than soup, whether you serve it hot or cold.



BY KATE SMITH

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks over CBS at 12 noon, E.D.S.T., and her Friday night variety show at 8:00 on CBS, both sponsored by General Foods.

Coffee Treat



THE frosty coffee and the tricky looking sandwiches are every bit as good as they look, and the latter aren't half so hard to make as you might believe. For instance (left), cut white and whole wheat bread lengthwise, put together in alternate slices with cheese or meat spread for filling, then cut across as you would an ordinary loaf of bread. Center, roll thin sliced bread into cornucopias, fill with cheese or meat and garnish with parsley. Right, for pinwheels, spread a lengthwise slice with any desired filling, and place a row of olives across one end. Roll from end to end, beginning with the olive end so the olives will be the center of the wheel. Fasten with string or toothpicks or roll in dampened cloth and place in refrigerator to chill, then cut into slices when ready to serve. Of course, all crusts are removed before sandwiches are made.

As to the iced coffee itself, try adding a pinch of cinnamon, nutmeg or cloves, a mint leaf or a bit of grated orange rind, or a drop or two of vanilla or almond extract to each glass.

■ It isn't because she is too beautiful—she's not—that she wins instant approval from men, but there *is* a reason. Learn from her own wisdom and experience and you will be on the way to new fascination for yourself

By JUDY ASHLEY

IT isn't because Myrna Loy is too beautiful—she's not! But it is certain that of all the models of feminine loveliness you hear on the radio and see in the movies, none wins such instant approval from men as Myrna Loy.

Why does this freckle-faced, generous hipped, altogether honest woman strike so close to every man's heart?

When you learn that, it will be time to use some of her wisdom and some of her experience to good effect in your own life. Her recipe is very simple.

It starts with the way you think. Think outwards, to those around you, not inwards, on yourself. You'll shed any artificiality that way and become a real person which is to say a person other people want to know.

Shed artificiality in your looks as well. Myrna Loy found out from experience. In the early days of her screen career she slanted her eyebrows toward heaven, greased her hair into slick coiffures and masked her face in thick layers of makeup.

"With a makeup like that," Myrna said, "nobody listened to what I said. They were all looking at my eyebrows."

Are you guilty? Look at your mouth. Is it that exaggerated cupid's bow so popular with some women? Myrna Loy steers clear of any unnatural feature. It destroys the coordination of your face, she says.

Make up your mouth in one of those bows, she swears, and you are talking to hear yourself talk. You couldn't make a man listen to you, if you were as intelligent as Einstein. "I'd rather be listened to than looked at."

She's too human, however, to be completely content with what God gave her. Possessor of a nose every woman in the country covets, she worries about it. Retrouse—don't be silly! It's turned up—and too far to her way of thinking. So she carefully avoids rouge in her make-up, and plays up her natural lips and eybrows with color so that people will look at her eyes and her mouth rather than at that cute little turned up nose.

She has freckles, too—everybody knows that. But she doesn't worry about those. She wears no powder base in the daytime, and only the lightest powder. Light, that is, in texture. In color, she chooses her powder to match exactly with her skin tones. It's rather dark and rather yellowish. Skin just isn't *pink*, no matter how many poems are written about it.

Too many girls, Myrna thinks, use too light a shade of powder, or too much powder. The result is a pasty appearance which, to Miss Loy at least, is infinitely worse than freckles.

So much for that charmingly expressive face which men call—for lack of proper words of praise—"not too beautiful." It's a beautiful face, but not woodenly beautiful. It's alive because Myrna—she's fixed it—forgets it.

She forgets her figure problems, too, once she's snatched that last one glance in the full-length mirror to see if her slip is showing. Not that she has no figure problem. She has. It's hips.

Myrna has hips. Curved, feminine hips. No amount of diet, or rolling on the floor could change that—bones make that line. The perfect feminine figure, you know, like Venus and those other Olympian beauties—but a problem for slacks, and man tailored suits.

She doesn't worry because she can't wear slacks, or tailored suits. She just forgets them. Little cotton dresses are as comfortable for wear around the house as slacks and more feminine. And dressmaker suits with frilly blouses are ever so much more appealing than stiff mannish ones, no matter what Dietrich says.

Lots of women with hips rebel in the wrong way, Myrna thinks. They just wear slacks anyway. They should never, *never* do it. Slacks and hips just don't go together, she thinks.

"If you *must* wear pants," she says, "make them lounging pajamas—with three-quarter length coats. *No* tuck-ins."

Those (*Continued on page* 40)

ACCENT ON CHARM



Myrna Loy's Way to Feminine Loveliness

"little cotton dresses" Myrna likes for puttering around the house are short and full—another bonanza for hips—and striped, as a rule. With them she wears flats and bobbie socks, and no hose. Add a ribbon bow in the hair and she looks every day of sixteen. It's a look men like.

FOR daytime when she's working, she likes tailored morning dresses, or simple dressmaker suits. She can see no reason for the existence of afternoon or "cocktail" dresses with their over-dressed look.

That doesn't mean she doesn't like to "dress up." For evening, when dressing is indicated, she goes as much to the elaborate extreme as her daytime clothes go to the simple.

Her only clothes extravagances are in accessories. Gloves—she loves 'em and loses 'em. Handkerchiefs—ditto. She loses handkerchiefs so habitually, as a matter of fact, that her maid removes at least half the lot—and hides them. Then, when the morning comes—as it is sure to—when Myrna bewails the fact that she hasn't a handkerchief to her name, presto!—out they come from hiding.

The glove problem is worse. Myrna invariably loses the right one—thanks to a habit of hers to wear the left, carry the right.

She has a passion for perfumes and colognes, and her dressing tables, both at the studio and at her home, are buried under a staggering assortment of bottles. After she buys them, she admires them—objectively. She coaxes her wardrobe girl, her stand-in, her hairdresser to sample the newest bottles, and is so pleased if they like the odors that she gives half her supply away. She might as well; for herself, she seldom uses any fragrance other than her mysterious No. 7, a perfume which was blended for her, and which is just right for her personality. It's a good idea, she thinks, to find the one fragrance which best expresses you, and stick with it. The tulip doesn't change its fragrance to suit its mood—why should you?

Myrna rides to work in a station wagon, has her mink coat redesigned every year rather than buy a new one, and wears no jewelry other than her mother's wedding ring.

She is a tyrant about lingerie. Her lovely slips and bras must be laundered and pressed just so, or she sends them back to the laundress.

She thinks a girl wearing a soiled or worn-out slip is not quite a lady, and is quite sure that a man can see right through the heaviest wool dress and know if a slip is torn or frayed, and be repelled.

Her insistence upon perfection where it shows the least has encouraged a thrifty habit. She keeps a supply of extra shoulder straps for her bras, and extra garter clips for her girdles—no need to throw good foundation garments away just because an elastic has worn out.

She also buys extra little coin purses for her handbags, and a stack of extra *clean* powder puffs for her compacts. The man who said that a woman's hand-bag is the key to her character would propose to Myrna Loy on sight. Her hand-bag—a ladylike one, not one of those brief-cases the girls have taken to lately—*always* contains two clean handkerchiefs, a compact with a *clean* powder puff, lipstick papers to save wear and tear on the hankies, an unsoiled coin purse, a well-scrubbed comb. For Myrna is as particular about her



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of the New Romantic Hit Tune

"Darling, How You Lied"

Featured by Buddy Clark on

His New CBS Daytime Musical



handbags as about her bureau drawers, which is very particular.

Men like that well-scrubbed, well-groomed look which is the result of a thousand little niceties—and don't think you can acquire it simply by wearing a new dress.

Myrna Loy admits a little ruefully that the greatest wear and tear on her wardrobe is in trips to the cleaners. After she has worn a dress once, it is brushed and pressed. After the second wearing, it goes to the cleaners. Her shoes make just as many trips to the repair shop; Myrna doesn't wait until she tips backward walking across the set to send her pumps to be reheeled.

This daintiness carries over into the most intimate phases of her grooming.

She shampoos her own hair, because she's sure no one else can get it quite clean. She uses a simple method—try it some time; she wets her hair, then covers her entire head with a layer of soap chips, about a quarter of an inch thick. The soap chips and the water form a thick paste, which she leaves on her hair for ten minutes.

The soap cleans as it melts, leaving the hair clean and soft without any hard rubbing.

After three complete rinses of clean water, she rinses her hair a fourth time with water and lemon juice, then dries her hair in the sun, brushing it constantly with an efficient-looking whalebone brush.

The copper lights in her heavy, wavy hair are quite natural—maybe you have some you don't even know are there.

Myrna doesn't go in for the current high-polish manicures. She clings to methods of hand care her grandmother used. Myrna is not content with that half-way grooming. She knows what an emery board is for, and a cuticle stick, and she uses them. And she *buffs* her nails to a gloss. See if you can find your grandmother's buffer around the house and try it!

Teeth, too, come in for old-fashioned scrubbings. Myrna has six tooth-brushes, so that the one she uses is always perfectly dry.

You can guess that a girl who is so insistent upon the finer points of grooming is equally a stickler for health rules. She is, except that she has been so seldom sick that she is inclined to take her radiant good health for granted.

She takes no chances with overwork, or extreme fatigue—those bugbears of beauty and ability in the studios. One of her safeguards is a rule against too rigid diets. Myrna doesn't eat anything she wants, whenever she wants it . . . *nobody* can do that and keep a good face and figure. But she recognizes the four-o'clock slump as a warning of depleted energy, and has added afternoon tea to her routine—tea with plenty of sugar, cake and thin bread and butter sandwiches. That means skipping dessert after dinner—but why not? She sleeps all the better for it.

Myrna has never gone in for sports. She thinks active sports come in the man's province. She swims in her own pool, and gardens assiduously, but never with an idea of exercise. The very word is loathsome to her.

She gardens because she likes to garden, just as she dances because she likes to dance. Who cares if it also happens to be healthful?

No one, perhaps, but ask the question, who cares about feminine loveliness, the right to a man's lasting attentions, and the answer is—everybody.

U. S. SALESGIRLS FIND . . . . .



...AND 2 OUT OF 3 PREFER
THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT
FLAVOR OF BEECH-NUT GUM

more minutes of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum

PROOF of the extra-lasting goodness of Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum was established by test among salesgirls in 29 cities.

An independent research organization questioned 245 salesgirls as follows. Each girl was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified). Each was asked to tell how long she thought the flavor lasted and which stick tasted better.

The results. According to the girls, Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 14% longer than the peppermint flavor of all other brands tested. Also—2 out of 3 girls preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of other brands.

Get Beech-Nut today—in the bright *yellow* package. It's delicious—*stays* delicious.

They said: more minutes of flavor



The most beautiful fingernails in the world!



COLOR NEWS

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors

Dura-Gloss Gay Time
Dura-Gloss Hot Tip
Dura-Gloss Cheerio

The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!



Dura-Gloss introduces new shades of nail polish as fast as fashion news is made. Every time you buy a new dress be sure to get the newest shade of Dura-Gloss polish to wear with it. It will be right—Dura-Gloss follows fashion trends closely to make it so. Brush it on your nails, make them chic accessories, smart accents to your whole ensemble. Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents a bottle so you can easily afford to have a Dura-Gloss shade for every dress you own! Try the new spring shades of Dura-Gloss today. With Dura-Gloss you'll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world and the smartest!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS

It's good for Your Nails 10¢

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Brush Dura-Gloss on your nails. You'll be absolutely astounded by its *brilliance.* Dura-Gloss glows with all the fire of a priceless ruby, because Dura-Gloss is made from a superior polish formula. Other polishes put color on your nails, but Dura-Gloss makes them strikingly, excitingly, lustrously brilliant! Discriminating women cherish Dura-Gloss for this rich deep color, sparkling incandescence, this unbelievable brilliance. No other polish gives your nails the beautiful "effectiveness" of Dura-Gloss — select one of its 20 exquisite shades today!

Sunday



Playwright Robert E. Sherwood (left) and actor Burgess Meredith confer on an original drama by a famous author for broadcasting by The Free Company.

ON THE AIR TODAY:

The Free Company, on CBS at 2:00 P. M., E.D.S.T., starring famous Hollywood and New York actors and actresses.

Here is something you really shouldn't miss. It all started several months ago when James Boyd, American writer, whose best-known novel is "Drums," was called to Washington to discuss with the Department of Justice the problem of combating foreign propaganda hostile to American democracy. Boyd suggested this series of programs on the radio—original dramas written around the things that make America such a fine place to live. The Solicitor General and the Attorney General of the United States approved the project, and the Free Company was born.

Great writers enthusiastically offered their services, and famous actors and actresses begged for the chance to play parts in these Sunday-afternoon tributes to American freedom. Burgess Meredith, who was made chairman of the actors' division, and entrusted with the job of lining up acting talent for each program, had more applications than he could handle—from people who usually ask and get thousands of dollars per broadcast. Nobody—actors, writers, technicians, musicians or the CBS network—gets a penny for contributing to the Free Company programs.

You won't find much of the flag-waving type of patriotism in these shows. They're a lot more thoughtful than that. Marc Connelly wrote a play about the freedom of American teachers to bring the truth to their pupils. Robert E. Sherwood's drama was about Elijah Lovejoy, an early apostle of freedom of speech and of the press. "The Ox-Bow Incident," adapted from a novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, told stirringly what happens when the right of trial by jury is denied. Every play gives you something to think about.

Listeners have proved that they like the series by writing in thousands of letters of praise, both for the ideas expressed and for the manner in which the plays are directed and acted. Many people have sent in dimes in payment for pamphlet-form copies of each half-hour drama—and that's a tip for you to follow if you want some valuable additions to your library. The entire scripts of the plays are printed, just as they're broadcast, and are bound in attractive blue covers.

The Free Company will go off the air in the early summer, so this is really a "limited engagement." If you haven't already started listening, tune in today and don't miss the shows that are still to be broadcast. It's an experience you could have only in America.

For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time, subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time. →

DATES TO REMEMBER

April 27: Daylight-saving time starts—if your home town sticks to standard time, all shows will be an hour earlier . . . Summer replacement: Sunday Night Roundup, news broadcasts from all over the world, on CBS at 7:30 instead of the Screen Guild Show . . . Guest stars: Rudolf Serkin on the N. Y. Philharmonic concert; James Melton on The Pause That Refreshes; Rise Stevens, Met opera soprano on the Ford Hour.

May 4: Say goodbye today to the CBS Philharmonic broadcasts. Pianist Vladimir Horowitz is guest star on the last one . . . Gladys Swarthout guests on The Pause That Refreshes . . . National Music Week opens today.

May 11: Guests: John Charles Thomas returns for another visit to The Pause That Refreshes; the Greenfield Mixed Chorus is on the Ford Hour.

May 18: Dorothy Maynor, soprano, sings on The Pause That Refreshes.

May 25: Again John Charles Thomas is guest star on The Pause That Refreshes.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:00	CBS: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	CBS: **News of Europe**
	7:00	9:00	NBC: **News from Europe**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Lee Gordon Orch.**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Primrose String Quartet**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Columbia Concert Orchestra**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
9:35	9:05	11:05	CBS: **News and Rhythm**
7:05	9:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen**
7:30	9:30	11:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
7:30	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Luther Layman Singers**
7:30	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Emma Otero**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **I'm an American**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Music Hall**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Pageant of Art**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
9:00	11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **March of Games**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **JOSEF MARAIS**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **On Your Job**
10:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **THE FREE COMPANY**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **American Pilgrimage**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **NBC String Symphony**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: **Foreign Policy Assn.**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **World of Today**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Tapestry Musicale**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
11:00	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Columbia Concert Hall**
11:00	1:00	3:00	MBS: **The Americas Speak**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Great Plays**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Muriel Angelus**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Pause that Refreshes**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Behind the Mike**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Charles Dant Orch.**
1:00	3:00	5:00	MBS: **Musical Steelmakers**
		5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Joe and Mabel**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Olivio Santoro**
	3:30	5:30	CBS: **Ned Sparks Show**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Your Dream Has Come True**
2:00	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Ed Sullivan**
2:00	4:00	6:00	MBS: **Double or Nothing**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
2:30	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Gene Autry and Dear Mom**
2:30	4:30	6:30	MBS: **Show of the Week**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **What's Your Idea**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **News from Europe**
7:30	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY**
3:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
	5:30	7:30	CBS: **News Roundup**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **News for Americas**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
3:45	5:45	7:45	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
6:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **HELEN HAYES**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Star Spangled Theater**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **CHARLIE McCARTHY**
7:00	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Crime Doctor**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD HOUR**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Old Fashioned Revival**
8:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
8:15	7:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
7:15	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
5:45	7:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Take It or Leave It**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Goodwill Hour**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
4:00	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Deadline Dramas**
7:00	9:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Vagabonds**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
1:30	3:30	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
7:15	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
7:45	9:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Government Girl**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
2:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Rochester Orchestra**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
	1:30	3:30	CBS: **A Friend in Deed**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Lecture Hall**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Mother of Mine**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
3:15	2:15	4:15	CBS: **We, the Abbotts**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Bess Johnson**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
1:15	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:55	9:55	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Gasoline Alley**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
6:30	8:30	7:30	CBS: **BLONDIE**
6:30	5:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **This Is the Show**
6:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Cavalcade of America**
8:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Those We Love**
7:00	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Amazing Mr. Smith**
7:30	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **I Love a Mystery**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Telephone Hour**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **GAY NINETIES**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **You're in the Army Now**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **John B. Kennedy**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Show Boat**
5:55	7:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: **Basin Street Music**
5:35	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Contented Hour**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Girl About Town**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio Forum**



Frank Parker is heard over CBS five afternoons a week.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

The Golden Treasury of Song, on CBS Monday through Friday at 3:15 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, starring Frank Parker and David Ross, and sponsored by Squibb Dental Cream.

When you've suffered for several hours with the heroines of the serial dramas, it's sort of pleasant to lean back and spend fifteen minutes listening to the melodies Frank Parker sings and the poems David Ross recites, all done to the accompaniment of Victor Bay's orchestra.

Even the atmosphere in the studio at rehearsals and broadcasts is relaxing and informal. Frank sings very easily, indulging in few spreading gestures and spending the time between numbers during rehearsal in joking with the men in the orchestra or anyone else who happens to be around. He's a great kidder, and takes only one thing really seriously—his ambition to be an opera singer.

About three years ago he sang the tenor role in the opera "La Traviata" with a company in Washington, taking only three weeks to learn the role and doing it, as he says now, "just for a laugh." That experience did something to him, and now he is studying hard with the expectation of going into opera again when he has five or six roles completely mastered. He figures that will be a couple of years from now. He rehearses for about five hours a day on his operatic music, and the Golden Treasury program keeps him busy from eleven in the morning until the broadcast is over at 3:30, so you can see he does a lot of singing. At night he's usually too tired to do anything but get to bed early. He hasn't much interest in being "radio's best-dressed man" any more, either, although at one time he was proud of holding the title. No doubt about it, Frank is growing up.

You'll enjoy David Ross' poetry-reading, too—just as you've enjoyed it for the past fifteen years.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

April 28: Several daytime serials change broadcast times—Life Can Be Beautiful, Portia Faces Life, Kate Hopkins, Home of the Brave—see the guide at left.

April 29: CBS broadcasts the Kentucky Derby trials—Ted Husing at the mike.

May 5—Ginger Rogers stars in "Kitty Foyle" for tonight's Lux Theater play.

May 12: Ted Husing describes the opening of the Belmont racetrack on CBS.

May 20: Tommy Dorsey's band opens at the Astor in New York City—NBC.

May 27: Larry Clinton's orchestra opens at Meadowbrook, broadcasting on NBC.

TUESDAY

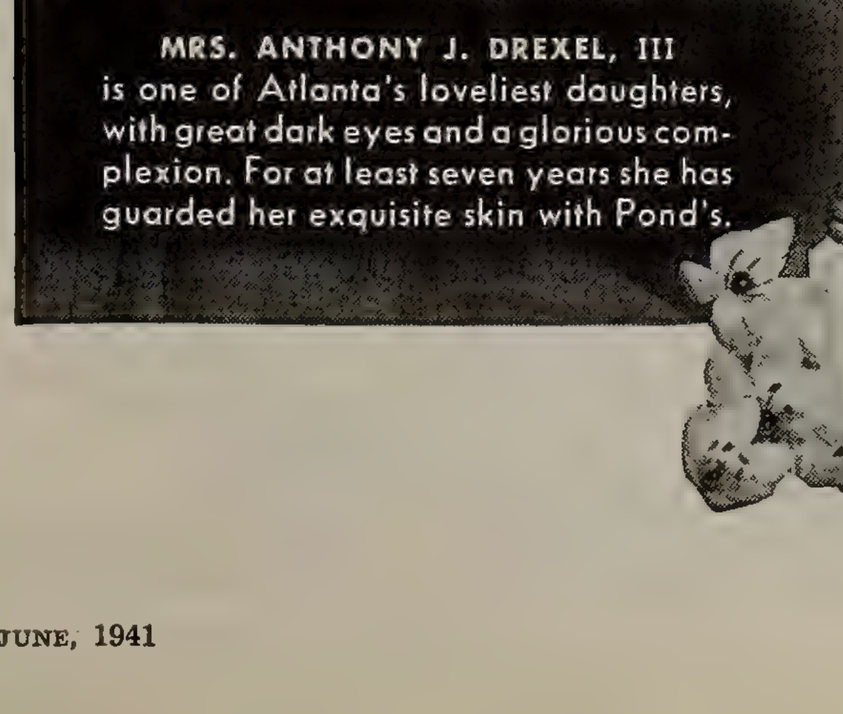
P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
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12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
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	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
1:30	3:30	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
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	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
7:15	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
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9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Government Girl**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
2:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	MBS: **George Fisher**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
	1:30	3:30	CBS: **A Friend in Deed**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Mother of Mine**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
3:15	2:15	4:15	CBS: **We, the Abbotts**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Bess Johnson**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
1:15	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
2:10	4:10	6:10	CBS: **News**
9:00	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Gasoline Alley**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
7:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Court of Missing Heirs**
6:30	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
7:30	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
4:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
6:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
8:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **We, the People**
7:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Grand Central Station**
8:30	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
5:30	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Invitation to Learning**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **John B. Kennedy**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **McGee and Molly**
5:35	7:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: **Inner Sanctum Mystery**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Edward Weeks**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

"THESE 3 WOMEN have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"— *says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer*

HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.



MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figurine. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.



MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.

Give YOUR skin THEIR Beauty Care



A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for daytime cleansings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A rousing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after *1 full minute*. You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has *taken off* countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.

See how YOUR skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.



SEND TODAY FOR NEW BEAUTY RITUAL KIT

POND'S, Dept. 8RM-CVF, Clinton, Conn.
I want to follow the same beautifying skin care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed 10¢ (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit, containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name _____

Address _____ **(Offer good in U. S. only)**

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Vagabonds**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
1:30	3:30	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
7:15	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
7:45	9:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Government Girl**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
2:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
	1:30	3:30	CBS: **A Friend in Deed**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:45	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Lecture Hall**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Mother of Mine**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
3:15	2:15	4:15	CBS: **We, the Abbotts**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Bess Johnson**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: **Edgar A. Guest**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
1:15	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:55	9:55	6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Gasoline Alley**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
6:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Meet Mr. Meek**
6:30	5:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fisk Jubilee Singers**
5:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Big Town**
7:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Quiz Kids**
7:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Tony Martin**
7:15	6:15	8:15	NBC-Red: **How Did You Meet**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
4:30	6:30	8:30	MBS: **Boake Carter**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Manhattan at Midnight**
7:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Plantation Party**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
8:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **FRED ALLEN**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
8:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Eddie Cantor**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **John B. Kennedy**
8:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney**
5:35	7:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: **Spin and Win**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Girl About Town**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**



Radio's Barton family: Bud, Mother, Midge, and Father.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

The Bartons, on NBC-Blue Monday through Friday at 5:15 P. M., E.D.S.T., rebroadcast at 5:15, Central Daylight Time.

Networks are always having trouble with children's serials. Either they're wildly exciting, in which case the kids like them and the parents disapprove; or they're so goody-goody the parents love them and the kids won't listen on a bet. That's why NBC is so proud of The Bartons. Youngsters and grown-ups alike get fun out of listening to it. Bud Barton, the story's twelve-year-old hero, is a normal American boy who gets into exciting adventures, but he never shoots to the moon in a rocket or chase, single-handed, a mob of gangsters. He's human, lovable and very real—and so is everything else that goes into his story.

Harlan Ware, who writes the scripts of The Bartons, lives in California and has a son of his own who serves as the inspiration for Bud. Mr. Ware has troubles of his own just now, though. When The Bartons first went on the air Christmas night of 1939, the writer imagined Bud as being twelve years old. That was about the age, too, of Dick Holland, who played the role of Bud. But flesh-and-blood boys always grow older, and young Dick has now reached the stage of his life when his voice is apt to soar unexpectedly to a shrill soprano, then just as suddenly drop to a croaky bass. This doesn't exactly create an atmosphere of ease and relaxation among the other members of the cast (Fern Persons as Mother, Bill Bouchey as Dad, and Jane Webb as Midge) while the program's on the air, and the author doesn't know whether to let the fictional Bud grow up to keep pace with the real Dick or not.

Dick Holland is so much a part of the program that it would be hard to find another boy to take his place if it were decided to keep Bud twelve years old indefinitely. He's a good-looking youngster who lives in Chicago with his parents, both non-professionals.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

May 1: Professor Quiz, after one false start, is on his new time now—10:15 Thursday nights on CBS.

May 7: Today and Friday are Betty Crocker days at 9:45 A. M. over CBS—Monday, Tuesday and Thursday you hear Hymns of All Churches at that time.

May 22: Listen to America's Town Meeting of the Air tonight at 9:35 on NBC-Blue—it will be going off the air soon for its summer vacation.

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Vagabonds**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
1:30	3:30	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:45	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
7:15	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
7:45	9:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Government Girl**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
2:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	MBS: **George Fisher**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
	1:30	3:30	CBS: **A Friend in Deed**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:45	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Mother of Mine**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
3:15	2:15	4:15	CBS: **We, the Abbotts**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Bess Johnson**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
1:15	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
2:10	4:10	6:10	CBS: **News**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Bob Edge**
9:00	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Gasoline Alley**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Vox Pop**
6:00	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Xavier Cugat**
7:30	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Ask It Basket**
6:30	6:00	8:00	MBS: **Wythe Williams**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Pot o' Gold**
7:30	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Fannie Brice**
8:00	6:30	8:30	CBS: **City Desk**
8:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ALDRICH FAMILY**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
5:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **John B. Kennedy**
5:35	7:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: **America's Town Meeting**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Ahead of the Headlines**
6:30	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Listener's Playhouse**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

Treat yourself to

Lollipop and Butterscotch

New Nail Shades by **CUTEX**

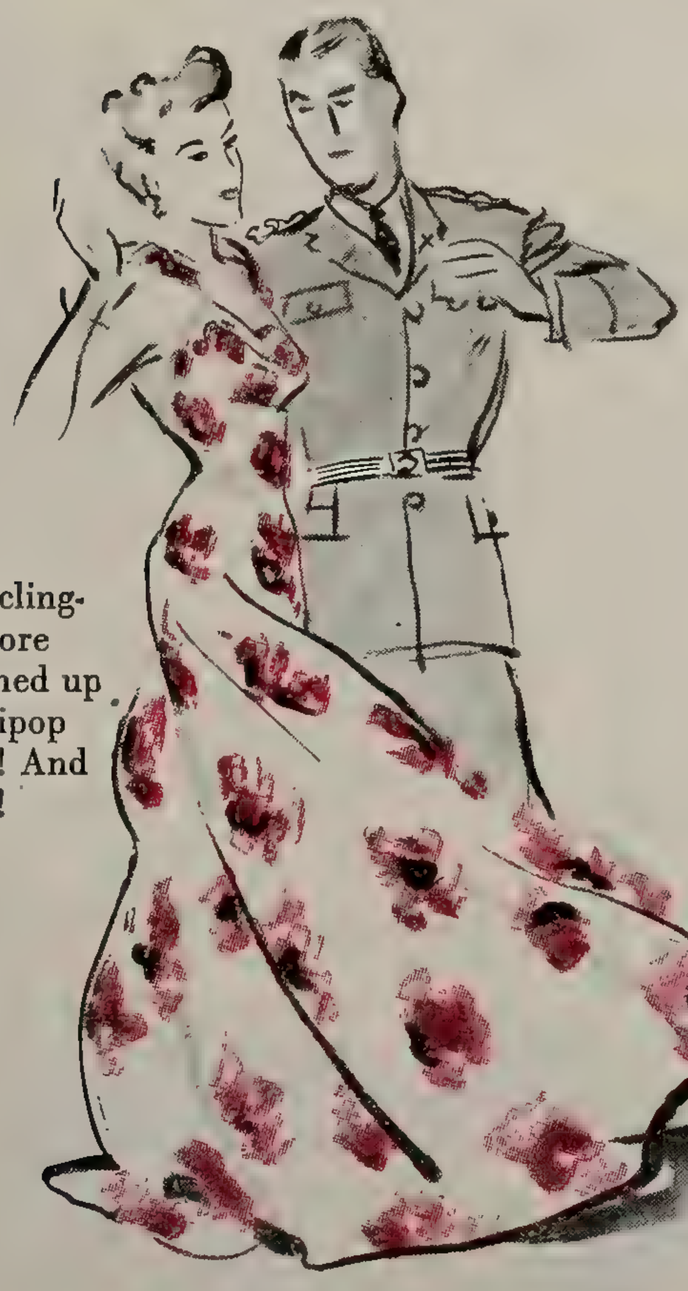




• Luscious Lollipop, looking for all the world like iced claret cup! Slither it onto those fun-faring fingertips and watch the lads "come about"!



• Like a tingling splash of salt spray is the new Cutex Butterscotch—it has such dash and gleam and gorgeous stimulation. Stunning with suntan!



• Frothy frills or clinging crepes *do* more for you, sweetened up with Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch! And does *HE* love it!

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its *burnt-sugar* cast is positively delectable!

Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, Clover, Cameo. And all nearly ***twice as porous*** as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don't grow longer and more beautiful this summer! Cutex is only 10¢ in U. S. A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London



Tops for Flair and Wear

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Isabel Manning Hewson**
1:00	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
12:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Munros**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
12:45	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Vagabonds**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
11:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins**
1:30	3:30	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
7:00	9:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
11:00	9:15	11:15	CBS: **Martha Webster**
7:15	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
10:00	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:15	9:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
7:45	9:45	11:45	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
	9:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
8:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
8:15	10:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:15	11:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Government Girl**
	11:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
2:00	12:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
2:30	12:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
10:15	12:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
10:30	12:30	2:30	MBS: **Philadelphia Orchestra**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
10:45	12:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
10:45	12:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:00	3:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
11:15	1:15	3:15	CBS: **Frank Parker**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
11:15	1:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
	1:30	3:30	CBS: **A Friend in Deed**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:45	1:45	3:45	CBS: **Exploring Space**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
11:45	1:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Mother of Mine**
	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
3:15	2:15	4:15	CBS: **We, the Abbotts**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:15	2:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
12:30	2:30	4:30	CBS: **Bess Johnson**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	2:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	3:00	5:00	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Children's Hour**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Home of the Brave**
1:15	3:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
1:15	3:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Drama Behind Headlines**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
1:45	3:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
		6:10	CBS: **Bob Trout**
2:15	4:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
9:00	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Gasoline Alley**
7:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
7:15	5:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
6:30	8:30	7:30	CBS: **Al Pearce**
6:30	5:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
6:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Alec Templeton**
8:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Army Show**
	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
7:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Death Valley Days**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
4:55	6:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
7:30	7:00	9:00	CBS: **Great Moments from Great Plays**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
7:30	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Ben Bernie**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
5:30	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Campbell Playhouse**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **John B. Kennedy**
5:35	7:35	9:35	NBC-Blue: **Your Happy Birthday**
5:55	7:55	9:55	NBC-Blue: **The Nickel Man**
6:00	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Hollywood Premiere**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Wings of Destiny**
6:30	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Girl About Town**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**



Archie (Ed Gardner) argues with Miss Duffy (Shirley Booth).

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Duffy's Tavern, on CBS Saturday nights at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, rebroadcast at 7:30 Pacific Standard Time, sponsored by Schick Razors.

New comedy shows are scarce in radio, so the success of Duffy's Tavern is something to be thankful for. Of course, you may not find it very funny; some people don't. But a lot of people do.

Whether or not you laugh at Duffy's Tavern depends almost entirely on whether or not you laugh at Archie, the host of the mythical cafe where all the action of the program takes place. Archie is Ed Gardner, who talks that way in real life too. He's a connoisseur of New York accents, and claims that his is exactly the right one for a "mug." A New York mug is a wonderful person, Ed says. "He isn't a gangster. He's genuine, naive, kind and simple hearted. He cries like a baby at sad movies. He doesn't talk out of the corner of his mouth, and he doesn't say 'Toity-toid Street' or 'Foist Avenya' or 'erl.' It's about half-way between 'oyster' and 'erster.'

"He will always try to be polite and very proper when he meets someone he thinks is cultured. The other night a cab driver I've known for a long time said to me in his polite voice. 'Well, Mr. Gar'ner, I had a very soigne gentleman in my cab this evening and he was drunk as a goat.' That line gives you a very good idea of how a typical New York mug thinks and talks."

Besides Archie and John Kirby, who leads the orchestra, the only other permanent member of the Duffy's Tavern cast is red-haired Shirley Booth, Broadway actress who specializes in dead-pan comedy roles and in private life is Mrs. Ed Gardner. She's featured in the Broadway comedy hit, "My Sister Eileen," and has to rush from the CBS playhouse every Saturday night to reach the theater in time for the curtain.

← For Eastern Standard Time or Central Daylight Time subtract one hour from Eastern Daylight Time →

DATES TO REMEMBER

April 25: Kate Smith presents "Johnny Appleseed" tonight on her CBS program, playing the starring part herself.

April 26: Two track meets today: the Penn Relays, on both NBC and CBS . . . and the Drake Relays, on NBC.

May 3: Don't miss the big horse race of the year—the Kentucky Derby, on CBS.

May 9: Tonight Joe Louis fights Abe Simon at Madison Square Garden. NBC.

May 16: Another prizefight—Jenkins vs. Montgomery on NBC.

May 23: For track fans, the Hectagonal Games at Princeton are on CBS.

SATURDAY

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Daylight Time	
	8:00	8:00	CBS: **News of Europe**
	8:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **News**
	8:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: **Who's Blue**
	8:15	8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:30	8:30	CBS: **Hillbilly Champions**
	8:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
	8:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: **Harvey and Dell**
	8:45	8:45	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
	7:00	9:00	CBS: **Press News**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **News**
	7:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	7:15	9:15	CBS: **Burl Ives**
	7:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Market Basket**
	7:30	9:30	CBS: **Old Dirt Dobber**
	7:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
	8:00	10:00	CBS: **Welcome Lewis' Singing Bee**
	8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Al and Lee Reiser**
9:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Lincoln Highway**
	8:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Richard Kent**
	8:30	10:30	CBS: **Gold is Where You Find It**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Orchestra**
	8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Betty Moore**
	8:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Bright Idea Club**
	9:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Norsemen Quartet**
	9:05	11:05	CBS: **Honest Abe**
	9:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Nat'l Fed. Women's Clubs**
10:30	9:30	11:30	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Gallicchio's Orch.**
8:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **Country Journal**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **American Education Forum**
8:00	10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Eastman School of Music**
8:30	10:30	12:30	CBS: **Highways to Health**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
8:30	10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
8:45	10:45	12:45	CBS: **Jobs for Defense**
9:00	11:00	1:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
9:00	11:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
9:15	11:15	1:15	MBS: **Edith Adams' Future**
9:30	11:30	1:30	CBS: **No Politics**
9:30	11:30	1:30	MBS: **Government Girl**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Luncheon at the Waldorf**
9:30	11:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Music for Everyone**
9:45	11:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
10:00	12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Indiana Indigo**
10:30	12:30	2:30	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
10:30	12:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
11:00	1:00	3:00	CBS: **League of Composers**
11:00	1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Dance Music**
11:30	1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Guy Hedlund Players**
12:00	2:00	4:00	CBS: **Matinee at Meadowbrook**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Campus Capers**
12:30	2:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **A Boy, a Girl, and a Band**
1:00	3:00	5:00	CBS: **News of the Americas**
1:00	3:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
1:30	3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Curtis Institute**
2:00	4:00	6:00	CBS: **Report to the Nation**
2:00	4:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Charlie Spivak Orch.**
2:05	4:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **Dance Music**
2:30	4:30	6:30	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Vass Family**
2:30	4:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
2:45	4:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Edward Tomlinson**
2:45	4:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Orchestra**
3:00	5:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
3:00	5:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Muriel Angelus**
3:15	5:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
3:30	5:30	7:30	CBS: **Wayne King**
3:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Ol' Hollywood**
3:45	5:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
7:00	6:00	8:00	CBS: **Your Marriage Club**
4:00	6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Orchestra**
7:30	6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Knickerbocker Playhouse**
4:15	6:15	8:15	NBC-Blue: **Man and the World**
7:30	6:30	8:30	CBS: **Duffy's Tavern**
4:30	6:30	8:30	MBS: **Boake Carter**
4:30	6:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Bishop and the Gargoyle**
7:00	6:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Truth or Consequences**
8:00	7:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
5:00	7:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Song of Your Life**
5:00	7:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **National Barn Dance**
5:30	7:30	9:30	MBS: **Contact**
5:30	7:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **John B. Kennedy**
5:45	7:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
6:00	8:00	10:00	MBS: **Chicago Concert**
6:00	8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
6:15	8:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
6:45	8:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

It clings to you and Flatters you...

THRU ALL THESE 4 EXCITING HOURS!



AT 8 O'CLOCK, when you and your big moment step forth—you in your best frock and in your lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder, you step forth in confidence, confidence in yourself, in your frock, in your Face Powder.



AND AT 10 O'CLOCK, yes, even at 11 o'clock you can dance on happy in knowing that your Lady Esther Face Powder is still clinging smoothly, perfectly.



AND WHEN THE MOMENT of good night comes—yes, even if it is midnight, you will have never a sign of vanishing Face Powder. For your Lady Esther Powder is still faithful to your beauty, still flatters you with the glamor it gives your skin. Yes, Lady Esther Powder does cling, and cling, and cling!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for 4 thrilling hours of Lasting Loveliness!

THE HOURS OF 8 to midnight are the hours of parties, fun, romance. Can you stay lovely to look at from 8 to 12?

Your nicest evening can be spoiled if you have to play a guessing game with your Face Powder, if you constantly wonder "Is it on, is it off?"—For can any girl be lovely if her powder won't cling?

Lady Esther Face Powder clings and clings, for my exclusive Twin Hurricane method of blending gives it a smoothness —and an even texture that enables it to cling for 4 lovely and exciting hours.

Undreamed-of Beauty from 8 P. M. to Midnight

Of course, you look lovely as you leave your dressing table—but with Lady Esther Face Powder you look just as lovely two hours later—at 10 o'clock—and at 11 o'clock. Yes, and you still look lovely at midnight. For your Lady Esther Powder will still be flattering you—still making you lovely and glamorous.

Find your Lucky Shade at My Expense

I want my powder to bring you luck in loveliness, says Lady Esther. So find the right shade, the exact shade that can bring vibrant, radiant beauty to you and your complexion.

As harsh light can age your skin... and soft light flatter it, so your one lucky shade in my face powder can make you look *younger* . . . look lovelier!

The only way to find which shade is best for you, which lovely tint is supremely becoming to your own coloring . . . is to try them all right on your own skin. So I invite you to try all seven Lady Esther Face Powder shades at my expense. Use the coupon below.

When you have found your lucky shade, wear it by day or by night with the confidence that it will flatter you . . . giving you an undreamed-of glamor, as if your beauty came from within.

SEVEN SHADES FREE!

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (68)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 7 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

LADY ESTHER POWDER

Speak Up!

Are you uneasy among people? Are you self-conscious when talking? Here are some simple tricks to help you overcome shyness and gain confidence

By HOPE HALE

CAN you think on your feet before people? Do you know the tricks for making a good impression on people?

Or does your mouth go dry, your finger search for more space between your neck and your collar, your knees knock together and give way beneath you? Does your voice come out with unexpected cracks and quavers? Do you think of the bright remark only afterward, but say the banal thing?

In other words, have you the gift of gab?

Most people think this gift of gab *is* a gift, placed in some babies' cradles and not in others. That good speakers, poised people, are born not made.

Well, that's a myth.

Speaking is a technique, a skill that can be learned just as people learn to pilot an airplane or make plum pudding.

The fact is that most outstandingly good speakers and actors are people who started out with an unusually large handicap of shyness to overcome. They had to work so hard to achieve even the necessary working modicum of poise for ordinary life that they kept on going and became professional speakers or actors. They learned the secrets because they had to. Once they discovered the tricks, they had a trade.

Take Parks Johnson, for instance, one of radio's best-known pioneers at taking people off the street and putting them on the air.

"When I was in college," he told me, "we had to give a five-minute oration to get through each semester of our English course. The ordeal was so impossible for me that I managed to dodge every one of the orations up to the very last one of the eight, the one that meant graduation. I couldn't escape that. But I couldn't do it. I was literally sick with fright. And mind you, the audience I was afraid of was my own class, all friends of mine. I told the professor he would have to flunk me. He didn't say anything much, just asked me to come round to his house and see him that night.

"What happened that night changed my whole life. I sat drinking coffee with him, chatting about politics. He asked me what I thought of the mayoralty campaign then going on in Atlanta. I told him. When I stopped, he said, "All right. You've passed."

I just stared at him.

"He went on, 'You see, Parks, you didn't think of me as an audience, but as a friend, which is what audiences really are. So you talked well. The reason is that you were not afraid to be yourself. You were natural.'

"Then he said two sentences that I never forgot. Anyone who wants to cut a good figure in public or before his friends and associates needs to remember only those two lines:

"*'The more nearly natural you are, the more effective you are. The hardest thing in the world to do is to assume and maintain a pose.'*"

"It's a fundamental attitude that must be changed," says Professor Quiz, whose experience goes back of his present post on Columbia's network program, back into the days when he was not only actor but working psychologist, helping people to learn to know and therefore *be* themselves.

"When you find out just what this fear is," says Professor Quiz, "it disappears. Ask yourself as you step out into the exposed position, 'What am I afraid of? Those people listening, seeing? Why? Because they'll think I'm not so good as they are? Why should they? I'm daring to step up and take it. That means in the first place they know I'm brave. What if I do slip? Will that make them despise me? How silly. It just gives them a chance to sympathize with me, and they'll love it. But they'll forget it before the evening is over. I'm not important in their lives. The whole occasion, really, is unimportant. There is nothing to fear.'"

The experience Professor Quiz has had in handling inexperienced participators has taught him one thing that may surprise you but it is confirmed by every authority I talked to on the subject. "The nervous people," he says, "are the ones with possibilities as speakers, as entertainers, even as amusing companions. For selfconsciousness is a sign of sensitivity. When I see a person come up on the platform without it, somebody who is complacent and unexcited, I know at once there'll be a dead spot on my program. Nothing I can do will make that person spark up and be entertaining."

Actors who can go through their rehearsed lines quite calmly are often thrown into a panic by the necessity to ad-lib, which is what we all have to do in any social situation. Sooner or later the time always comes when an actor must think of something to say to fill an unexpected pause, and usually they do it without the audience ever getting wise.

Bob Trout, who probably does more unplanned talking in a more successfully casual manner, than any radio personality, was interviewing a group of professional actors on this very subject of ad-libbing. "It was a half-hour broadcast and at the end of twenty minutes we had finished all we'd planned," Bob recounts. "You wouldn't believe it, but all those professional actors who had just been telling their ad-libbing experiences, suddenly became very frightened, turned red, and began to stammer. I tried to follow my one maxim—act natural—and told the audience all about it. That was all that was needed to get our tongues working again and everything went OK."

That illustrates Bob Trout's best advice to the beginner: "If you're on a spot, let the audience in on the secret."

Spelling-bee maestro, Paul Wing, backs Bob up with the story of his own first experience in extemporaneous talk.

"I wasn't inexperienced," he says, "but there's something different about impromptu speeches. I was terrified. I stood up and gulped. Cold sweat started out on my forehead. But I had to speak, and I knew from experience that audiences really were friendly. So I simply said what was in my mind: 'Folks, I'm scared to death.' That broke the ice. I was all right from that moment."

All experts agree on one deliberate trick for gaining the relaxation that is so necessary in every art. That is to take a good long breath before starting to talk. Professor Quiz adds, "Try to push out the third button of your vest as far as you can." Women who do not wear waistcoats can figure the equivalent spot. Pushing out your solar plexus tends to straighten you up and put you in a posture of confidence. Your mind will quickly reflect the confidence expressed in your body.

Paul Wing often hands a nervous person a stick of gum or a life saver to break up the short circuit. This is a trick you can do for yourself.

Speak slowly, say all the professional handlers of inexperienced speakers. Take your time, but don't wait *too* long before starting to talk, for that gives you time to work up tension. Then speak right out loud and concentrate on speaking distinctly.

And once you start your request for a raise, or your selling talk, or your introduction of your boy friend to your rich uncle, remember that if you sound bad to yourself, you don't sound one bit worse than the best actor sounds to himself for the first few minutes. After a while you'll be wondering who it could be that is saying such marvellously winning words.

Got any secret longings?





Daydreams are just as important as diplomas! So hang on to yours. Who knows . . .

Someday you (yes, *you!*) may keep a theatre spellbound while you play a great love scene. Or you might be a celebrated writer, fashion designer, or top-flight radio star!

Or maybe the altar is your goal. And you dream of sweeping up an aisle in a cloud of tulle and lace . . . to take the name of a man who is yet unknown . . . a man who will cherish you always.

Well—daydreams can come true!

But it takes more than *wishing* to get what you want! For one thing—it takes plenty of self-confidence and poise. On trying days of the month, especially!

Jittery fears needn't ruffle your poise though, if you use Kotex* sanitary napkins. (Not with the moisture-resistant *safety-shield* that's inside every Kotex pad!)

You needn't worry about embarrassing, tell-tale outlines, either! For Kotex has flat, pressed ends that never show. *Never* give your secret away!

And how grateful you'll be on strenuous days that Kotex doesn't chafe! You'll sail through days crowded with work and social engagements, scarcely conscious of wearing a pad.

For Kotex is made in soft folds . . . so it's naturally *less bulky* . . . less apt to rub and chafe!

Now you know why Kotex is so popular with busy, modern women! Why it's more popular, in fact, than all other brands put together!



By the way—future career girls can get lots of good hints from the new booklet "As One Girl To Another." It's a handbook of do's and don't's for "difficult days." And you can get a copy absolutely *free* by sending to: Post Office Box 3434, Department MW-6, Chicago, Ill.

This is just to remind you that Kotex comes in 3 different sizes: Super—Regular—Junior. And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Lily Pons rehearses with her famous husband, Andre Kostelanetz, for a guest appearance on his CBS Sunday concert.

THE DARKEST MOMENT IN HER LIFE

Many an opera star would give anything to have what Lily Pons once believed was her handicap

LILY PONS was through with singing. Forever. God had evidently never meant her to be a singer. There was no use struggling against His verdict. What a blind fool she had been all her life—worrying, scheming, slaving.

Her appearance in *Rigoletto*, as *Gilda*, had finished her. How hard she had tried to get a chance to sing the role, to prove to all the doubting managers of second-rate opera in provincial France that she, tiny, slim Lily Pons, barely five feet tall, could sing the intensely dramatic role.

Well, finally she had got her chance. And what had she done with it? Ruined it completely.

The tears dropped onto the proverbial white gown of *Gilda*. And Lily made no attempt to stem their flow, to stop them from ruining the fragile silk. It was all the fault of that ridiculous gown.

When Lily had appeared for the first performance, she was informed that her trunks had not arrived. Mulhouse, where she was singing, is a small town in Alsace, far from the beaten path, and railroad service is not speedy there.

There was only one thing left to do. To wear the costume of the last *Gilda*. With horror, Lily examined it. The former diva had weighed almost 200 pounds. Lily weighed 100.

"There wasn't enough time even to try to remodel the gown," she told me. "All I could do was to pin it up with safety pins. All through the performance I had to keep hitching it up.

"I don't know how I ever sang through that opera. I was all choked up inside. I felt the audience must be laughing at the impossible spectacle I presented."

With impatient fingers she ripped off the costume. She wanted to be done with it, with the opera house, with anything that reminded her of the futility of her existence.

Suddenly there was a knock on her dressing room door. And the manager's voice said, "May I come in?"

She had been expecting him. Expecting to be scolded for the show she had made of herself.

"Come in," she said in a weak voice, pulling on her own clothes.

Monsieur Buzzi Pecci, the opera manager, came in. And though Lily did not realize it, the next five minutes' conversation with him was to change her whole life. It gave her the courage to fight on, to become the star we know and love today.

Had you been in Monsieur Pecci's place, you would have seen a Lily Pons who looked only slightly less ridiculous than the girl in the immense gown.

For Lily Pons' clothes left much to be desired. She wore a low-necked blouse, to make herself appear more sophisticated. A long, trailing skirt. Earrings. High heels to add a couple of inches to her stature. Her face done up to make her look older.

Why, you ask, was she overdressed? And how was it that a girl with the golden voice of a Pons should have had such a battle for recognition?

It was, she believed, because of her tininess. Yes, all her life everything had been too big for Lily. She had never been big enough. It began back in her childhood, the background that was to thwart every move Lily made.

Really, it started the day her chum, angered at Lily, said, "You can't play with me. I don't want to play with a baby." A baby, when Lily was older than she! Lily, you see, was always tiny. At eight she looked like a five-year-old; at eleven, like an eight-year-old.

Ever since she could remember the dream of becoming an opera singer had welled within her. But when she confided her ambition to the Sisters at the convent school in Cannes she attended, they would not help her.

"You must forget such notions, *ma cherie*," the Sister who gave vocal lessons said. "God has not meant you for an opera singer. Else he would have given you a fine physique. No, my child, put away such thoughts. Devote all your time to the piano, as your parents wish."

Again she was not big enough.

She had failed, too, as a concert pianist, because of her slightness.

Prejudice against her tininess had almost prevented her from singing at all. When, convinced she could not make the grade in opera, she had applied to Max Dearly, the director of the Paris Theatres des Varietié, for a job in musical comedy, he had turned her down.

"What can a little thing like you do?" he asked indulgently.

"Please give me a chance," Lily begged. "I will sing for you." And before he could refuse, she had started to sing. Dubiously, he had agreed to try her out. He was afraid such a slight girl could not stand the strain of work on the stage.

And when she had finally attempted opera, it was the same story all over again. For two years she toured the small towns of France and Italy, begging for engagements. Not once was she able to become attached to an opera company. Until finally Monsieur Pecci had given her a chance.

Now, in her dressing room, he smiled sympathetically at the heart-broken girl.

"You sang very well tonight, mademoiselle," he told the astonished Lily. "God has been mighty kind to you. Not only has He given you a glorious voice, one that with a little more training will land you in the Metropolitan Opera Company, but in addition, he has given you a dainty little figure that all the women in the world must envy."

She just stood there, not believing her ears.

Lily Pons then began to realize how silly it had been to blame all her disappointments, her failures, on her slight build.

FIRST, she discarded her outlandish, inappropriate clothes. Instead, she wore childish models, simple frocks that showed her diminutive figure to best advantage. And she found that people, who had never paid the slightest attention to her before, now went out of their way to be friendly, to compliment her on her appearance.

The afternoon I saw her she was wearing a gray sports skirt, a blue sweater, and round-toed, size two, little girl's shoes. With so flat a heel, I'm sure her ankles ache no more, as they did in the days she tortured her feet with spiked heels.

That night, for her broadcast, she wore a simple, straight-lined evening gown that followed the svelte lines of her trim little figure.

"And do you think for a minute," she said, smiling, "I could have got into your cinema, if I looked like the old-style opera stars, bulging in the bosom, fat across the hips? No, no, never." Lily shook her little brown head emphatically.

And you might well consider, too, that Lily is also the gloriously happy wife of famous Andre Kostelanetz, who himself is no giant, in spite of his success.

She's Famous—Adored— she has a Beauty Tip for YOU

MEN ADORE LOVELINESS, SO SMOOTH SKIN'S **IMPORTANT.** I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**

PAT THE RICH **LUX SOAP** LATHER GENTLY IN

NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER. THEN A DASH OF COOL

THEN PAT TO DRY. **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** LEAVE SKIN FEELING SILKY-***SMOOTH*** —THE WAY SKIN OUGHT TO BE!

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9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

SUPERMAN in RADIO



CLARK KENT turned the knob, opened the door and stepped into the office of Perry White, City Editor of the *Daily Planet.*

"Hello, Kent—sit down. I have a new assignment for you."

The spectacled, mild-looking reporter nodded and found a chair.

"I want you to take a trip out West to Buffalo Hills. Next week the new Pioneers National Monument is being dedicated—and they're expecting trouble at the ceremonies."

"What kind of trouble, Mr. White?"

"Well, you know that Al Carson is the Governor of that state. And Carson is one of the finest statesmen in the country. He was elected on a reform ticket—the people were fed up with the grafting crooks running their government. He's made good and he's cleaning up the state—but a gang of crooks who used to make millions in the old days have sworn to get him. Pete Flores is the boss—and he's a vicious yegg. Already, they've just missed killing Carson three different times.

"Take the next train out to Boulder City, the state capital, and see what you can find. When you get there look up Asa Hatch—he's the famous photographer and he's a good friend of the governor's."

On the eve of the dedication ceremonies, Kent arrived in Boulder City. It was almost midnight when his cab dropped him at the entrance to the Governor's Mansion. He walked up to the tall, iron gates but before he could open them a burly uniformed guard stepped out and barred his way.

"Scram, buddy. No visitors allowed here."

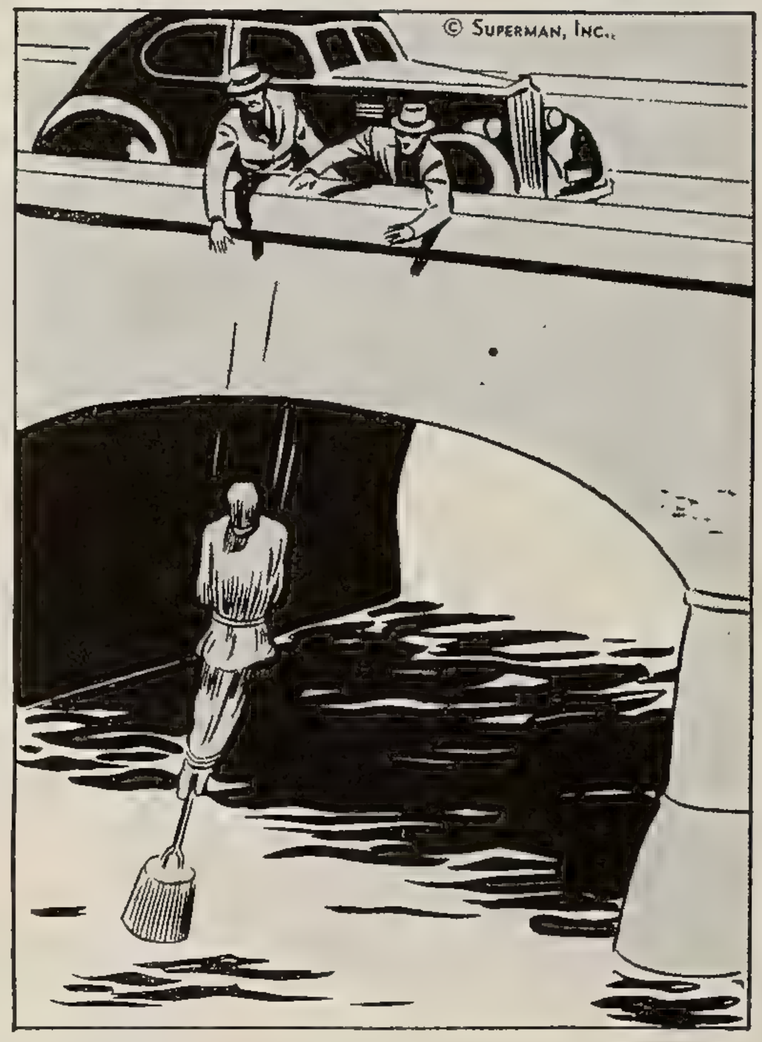
"But, officer, I'm a newspaper reporter. . . ."

"I don't care who you are—we got orders to keep everybody away from the Governor. Get movin'."

The reporter, hiding his thoughts, said good-night pleasantly and walked away. On a sudden hunch he decided to make a quick inspection of the streets surrounding the mansion. He was half-way up a dark side-street when he noticed a car. His intuition had been right. Something odd was happening. His keen ears picked up a few whispered sentences:

". . . . yeah, Dutchy's due here in a few minutes . . . boss says Dutchy's gotta break into that house and drag out the Governor . . . fixed—we're gonna take care of those guards . . ."

Kent had heard enough. In an instant Clark Kent became—Superman! Red cloak streaming, he leaped high into the air, over the towering walls and streaked through the air toward the mansion. High above he saw a single light burning in a window. He



They tossed the limp figure far out into space but they couldn't see their helpless victim turn in a twinkling into Superman!

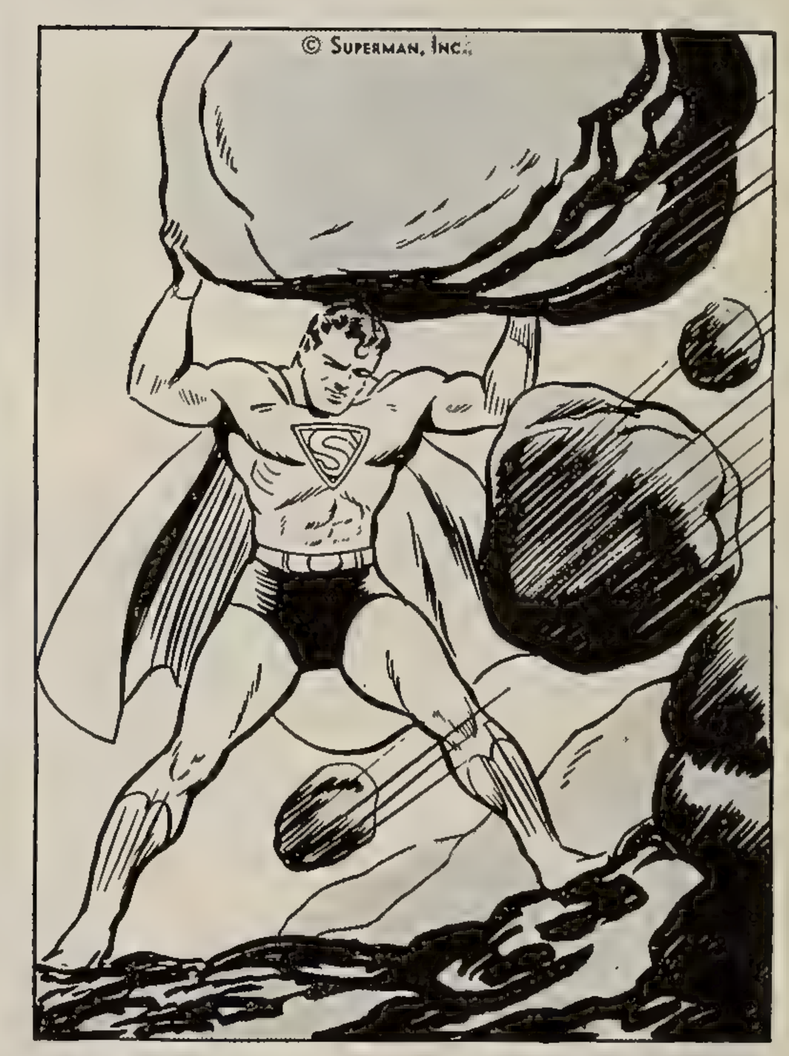
hovered for a minute, then dropped down—"ah—there's the Governor—inside that room on the second floor—he's just going to bed. I'll crawl along the ledge—raise the window and walk in on him as Clark Kent. I'll tell him I found a ladder and climbed up—here we are. . . ."

He threw open the window and jumped down into the room. Wasting no words, Kent explained who he was and what he had heard. Then—

"Governor, you've got to let me meet them here in your place!"

"What—you're out of your mind!

Kent explained who he was and what he had heard. "Governor," he said, "you've got to let me meet them here in your place!"



With his great back arched, his broad shoulders bent, Superman defied the mountain. Triumphantly his voice rang out—"I made it!"

Just let'em come—I won't move from this spot!"

The reporter had no time for argument. He lifted the Governor, tapped him once, lightly, on the chin and gently placed the unconscious figure in a clothes closet and locked the door. (*Continued on page* 66)

Heaven's for the Asking

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Maybe she'd be more fun!" Jane's eyes weren't brown velvet now, they smouldered like metal that has been in the fire.

The next day she wished she could recall those words. Her instinct told her it was folly to talk about the girl of whom you were jealous to anyone, most of all to the man you loved. And that evening, when she walked down Broadway, the dull foreboding she had known all day sharpened to actual fear. Glittering letters on Loew's marquee spelled the name of the act in which that girl appeared. She was in town!

"What's wrong, Jane?" asked June and Joan and Jean at different times, as they dressed, as they came offstage, as they waited in the wings for their cues. "I've a headache," she told them. She couldn't wait to finish her last number, dress, hurry home, be with Barry again.

"It must be Barry," June told the younger twins as Jane hurried off long before they were ready, "that Barry she doesn't care anything about."

"Oh-h-h-h no-o-o-o!" groaned Joan and Jean.

UNDER the apartment door was a note. Jane knew, before she opened it, that Barry wasn't coming. He wrote something had come up unexpectedly, that he would call in the morning.

The night was long. Sleep was thin, broken. Someone had a radio on. Too many songs were songs Barry had sung to her while they were dancing. She felt heavy, despairing. He was with that girl. She knew it. And she could see her—eager to please, quick to praise, willing to see with Barry's eyes and think with his mind and move at his will, like all the rest. It was, she decided with pride that offered her surprisingly little comfort, a wonder Barry ever had had time for her at all. She didn't spoil him.

Barry didn't call the next morning or the next or the next. No reason why he should, Jane reasoned. No reason why he should call her again, ever. He owed her nothing and, by the same token, she owed him nothing. She went out with other boys. And maybe it was because she tried so hard to find the sweet closeness she had had with Barry that it never came.

The Scandals went to London. The Gail Twins, headlined as the Gail Quadruplets, were the toast of the young men of the town. Jane dined often at the Savoy with a handsome lad from Oxford. A young actor volunteered as her guide and he stared at her while she stared at the spires of Sir Christopher Wren. And with no less admiration. They week-ended, the Gails, at lovely old houses set in country parks. Or they flew to Paris. It was fun. But no part of it touched the core of Jane, the way the simplest thing had when she had been with Barry.

Barry telephoned from Connecticut one evening after the girls returned to New York. He was playing the saxophone in his brother's orchestra. "A fine friend you are," he taxed Jane, "to go to Europe and not tell anybody. . . ."

"It didn't occur to me you'd be in-



Does it get you *down* . . . when you have to get *up* on washday? . . . It's no fun to face a big family wash with only a 'half-way' laundry soap to help. When you think of the endless rubbing *you'll* have to do—to get *all* the dirt out—no wonder you're weary before you start . . .

Those back-breaking chores won't worry you when you wake up to a Fels-Naptha washday. Fels-Naptha Soap gives you two tireless helpers—active naptha and richer, *golden* soap. *Together*, they pitch in and do the job in jig time—dislodge the stubbornest grime—whisk it away quickly, gently, thoroughly. Your clothes come out of the wash tub whiter, brighter, sweeter. You finish washday just the way you started—*with a smile!*

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



That lithe and lovely look all women want begins with the body-beautiful, seconded by a shower of fragrance of flowers, Mavis Talcum. Its satiny smoothness gives your skin a silkiness that makes dressing quicker and easier. Girdle glides over hips . . . slip stays smoother . . . and the flower fragrance clings like a scented melody. Get MAVIS for your bath, club locker and office.

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P. S. Men like Mavis, too.

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THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS
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terested," Jane said tartly. "And I think an apology from you is in order before we go into any old Buddies routine."

Nothing had changed. He had called her because she so often was in his thoughts and always the thought of her left him insupportably lonely. But, unwilling to parade his feelings, he made the mistake of adopting the easy, casual manner that served so well with other girls.

They hung up on a final note, Barry pitying the guy who married that little spitfire, Jane pitying the girl who married that fresh fellow. And they were lonelier than they ever had been before.

It was late on a Sunday evening, six months later, that Mrs. Gail answered the telephone and recognized Barry's voice. "Hello," he said, urgently. "Is Jane there, Mrs. Gail?"

"No, she isn't, Barry," Mrs. Gail said. "Some young man—I forget his name—took her to the Palace. Nothing's wrong I hope."

"No—no," he said. "Thank you very much."

He couldn't get to the Palace fast enough. He imagined the boy Jane was with combining the best points of Clark Gable, Fred Perry, Noel Coward and Jack Dempsey. He pictured Jane properly admiring. He called himself names at the hint of which he would have knocked another man down.

HE waited in the Palace lobby for Jane to come out. "I've got to speak to you," he told her. Then somehow—it's never been clear to either of them—apologies and explanations were made and Jane and Barry found themselves in a nearby restaurant at a secluded table.

"Look," Barry said, "I want to apologize right now for not showing up that night and for not calling the next morning. You suggested I might find that girl I met in New Haven more fun. Well, I tried it. I've been very dumb. It never occurred to me I might be acting like a spoiled brat; I had you cast in that role. . . ."

He wasn't poised or confident now. He was earnest and a little gruff and a little desperate. "I don't want any more misunderstandings with you, Jane, ever," he went on. "I want to marry you. Do you want to marry me?"

"Yes," she said, "I do."

"Thanks," he told her gratefully. "Thanks a lot. I'll do my best to see you're never sorry."

The sandwiches they ordered sat untouched on their plates. Their coffee cooled in the cups into which the waiter had poured it.

"I'll get a job in New York." He lit a cigarette and stamped it out again. "And, Jane, I'd like to get married as soon as possible even though we have to keep it quiet for a while. So I'll know I have you."

SHE reached for his hand across the table. Her eyes were soft and warm and laughing. "We'd have saved ourselves a lot of quarrels," she told him, "if we'd had this conversation the night we met instead of wasting a whole year fighting something a lot bigger than we are."

Barry grinned. "That's what I wanted to do," he said, "but I was afraid you'd think I was crazy. I was afraid it might not be the same way with you."

Two weeks later Barry was playing the saxophone with Buddy Rogers' band in New York. And Jane was in Philadelphia, on tour with the Scandals. He telephoned her:

"I've arranged for us to be married in Jersey," he said. "How about coming into New York in time to have lunch with me tomorrow and taking a trip across the river and saying, 'I do?'"

When she came up the stairs from the train his face, beaming, was pressed against the wire netting. At luncheon he showed her the ring. "B.W. to J.G." said the little letters engraved inside. "You can wear it around your neck on a chain," he told her, "until you wear it on your finger. And will I be glad when that day comes!"

He wanted to know if she had told her sisters.

She shook her head. Her eyes broke in soft stars. "Not even my twin."

Nevertheless, next morning it was in Winchell's column.

No one believed their denials be-



Frances Langford, in a stunning gown at the Hollywood Greek show, whispers to Walter Donaldson, famous composerof"MyBuddy."

cause they never managed to get any heart into them. And two weeks later, when the Scandals closed, Jane came back to New York wearing her ring on her finger.

"I'm going on with my work," Jane said. But she never did. There were so many other things to do. There were the little economies to be practised on important things so she could keep fresh flowers in their room and cigarettes and make sandwiches in the little pantry for late suppers when Barry came home with friends.

The band went on tour . . . Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago. . . . In Chicago Barry went over to Paul Ash. And they came back to New York finally for him to play for Abe Lyman.

"It's only a matter of time, Honey," he told Jane, "before I'm going to do something on my own. I want to make singing my career."

The break came when Abe Lyman went on tour. Jane was going to have a baby and Barry wouldn't leave her.

HE got a job with WNEW singing, announcing, doing dramatics. They took a little apartment near Riverside Drive.

Bonnie was born at the Medical Center. And when Barry saw her with her quiet face and her eyes of brown velvet, just like her mother, he told the doctor, "I'm beginning to get an idea what guys mean when they say they're afraid of their luck."

Babies bring good fortune, so old wives say. Soon after Bonnie came Barry signed a contract with Columbia Broadcasting system. Two years later Beverly was born. And the Lucky Strike program proved a lucky strike for Barry. Life was moving quickly, progressively. Money was plentiful. More people than ever were saying "Barry's fun!" "Barry's charming!" "Let's get Barry!" But always, whatever happened he turned first to Jane.

Many a night he calls her when dinner is cooking in the oven. "Hello Darling, come on down town and meet me at the studio. We'll have dinner with the crowd. And on the way home we'll catch that new picture everybody's talking about." Or he'll telephone after his broadcast, when she's in bed reading, waiting for the sound of his key in the door. "Mrs. Wood," he'll say. "It's a gorgeous evening. How about getting into that new dress you bought yesterday—the gold one—and coming dancing with me? . . ."

When he has a few days' holiday they drive into the little hills of Connecticut and stop at an inn and go to a Revolutionary farmhouse with big fire-places and hand-hewn timbers and hand-forged hinges and a trout stream running through the woods nearby. The deed is in Jane's name. And they're doing it over—gradually and carefully—so they won't destroy any of the original charm. It's to be their home during the summer holidays and the winter week-ends. And in future years when Bonnie and Beverly are grown they dream of sitting there by the fire. But they won't be alone. You may be very sure of that. As long as Barry lives people will make their way to him because he's fun and always, as now, they'll go away exclaiming to one another over the shine in Jane's eyes. Because they do shine, in an unbelievable way, when she's with Barry.



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PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



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Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. 2-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

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You're Mine to Hold

(*Continued from page* 13)

knows.

I had to confess I was beaten. Uncle Charles was my only hope, and I went to him.

After hearing my story he leaned back in his chair and pushed his spectacles up onto his forehead. "I knew David would be changed," he mused. "But I didn't think he'd be changed so much."

"I could stand anything, Uncle Charles," I said despondently, "except that he tries to keep me out too. I can't get close to him, and—and sometimes I think he wants to get clear away from me."

"No, Carol." He shook his head. "I think David has what psychologists call a guilt complex. Have you ever talked to him about it?"

"Oh no! I try to keep away from the whole subject."

"Maybe you shouldn't," Uncle Charles said. "Maybe you should insist on talking about it. Yes, I think that's the thing. . . . Now listen to me carefully, Carol. You must make him talk about it. Bring up the subject whenever you're alone with him. Let him see you only want to help, but get inside him by talking, and remember everything he says. Then come and tell me."

So for a week I kept after David. It was torture sometimes, to make him think about that horrible night. All he wanted to do was forget it, and whenever he succeeded I made him think about it again.

He talked slowly at first—haltingly and painfully, and I had to keep prodding him. Then it began to flow like a small stream, almost stopping, then picking up again and growing, until finally it was a raging, rushing torrent of words. From them I got a picture of a soul in torment that I shall not soon forget. The hinges of his being seemed to creak with agony.

AND always and always he came back to two things that bulked large in his being: he had broken a divine law by taking a human life and he had caused a lifetime of grief to Mrs. Parker, the widow of the man killed in the accident.

Always, whenever we talked, these two things stopped my efforts to lead him out of the morass.

When I told Uncle Charles what I had found out, he was delighted. "Now we're getting someplace," he said. "We know exactly what we're fighting against, and we can hope to make the wall fall down by taking away the props that hold it up."

"But how?" I said.

"By showing him that those props are only words and ideas, not realities. Now you and David get away some place for a few weeks—some place where you can go and not see anyone for at least two weeks—a rough kind of place would be best—where David is confronted by only the reality of you and himself."

"But David won't—" I started to say it and then I felt the red flush stealing into my cheeks.

Uncle Charles looked at me keenly for a moment. "I guessed that, Carol. But you're an uncommonly beautiful woman. And I think David still loves you. Go to him. Don't be afraid. Do everything! But stand with him, and kick down that wall from the inside. You know now what's holding it up. You can do it."

Oh, he was fine! Uncle Charles gave me renewed courage every time I talked to him. I went home with hope in my heart again, and on the way I stopped in to see Mimi Carpenter. She and Howard had a cabin on a lonely lake in the northern part of the state, and luckily they weren't using it. David and I could have it for the two whole weeks if we wanted it.

I told David that the Carpenters would be there. I didn't dare tell him we'd be alone, for fear he wouldn't go.

The lake was wonderful. It wasn't big, but the water was deep and cool, and the cottage stood right beside the water. You could almost dive out of the bedroom window right into the water.

David loved it. The Carpenters were old friends and we'd spent a lot of time up there in the old days before—before that night.

And always I kept harking back to those two stumbling blocks—those two ideas in David's mind that he had built into realities. Finally I wrote a letter—

WHEN the answer came I felt as though half my battle were won. I read it to David right away. "Dear Mrs. Marshall," the letter read, "I won't pretend that this is an easy letter to write. It's not. But I do want to help with your problem. First of all—you can tell your husband that as I look back now I realize George was at least partly responsible for the accident. *He* was driving too fast himself. As for my having accused your husband of murder, I'm sure you realize how hysteria can lead one to say such things. If my forgiveness means anything to Mr. Marshall—he most certainly has it. I can't say that George's death didn't mean grief and loneliness for a time, but life has a way of adjusting itself, and I'm glad of this opportunity of telling you that I have found happiness again. My only wish is that you and your husband will do the same."

David looked at me with an unspoken question in his eyes.

"Yes," I said humbly. "I wrote to her. And don't you see, Darling, that she is happy? You haven't spoiled her life."

"No," he admitted, "that's true."

"And David, dear, you can't go on accusing yourself of having blasted her life."

David lowered his head, and when he spoke, the words were very quiet and very earnest. "But there's still that other thing, Carol. I took a human life. There's no forgiveness for that. I took a human life, Carol. Do you understand what that means?"

Yes, I did understand. I knew that that obsession of David's stood between us like a high, high wall as solid as the pyramids. The following day, when we were out in the rowboat I moved suddenly and David grabbed at me as though I were going to jump overboard. For an instant he held me close. "Remember you can't swim, Darling," he said. Then he let me go, and he seemed to retreat again into himself.

It gave him a fright, even shook him, but in a way I was glad it hap-

pened. For one thing we had been close during that one moment, and for another thing it told me more plainly than words could have, that David still loved me. And loving him the way I did, I clung to that scrap of comfort—clung to it from the other side of that wall that became almost a tangible thing to me as the days went by. A dozen times every hour I wanted to touch David, to hold him, but I couldn't. I couldn't make myself forget the wall.

Then the day before we were to leave, I got up early, and left David still asleep. I wanted to be alone, to think, to plan. I put on my bathing suit and went down to the dock where David and I sunbathed every afternoon.

It was one of those still, clear mornings of late summer—the breathless kind of morning that comes before a hot day. The lake was without a ripple, and the morning sun hung over the mirrored water that seemed so cool and clean. It reminded me of David and the many hours we had spent there; in the vain hope that the pleasant warmth of the sun and myself with him would weld him into the husband I used to have.

I SAT on the dock for a moment, looking down into the water. Water has always held a dreadful kind of fascination for me. I felt it stealing over me again. The water was clear, and I could see the bottom and objects on it—an old tire, fallen from the side of the dock, and something else, weed grown. But I couldn't see them clearly. They wavered and shimmered with the swelling of the water's surface. Now plain, now straight, now crooked, the water gave them almost a hypnotic effect. And the rowboat, bobbing there beside me, moved as though the water gave it will. With a kind of dreadful terror, I wanted to go away, and yet I wanted to be closer. I wanted to be a part of those fathomless depths, and yet I was afraid.

On the bidding of a strange impulse I jumped down into the boat and leaned far over the side with my face close to the water, fascinated and repelled. My hand clutched the mooring line where it was tied to the dock. I grabbed at it only for support, but it came away in my hand.

So I found myself drifting. For the first time I was alone in a boat that had no ties with the land. I drifted there within a foot of the dock. I could have reached out and pulled the boat back and made it fast again. But I didn't. The glassy water held me hypnotized. Still under that strange spell I took up one of the oars and pushed with it against the dock.

Just as the light boat spun across the water, out, away from shore, I heard the shade in David's room rattle up. "Carol," he called.

"Yes," I shouted. "I'm here—on the lake."

I saw his face at the window, and even at that distance I could read fright on it. "Come back!" he called, and his voice held real panic. His face disappeared from the window; I heard his step on the stairs.

Then, I don't know why, many things crowded through my mind. Quickly—before David had taken three steps—I thought of the silver cup on the shelf at home. The one he'd gotten for winning a swimming meet. I thought of myself, not know-



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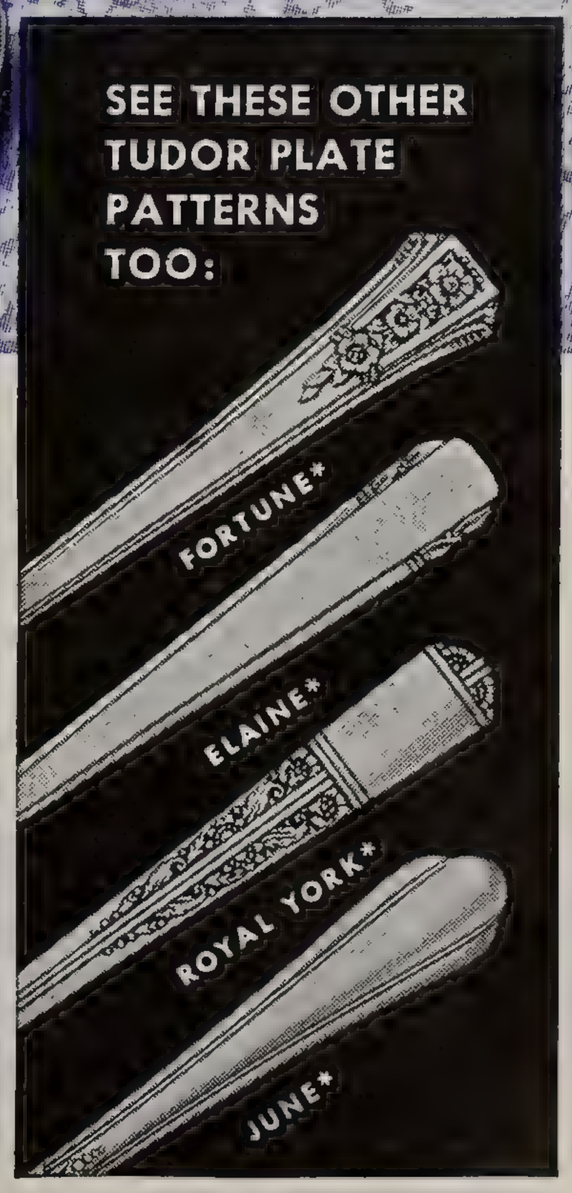


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If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET at your favorite department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get neet today

ing how to swim, and of the panic in David's voice, and of the fear in my heart, and my love for him. I remembered Uncle Charles saying "stay close to him, Carol," and remembered an old saying that if you save somebody you're indebted to them for life. And I remembered too, Mr. Parker, dead on the concrete at night, and thought—of everything. It all flooded into my brain clearly, like a person drowning—a person drowning. That thought came and then repeated itself again and again, and above it I kept hearing David, running down the stairs, and his cry of a few days before echoed through my brain: "Remember you can't swim, Darling. Remember you can't swim, Dar—"

Then I saw him bursting through the door and running down to the water's edge. In that instant that I saw him I knew I must take this one desperate chance. It was my life against—the whole world!

I stood up and called to him. He called back in a queer, strangled voice. I pretended to slip and lose my balance. But I threw myself hard against the side of the boat—so hard I could be sure there was no retreating now. I felt the seat crack against my leg.

The water swallowed me. I went down, down! I thought there would be no stopping. I began to thrash out with my arms and legs, trying to come to that blessed air above me.

The water closed in on my pounding throat, and pressed against my eyes. Everything became a watery blur—like a dream—with David shouting, and both of us suspended in water for a time, and the dreadful limpidity of water engulfing me.

Then I was in a different kind of softness. On a couch, with a deep pain in my chest, and David forcing water out of me.

I opened my eyes.

"Carol!" David breathed. "Darling! What in the world were you trying to do?" Did I hear a new timbre in his voice? Was I dreaming, or did he sound more like the old David?

"To get to shore," I murmured. "The boat—drifted."

"Yes," he said. "The boat drifted. But it came back." There was a little catch in his throat.

All that day I felt badly and David hovered over me like an anxious mother. I liked having him wait on me. But by evening, when it was time to go to bed, I felt all right again.

That night, for the first time since —David came to me. It was like heaven to be in his arms again—to feel his need for me and his love—to know that he just plain wanted me. "Darling," he said. "It was awful for you, wasn't it?" In the light of the moon streaming in the window I could see his face, serious now, and intent.

"You see," he said. "I felt that I'd taken a life and I couldn't atone for it. Well, I feel now as though I had. Because wouldn't it be even—if you saved a life? Wouldn't that—sort of square things—with everybody?"

"Yes, Darling," I murmured, too blissfully content in his nearness to say more.

His arms were around me again. When he spoke there was a new strength, a new timbre to his voice. I couldn't be mistaken. "Don't you see, Carol, you never knew it, but out there, in the lake, you gave me my chance to live again." His arms tightened. "And to love you again."

"No," I said close to his ear. "I didn't know. Hold me tight, Darling."

I Had to Have Beauty

(*Continued from page 27*)

knowing that I must expose myself to professional beauty experts, and I shrank back as we walked on in.

A tall, middle-aged woman whose face had retained a warm kindliness that came through the artifice of make-up, met us.

"Mrs. Barron wants the works," Eve explained.

Nobody laughed. Mrs. Marriott studied me impersonally. I felt better, the way you do when you finally are in the dentist's chair. They took me to a big bare room lined with mirrors, made me undress and put on a sort of hospital garment while they weighed me, tapped me, measured me, made me walk up and down while they took notes on my posture.

Mrs. Marriott made notes. I heard her say: "Besides exercises and massage, you shall learn to stand, to walk, and to enter a room; to sit gracefully and to make an easy exit."

A new world opened suddenly to me. But then I remembered. "About my features," I began.

"Each thing in turn," she said. "We start building from the foundation."

IMPATIENT as I was, my interest grew, and my hope, as we went from specialist to specialist. I learned that my hair was an asset, and that there was no secret magic about those wonderful coiffures that had awed me on other women's heads. I could learn them, simply by taking lessons.

My skin, too, the cream-white type, required only care. Before a battery of lights they selected from dozens of small pots of rouge the right deep wood tones for lipstick and nail polish. With a brush and pencil, M. Michel created on mine a pair of different and startling lips. "This natural upward and outward line of the brows," he said, "should be extended to achieve a look of surprise." He turned to Mrs. Marriott. "You agree that she is the piquant type?"

She nodded. "Her style should be vivacious, humorous——"

My heart sank. Again those old alibis for lack of beauty. I hardly heard what M. Michel was saying about the color of eyeshadow to emphasize the almond shape, until I noticed that a woman had come in with a great sheaf of dress materials in a range of colors new to my simple spectrum. She was from Mardon's Fifty-Seventh Street to analyze me and to design costumes. She went into a trance and pictured two plans: one a symphony of creams and golds and cinnamon beige and rust building up to the bronze of my hair; the other emphasizing by complementary foils. "You shall wear the cool, dim, off-shades of green and blue, elusive, subtle, leading the eye unaware to the shock of exciting personality promised by your hair."

It was like a new, powerful drug, this concentrated attention all focused

on my possibilities, on the new glamorous creature I could be. But I shook myself out of the dream. All these wonderful effects would only make my face even more of an absurdity. But Mrs. Marriott wouldn't listen.

"Wait and see," she said. "When you have seen what we can do for you in three weeks and still you are not content, I promise to send you to someone who can complete the picture just as you wish to look." She turned to Eve. "You will be here, Miss Coyne? For Madame will need cool, outside advice."

Eve whipped out her engagement book. "I'm writing it down now."

I had to be content. And the next three weeks were exciting. I had all I could do to conceal my transformation from Dwight.

But he didn't seem to be noticing anything about me. When I locked myself in my room to do my exercises or my complexion ritual, he did not come to the door. Not till that last day, the day of the final conference.

I jumped when I heard him, scrambled off the bed, where I'd been lying with my feet up on the headboard for circulation, doing my ankle exercises.

HE looked handsome in his smart overcoat, his face fresh from shaving. He hesitated, looking at me queerly. After a moment he said, "I wondered how you were fixed for the day. I'm kind of tied up—" He broke off, looking at his feet. "I thought maybe the days might be kind of long, for you. If you'd be bored—or lonesome—"

So it was as bad as that. His responsibility was weighing on him. "Oh, no," I said brightly. "I've got a date myself. With Eve—"

His head jerked up. "With *Eve?*"

"Why not?"

He shook his head, dazedly. "No reason," he said. "Just that she—that I—"

I laughed. "Make up your mind."

He straightened. "Skip it. I just wanted to be sure you'd be all right." He plunked off down the hall, leaving me with a haunting sense of loneliness. But then I remembered the importance of this day and let the excitement of it seep into my mind, slowly blotting out all the doubts and fears Dwight's words had left in me. I didn't think again of his conversation until late in the afternoon.

I thought, going through those hours at Eaton's—I will always remember this, the last day of the old me, the last day when there will be no barrier between Dwight and me, between our love!

I had my last complete facial routine, then I was dressing in the new cinnamon costume for the final inspection. The effect was breath-taking to me. I looked smart, slick, even stunning—at first glance. And then, deep within me, a voice kept saying, "But your nose—" My nose! My eyes left the dress and went to the reflection of my face. "No," I said, out loud. "It won't do. Not with my nose."

Mrs. Marriott frowned, troubled. "I wish Miss Coyne were here—"

I didn't hear the rest. *Eve wasn't here.*

I remembered then the strange way Dwight had acted when I'd said I had a date with Eve. He and Eve together! Little wonder she had forgotten her date with me. I had hesitated. seeing Mrs. Marriott's frown,



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FASHION SAYS:

"Sweet eyefuls this summer wear rosy-beige powders"

Newsy! Smart! EFFECTIVE! They DO things for you!

They're potent stuff—Pond's glamour-making rosy-beige powder shades! Give 'em half a chance and they'll re-style your looks *and* your love-life in one shake of your powder puff!

It's the "rosy" that turns the trick. *Livens* your skin. Blends with a warm-toned complexion—peps up a sallowish one. Sends you from your dressing table nursing the sweet suspicion you've suddenly become a dazzler. And you have! Your lengthening string of beaux will make *that* clear! Go rosy-beige with Pond's!

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I want to try the rosy-beige shades everyone is talking about—the shades that such society favorites as Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. St. George Duke are wearing. Please send me free samples of Pond's 3 Rosy-Beige Powder Shades right away!

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the big bad Wolf says "Goody"

The Wolf met Little Red Riding Hood going to Grandma's with a basket of food and a package of Dentyne (that delicious chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then but he thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself.

"Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How *do* you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?"

"By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne.

"My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

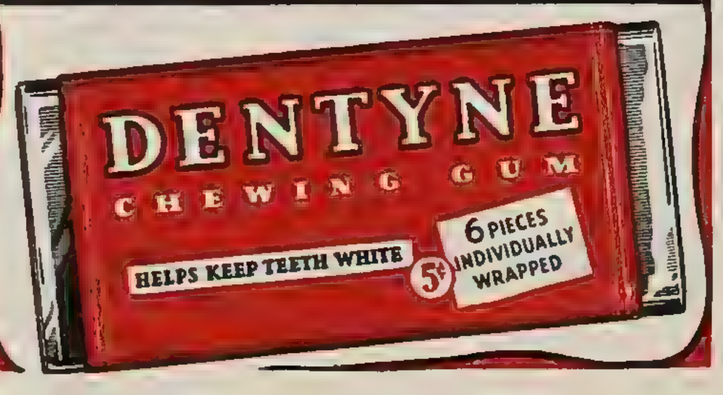
(*Moral:* Help *your* teeth keep bright and sparkling this pleasant way—chew Dentyne! You'll enjoy its smart flat package, too.)



6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY



but now all I could think of was Eve with Dwight, Eve laughing up into his face, her arm linked through his, and jealousy began to pound behind my temples.

"You said you could give me the name of a doctor," I went on.

"Yes." Mrs. Marriott seemed to shrug and then she handed me two cards. "With either of these plastic surgeons you will be safe."

I held the cards a moment and then put them in my bag.

"Thanks," I said, "for everything."

I found a telephone and called the first number. In twenty minutes I was in his office, talking to him, feeling in him the confidence I had as a child for our family doctor. I was vaguely surprised that he was just like any prosperous surgeon. His offices were immaculate, his manner one of polite interest. After listening to me a moment, he said:

"Frankly, Mrs. Barron, I don't think it's really necessary—"

Panic seized me. "I—I'm a radio singer," I said quickly, "and I've been offered a screen test for Hollywood." It worked like magic. He nodded and stood up to take me into a small room off to one side where he placed a profilometer over my nose, took down all the figures and measurements. Then an assistant photographed me and made two plaster casts of my face.

"Could—could it be done tomorrow?" I asked. The doctor shrugged. "Yes, it is possible. No preparation is necessary, since we use only a local anaesthetic. But I'll want you to stay in the hospital a week, for safety's sake."

"Then how soon will I—can I—" My breath gave out suddenly.

He smiled. "Face the world? In another two weeks, I should say."

It was easy enough fooling Dwight. I told him that night I was worried about Mom, that she had been feeling sick for almost a month. "I think I should go out to Boulder and see what's the matter," I said, and Dwight, instantly worried and sorry, agreed.

Everything worked out just as I'd planned. My new clothes were to be delivered to the hospital and after my week's stay there under the doctor's supervision, I would do as I told Dwight—go home and be with my folks for a week until the bandages could come off.

I didn't care, that night, whether sleep came or not. It was the last of lying awake wondering when Dwight would come to me and say that he and Eve—

THE operation was over in thirty minutes. Under the skillful fingers of the surgeon my face underwent its transformation, the bandages were put on and I was being taken back to my hospital room. It was done! Yet I had, then, little sense of the dramatic thing I had had the courage to do. I thought only of the day when I would go to Dwight and wait for his exclamation of surprise and delight, and his kiss.

It was good to be on the train at last, to be moving again, seeing something other than the dreary gray white of the hospital room. I had wired Mom only that I was coming to see her, not what I'd done.

Mom and Dad were waiting at the station and when Mom saw my face all in bandages she cried out and began to sob before I could explain. All I could do was tell her it was all right and nothing serious before Dad burst in:

"Honey, where you been? Dwight's half crazy, sending you letters, telegrams by the dozen—"

My heart stopped. Dwight! A week had gone by without a letter from me and he was worried! A song of sheer joy welled up within me and a crazy half laugh came out of me.

"But your face, child," Mom was saying.

"Later, Mom," I said, "when we get home. I'll tell you all about it." First I wanted Dwight's letters and his telegrams.

I'm not going to tell you what was in those letters. If you've ever doubted whether someone loved you, dreamed of being reassured by every term that your love had made sacred, then you know.

I waited all that week, until the last minute before going back to New York, to take off the bandages. Suddenly I didn't want Mom to see my new face. But she did. And I thought the tears in her eyes were because her daughter was beautiful at last.

I LEFT the same day to speed back to Dwight.

The train came sliding along the platform, and I was standing in the open door, dressed in my cinnamon suit with the perfect accessories, my luggage piled so grandly around me, and I saw Dwight. But he didn't see me. Or rather, he saw me, for I wasn't four feet from him, but his eyes passed over me just like any stranger. I began to feel cold then, right down to my toes in the new alligator pumps.

The train stopped and the porter set my luggage off. The red-cap started picking it up and then Dwight turned and saw me. This time his eyes stayed. But he did not move. Bill Graylin, beside him, jumped and came running. His hands grabbed mine and he said something in an excited tone he'd never used to me before. But I was looking over his shoulder at Dwight. He was standing still, staring. People were jostling around him but he didn't know it. There was a strange full look around the corners of his mouth—the look of a sensitive man's mouth just before he makes himself remember that men don't cry.

We got home somehow, the cab weaving in and out of the traffic. I told myself it would be all right when we were in our house alone.

Well, Dwight was—nice. He tried to reassure me, "It's just that I had a kind of picture of who I was meeting, and then it was—different." His smile was bleak.

I suppose right then I knew. Only I wouldn't believe it. After what I'd been through, I couldn't. It had to be

Another complete radio novel in the next issue of Radio Mirror.

Read in fiction form the thrilling story of Backstage Wife

right. So I pretended.

Dwight did his part. He tried to make me welcome. He kissed me, because he knew I expected it, and maybe he thought the old fire would leap up between us. But it was a travesty of what we had had, and I lay alone, thinking, in the night.

I thought, after I had cried all the tears in me, *He'll see it differently, after a while. Bill liked it, Bill's standards are New York's. When Dwight sees how I stack up now against the girls like Eve—*

That's what I had to show him now. And I did. I dragged us out to parties, and his eyes followed me when I danced with other men. I'd look back and catch his eye, we'd smile—but nothing happened.

Those eyes watching me, studying me so gravely, telling the truth. I had a nervous need to do something about it, to go farther and farther to show him; to bring those eyes to life. I thought I did one night, when I wore my South Sea Island dress with the bare midriff. I saw a change come in the eyes—a shadow, of pain? But I cried myself to sleep alone.

I couldn't have lasted this way for the months I did, if I hadn't got a little job of singing on a sustaining radio program. Bill was promoting me now, in a big way, and after a while a movie offer even came through.

Hollywood, for me—alone? It scared me. I tried to sound Dwight out. And all he said was, "It's for you to decide." It chilled me, through and through.

THE night before I was to sign, he didn't come home to dinner. It was the first time since that other awful night. I must have walked miles right in our own apartment. At nine the phone rang. I picked it up but I couldn't speak. A high, shrill voice screamed out, "It's me again. Bearer of tidings, remember? Only this time the joke's on me."

"Eve! Are you tight?"

"Not with liquor. With learning. The best laid plans—"

"What *is* it?"

"Come and see. Meet me in the lobby of the Greslin—"

I went. I knew it was Dwight, of course.

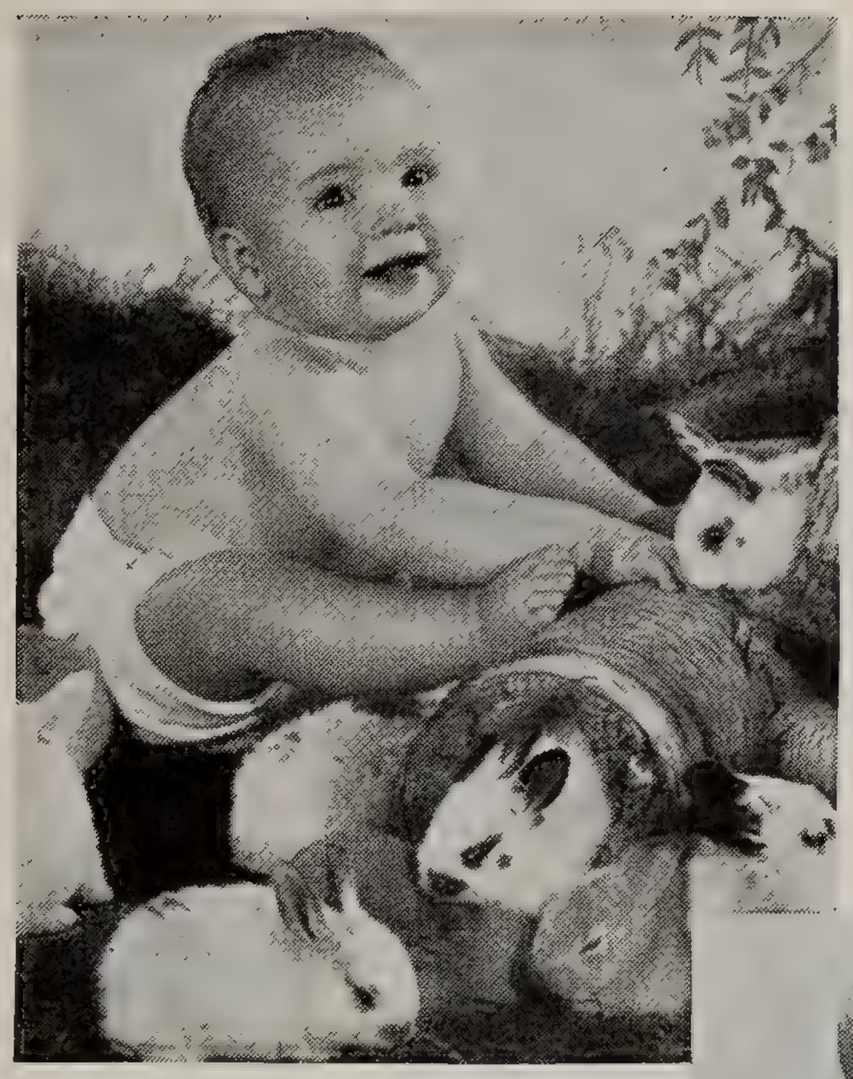
Eve was the picture of her usual cool elegance, but her voice was tense. "Follow me!"

We stood in the foyer behind a partition on which was a window box with thick growing plants which screened it as all the booths were screened from their neighbors. Eve whispered, "Look through the foliage."

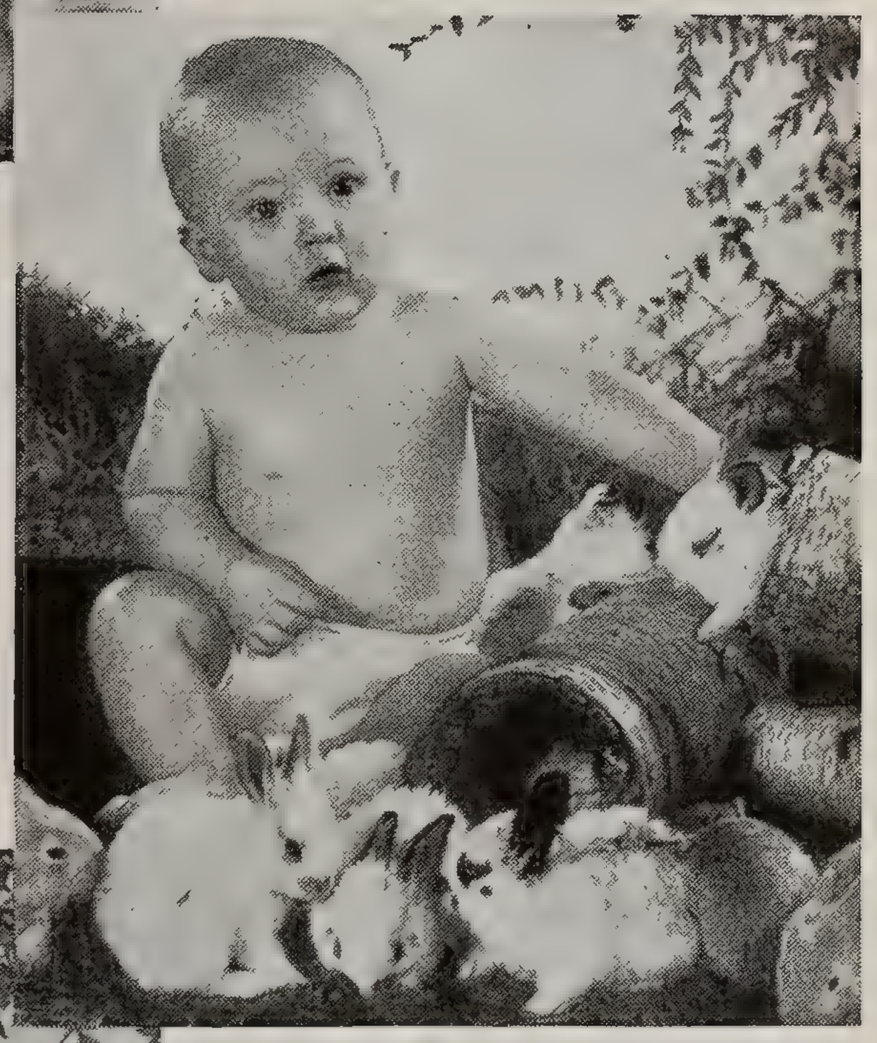
What I saw shocked me. Not because it was Dwight, and not because he was with a girl, for I had expected that. It was something about the girl, and yet I could not say just what. She was certainly not the menace type—small, and almost shabby. Her dress was badly cut, of bright wool that sells for $5.95. It was all wrong, and a hard day of work had passed since she had done much about her hair or face or fingernails.

It must be the way he treats her, I thought. For he had come back to life. He leaned intently toward her, listening to what she said with a little smile on his lips, his eyes bright, waiting for every word, as if it could mean a lot to him.

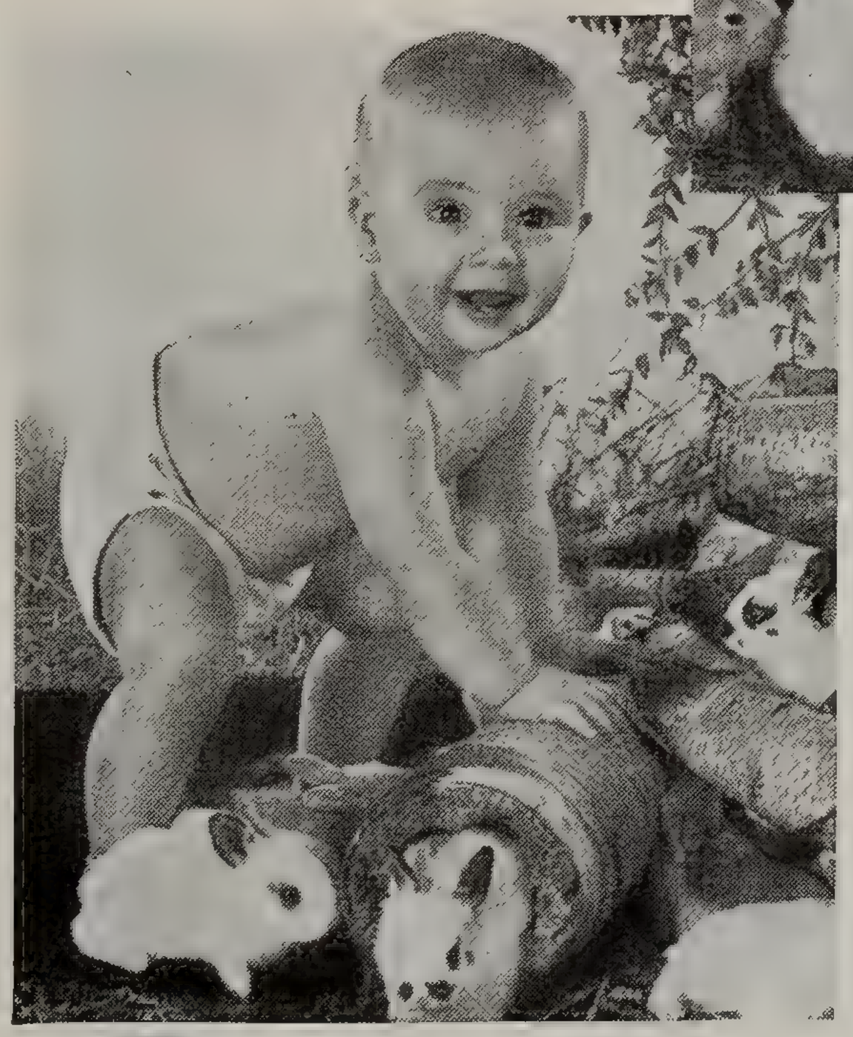
But my eyes kept returning to the girl. There was a haunting quality about her, as if I had seen her before, almost as if I knew her.



"Hey! Know any tricks to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like . . ."



"Hold on—maybe they feel the way I do when I'm hot and cross and some foolish grownup's trying to make me chuckle. Maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off! . . ."



"Gleeps! That's it! Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wiggle their ears and start to frolic."



"What a thrill! A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day! It's swell for chafes and prickles. Mighty inexpensive, too."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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Listen in!

(The girls are talking about Tampons)

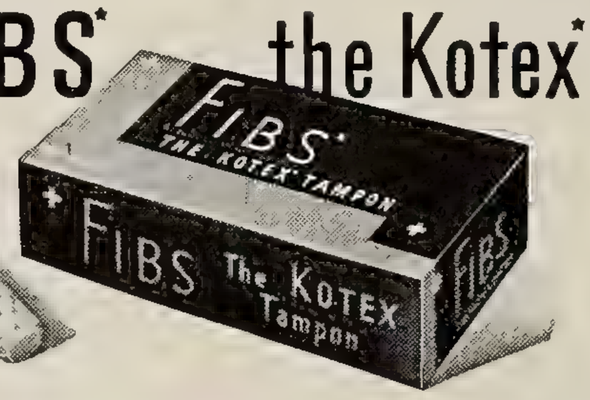
The Blonde: *It's invisible* sanitary protection, thank heavens . . . 'cause Fibs are worn internally . . . keep my secret safe even in this bathing suit. Otherwise I'd be missing lots of fun this summer.

The Brunette: *Whatta pal* . . . why didn't you tell me before? I had to miss the beach all last week! But why Fibs? . . . aren't all tampons alike?

The Blonde: *I'll say they're not!* For one thing . . . Fibs are easy to use . . . no gadgets needed, so naturally Fibs cost less. And what means even more to me — Fibs are the *Kotex* Tampon . . .

The Brunette: *That's the answer!* Fibs are a Kotex product . . . so it's Fibs for me! Now I remember . . . Fibs are the tampons that are "Quilted" for more comfort and safety. And you get a full dozen for just 20c.

FIBS* the Kotex* Tampon



Not 8 - not 10
but
12 FOR 20¢

★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Eve laughed. Low, cautiously, and rather grimly. "Don't you see, you dope? Are you blind? It's you!"

"Me!" I looked back at the girl. She was my size and shape, certainly. Her hair was not the same color, it was brown, but it was tossed back in the same careless way I'd worn mine before I learned, and her eyes were—yes, like mine, wide-set and tipping up a little at the corners, crinkling half shut in a cosy, happy way as she smiled into his face. She moved her face a little closer to his and I saw her profile outlined against the dark plush of the seat. Why—it couldn't be! But it was true. Her nose was like mine. No, not mine, for mine was beautiful now. And this was—almost—as funny as the one I'd had.

"Oh!"

EVE laid a finger over her lips. "Uncanny, yes? But not the first time a man has gone around looking till he finds the image of his first love."

"But it's fantastic." I wouldn't believe it. I couldn't.

"Fantastic? Not half as fantastic as the line I gave you once before. I had it all worked out. I knew a lot, but I didn't know about love. I do now." I'll never forget the sadness on her face when she said that. She loved him, too. It was that love that had made me feel the curious bond of sympathy for her all along, even when she tried to hurt me. And now we were in the same boat. Or were we? I couldn't accept it, even then.

"Isn't there something I can do?" I cried out desperately.

She laughed. "Maybe there is, kid, and maybe if you think yourself back to what you were when you hit this town you can find it. I have a hunch that youngster knew more about this subject than you or I do now."

So, in the end, maybe she did give me my solution, even while she was saying she couldn't.

Because I did think that. All night, while Dwight stayed away, I didn't waste time weeping; I thought.

It was after eleven the next morning when Dwight came home. I heard his feet go slowly, one after another, dragging, to his room.

"Dwight," I called softly.

"You here?" His voice was startled, coming closer. "I thought you'd be at Bill's office, signing your contract."

"I made up my mind," I told him softly. "Like you told me, I did what I wanted. And I don't want to go."

Then he saw me. He had walked into the room slowly, and now he stopped. "Cinny!"

My heart almost strangled me. He hadn't called me that for months.

His feet started again, quickened. "Cinny—what have you done—Oh, Cinny!" And his head went down on my lap and his shoulders were shaking a little, and I felt the good feeling of my hands in his crisp hair.

I was glad his head was down, that he could not see my face now, because there was one thing wrong with the picture, one thing I could not change back. I had made my hair fly off my forehead in the old tousle, I had somehow managed to reverse the eyebrow-designing process, and my lips were their own shape and not Joan Crawford's. I was wearing *the* little green-and-white jersey number that had disgraced him at the Rainbow Room but pleased him on the train.

Oh, it didn't go on from there, happy ever after. He couldn't even then give me a sure reply. Because, to love me now, he must learn to love a new person. Perhaps that was what he had been trying to do all these months. But I had not helped him then. I had tried to show him how different I could be, and not how much the same I really was. But I would show him the truth, now.

All this came out in our talk and our tears.

NEW hope filled me, but— "But Dwight, I've thought of something. Maybe I'm *not* the same. Not even inside. Because so much has happened. I've learned so much—" I sighed, remembering the long nights alone. You couldn't ever unlive anything that burned as deep as that.

"Now let me tell you something," he said, with the shy, half-embarrassed chuckle that always apologized in advance for a serious remark. "Everybody changes, all the time. The point is that married folks ought to stick close enough to do their changing together—

"Other folks have taken trips before. You just took a sort of concentrated trip. And I'll catch up."

Well, I don't know whether he caught up with me, or I with him, but we are in step now, after two years. It's taken us just about all that time to do our two remodeling jobs: one on our life together and one on the big old house we found in the country. We're concentrating now on one room of that house, a big upstairs one with a sunny southern outlook. I hope the baby is a boy and looks like Dwight, but in case it is a girl with a funny nose, I've hung old Bill Shakespeare's motto on her wall:

"To thine own self be true; thou canst not then be false to any man."

WOE IS ME

By Jean Paul King

(Popular Radio Announcer)

ARE YOU a "Radio Announcer Cusser-Outer"? Do you blame the poor old announcer when you hear commercial blurbs over your loudspeaker that annoy you?

If you can answer the two questions above in the affirmative, may I have your ears—pardon me, your eyes—for just a few moments?

As radio has progressed in the last few years the announcer has gone down in the public mind. From a personality, he has been relegated (with a few notable exceptions) to the most minor position on the program. And it is not entirely his fault that he holds this low place in his business.

True—at times he may have become overbearing with his delicious personality until he not only bored but aggravated you. But have you ever considered what he, himself, has to go through?

The comedian has the right to change his gags and re-edit his script. The singing star has the right to change the musical numbers and insist on a different arrangement if it does not suit him. Even the guest star's material is left to his picking, editing, supervising and presentation. But the poor old announcer is forced, browbeaten and cajoled into reading any and all of the material that has been placed in his hands.

And if the announcer dares to argue with his production director—if he so much as suggests that a change here and there might materially aid the sales of the product, he is beaten down to earth with the amazing even though not convincing arguments that his copy has been written with great care and has passed the careful scrutiny of the bigwigs of the client. That these men have never met a radio listener face to face; that they have never read a piece of fan mail; that in many cases they have never been in a broadcasting studio, does not enter into the picture. The announcer is just the announcer and even though he has spent ten or more years in broadcasting booths, learning by ramming his head against stone walls in the form of listener resentment as to what will and will not go, his job is just to read announcements the way he was told to read them.

It boils down to this: the sponsors think that you, the listeners, respond to a certain kind of announcement. I, as an announcer, don't agree with them. And my stake in the dispute is my professional standing as a performer. That's the reason I'm rearing up on my hind legs and asking you to help me to do something about it.

It has been said that the average intelligence of the radio listener is somewhere between thirteen and fifteen years of age. But your old announcer (yes, it's me, the one you cussed probably no more than thirty minutes ago) does not believe that. I have read your letters, talked to you on the street and over the phone, sent you my picture and am trying to get my weekly pay check without insulting you too much as I do my daily job.

But if I am to improve my position as an announcer and if you are to be freed from these abuses of radio as named above, there must be co-operation between us.

You listeners must demand—by letters and in loud voices—good, clean, intelligent copy, delivered in subdued tones. Instead of the ranting and raving type of selling, demand gentlemanly conversational selling—one man to another. You of the audience must ask for those one line, short announcements, which catch you unawares, and doing so, impress you and give you a chuckle instead of making you turn the dial.

Radio sponsors in the main are striving for good will over a long period of time. But if you don't let those sponsors know when they have offended you, as you sat in your favorite chair, in your own home with your slippers off, how in the world can you hope to have anything but what we have had and are getting?

At least you can't blame the radio announcer—I hope.

WHEN IT'S *"TIME OUT"* ON THE LOT PEPSI-COLA STEALS THE SHOW

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PEPSI-COLA has that grand cola taste and fresh flavor all its own. That's why millions everywhere call for Pepsi-Cola every time. Enjoy this big drink today—for a nickel.

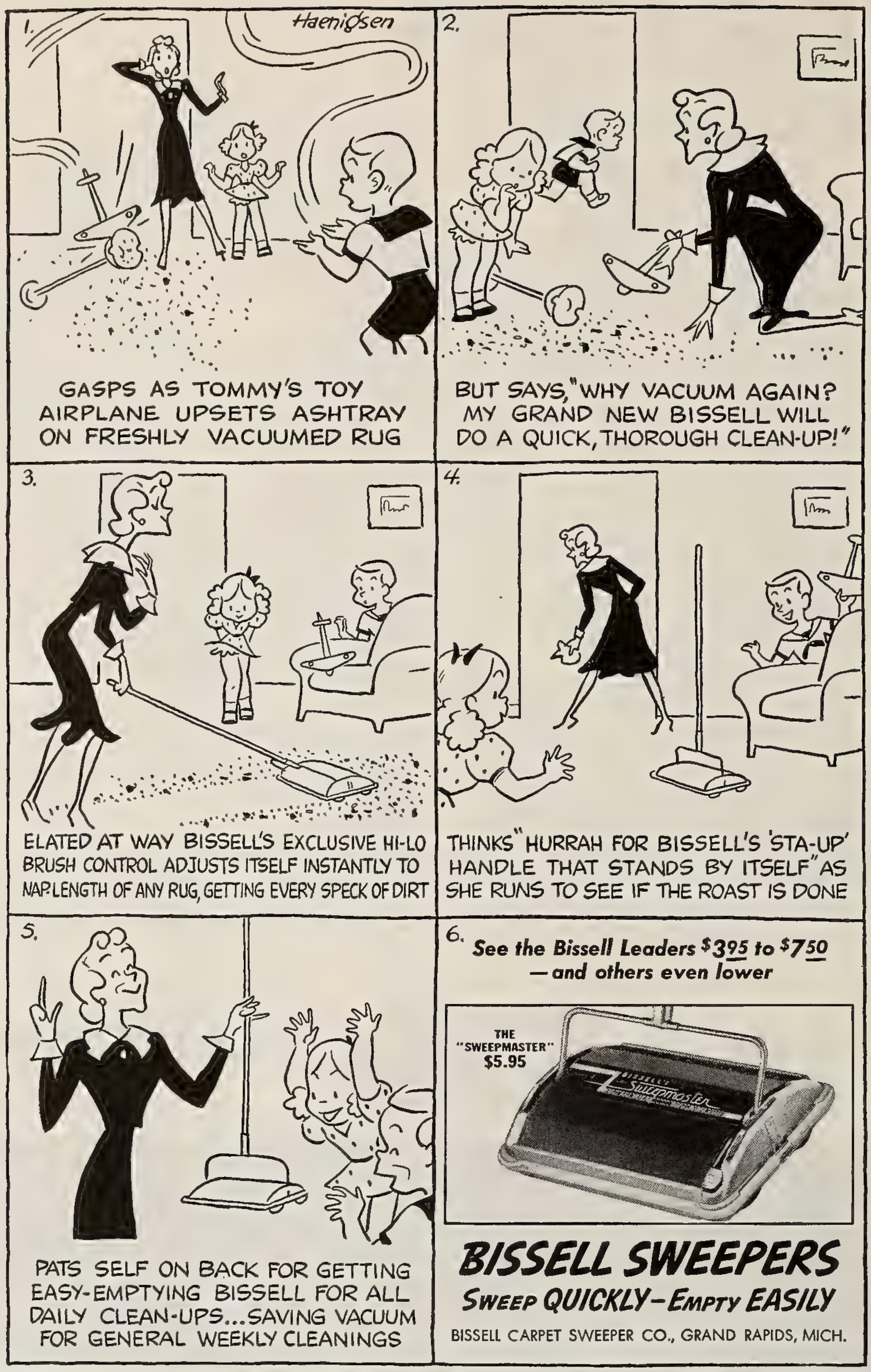


FREE: Pepsi-Cola recipe booklet on request. Send for yours today to Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Dept. D2.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, co-stars of the Universal picture "Model Wife."



FASCINATING MAP OF HOLLYWOOD

How would you like an illustrated map of Hollywood showing where the stars live, work, play and hold their parties? Photoplay-Movie Mirror has a limited supply of maps of Hollywood drawn by the famous artist, Russell Patterson, 14" x 22", beautifully printed in two colors. While they last readers can secure them for only 10c each (coin or stamps). Address all requests to Hollywood Map, Dept. WG6, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page* 11)

Fifth Prize . . .

OH, THOSE PIANO INTERLUDES!

I am not one to be hypercritical of radio broadcasts but I do wonder why the pianists who fill the intermissions between chain programs don't play SOMETHING! They tinkle and bang away without time or tune—or can it be that they are deep in some super classic? Why don't they play something that Mr. John Listening Public can recognize and enjoy?—Ed Swigert, Hannibal, Mo.

Sixth Prize . . .

ON, AND ON, AND ON, THEY GO!

There is one thing that I think the writers and producers of serials could do to improve their programs. That is, finish their stories in six months or a year at the most, instead of having the same characters go on and on indefinitely. After all, even the best novel must end some time, so why can't the serials end, too?—Miss Helen Wood, New York, N. Y.

Seventh Prize . . .

HAVE YOU HEARD?

Tucked away and nearly eclipsed by the big star-studded Sunday night shows is a little gem of a program known as The Parker Family, which makes radio worth listening to.—Mrs. Grover Biars, Hinton, West Virginia.

Superman in Radio

(*Continued from page* 54)

Hurriedly, he stretched out on the bed, pulled up a blanket and switched out the light. His timing was perfect. In a moment he heard the scrape of a ladder against the outside wall, then the murmur of voices. He watched through half-closed lids as three figures climbed over the sill and came toward the bed. He pretended to struggle weakly as Dutchy and his henchmen pulled a heavy burlap bag over his head. Sure they had the Governor, the gangsters quickly carried their captive down the ladder, through the deserted grounds and out to their car. As they sped through the night, Kent felt one of the men attach heavy weights to his bound hands and feet. A few more miles and the car squealed to a stop. He listened to one of his captors:

"Okay, Dutchy, this is the spot you ordered—we're on the bridge and there's the deepest part of the river. Those weights'll take that guy right down to the mud!"

THEY grunted as they dragged him out. They held him for an instant, then swung and tossed the limp figure far out into space. The body of the man they thought was the Governor hit with a great splash, but in the darkness they couldn't see their helpless victim turn, in a twinkling, into the superhuman Man of Tomorrow. Effortlessly, he burst his bonds, ripped the bag from his head and, with one easy stroke, reached the water's surface.

Then, back along the white road, flashing over the rooftops of Boulder City—swifter than a bird in flight—Superman swooped down once more to the ledge outside the Governor's window. Peering in, he saw the Governor speaking to a man he recognized as Asa Hatch. Swiftly he dropped to earth, removed the clothes of Clark Kent from beneath his cloak and, in the guise of the reporter, entered the mansion.

Angrily, the Governor listened to Kent's apologies and story of how he had managed to escape his abductors by fighting them off at the river's edge. Hatch vouched for the young man from the *Daily Planet*. Quick to understand, Carson displayed the charm and understanding that distinguished him and invited Kent to accompany them in the morning on the drive to Buffalo Hills and the park dedication.

NEXT morning as they neared the park, the reporter, knowing that Flores would stop at nothing now, tried desperately to persuade the Governor not to appear.

"Governor—can't you get out of it?"

"Absolutely impossible! There'll be thousands of people here—from all over the country. I'm making the principal address—and nothing's going to stop me!"

"Just the same, Governor—you'll be taking an awful chance! It's a perfect set-up for anybody that wanted to get you!"

Carson merely laughed.

Clark was right. Even as the cars of his party wound through the mountains toward the scene of the dedication, deadly danger waited at Buffalo Hills. In a tunnel in the cliff, above the new monument, Pete Flores spoke in a whisper to Dutchy Ganns:

"Ah, mi amigo, I just set the last fuse—this time he won't escape! When I pull the switch, the dynamite she go POOF! Down goes the cliff—and when she falls, she falls right on the Governor—and everybody else!"

Even Dutchy gasped— "But they'll see—they'll know it was dynamite—"

"Ah, no—it is more clever—high up in the mountain, Dutchy, there are other charges—just enough to start a—how you say—the avalanche—yes! When that time gun goes off at noon, I pull—the avalanche she begin to roll—and it's all over!"

But down below, as the hands of his watch neared twelve, Kent anxiously peered about him. Then—with his telescopic vision he saw what he had hoped to find. In a split second Clark Kent was gone—"There, quick now, I'll duck back to those rocks and change to Superman—nobody'll see me here. Up we go—up—UP!" Eagerly he cut the air—"that car I saw up there just now is the one they used to kidnap me in—and that man is Dutchy Gann! I knew those rats would try again!"

Then he was beside the terrified Dutchy. Holding him tight in his iron hands, Superman dangled the screaming gangster over the cliff's side until he confessed Flores' plan. Superman raced for the tunnel. But he was too late. Just as he reached the murderer, Flores pulled the switch. Wheeling desperately as he heard the ear-shattering blast, Superman sprang out into the open.

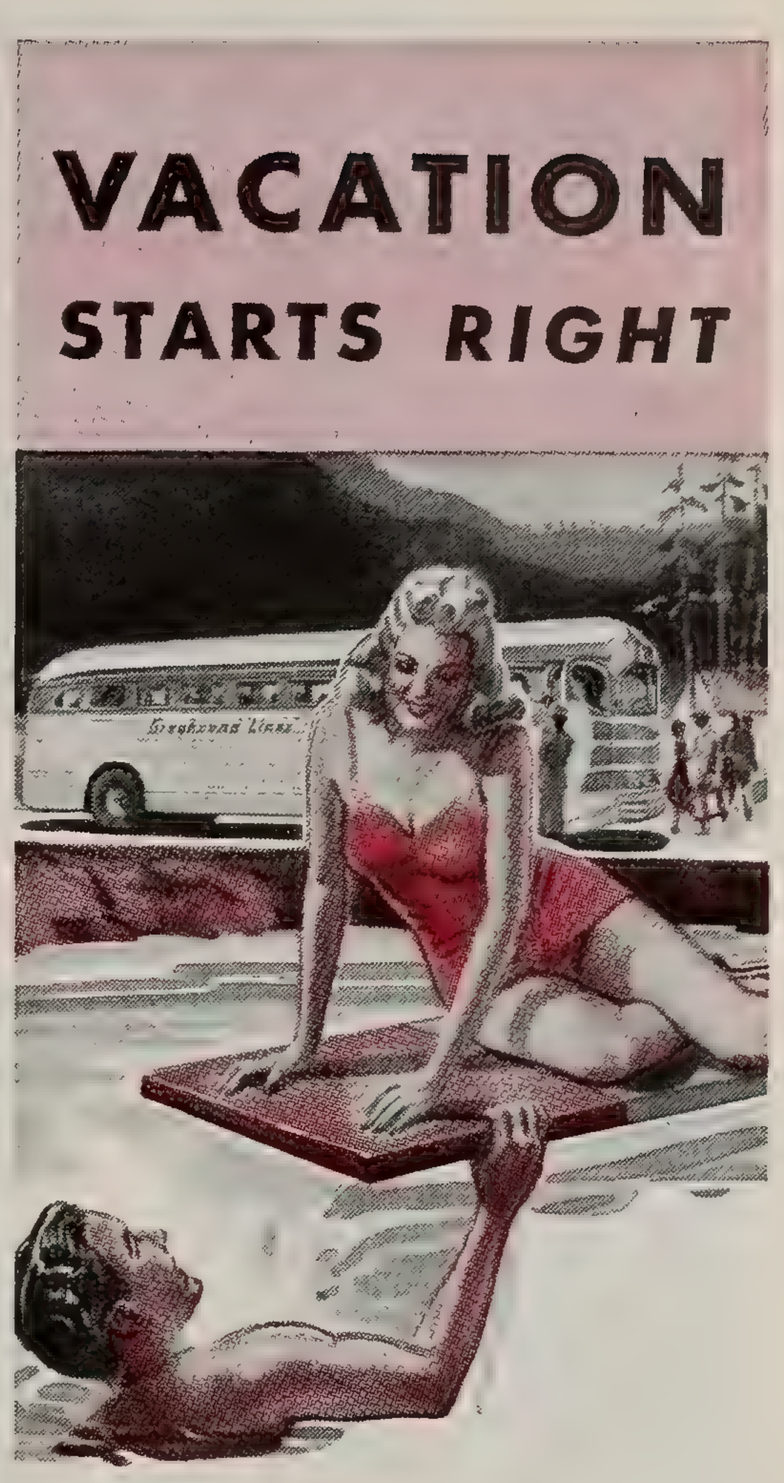
"It's coming—I hear it! Out and up—up! By Heavens it's coming right down the mountain—right for the top of the Cliff." He reached the cliff—"Here it comes! I have to stand here and throw it aside—never seen an avalanche like this before—and coming straight down! Well here goes—maybe I can deflect it down that gully—miss the cliff and those crowds below—But I don't know—it's shoving me back!"

Down poured the full force of the avalanche—tons of death-laden stone heading straight for the cliff and the helpless thousands below. Only one man's figure was in the way! Red cloak billowing in the rush of the wind, steel muscles tensed, Superman defied the mountain. Then, there was only one more huge mass of rock—bounding and spinning in the air. . . .

"Last chance—if this one gets by me—here it is—*NOW*—" The great back arched, the broad shoulders bent and, triumphantly, his voice rang out—

"I made it!—turned the slide into that gully—and they're safe—they're safe down below—but Dutchy and Flores are buried under tons of rock—too late to save them . . . Now up, up—and away! Superman's job is done!"

Don't miss next month's adventures of Superman in Radio. You'll thrill at the great powers he uses to save innocent lives from the world's vicious gangsters.



—when you board an air-conditioned

Super-Coach

Step into a climate that's cool as a breeze in the tall pines—stretch out in an easy chair that fits your every mood—start having the time of your life as you cruise away by Greyhound toward your particular choice of summer playgrounds. It's a grand feeling—knowing you're saving two-thirds of what you'd pay to drive your own car. And the sightseeing's just double—you go one way, return a different scenic route at no extra cost. So take it easy this trip—get a head-start on vacation fun the Super-Coach way!

EXPENSE-PAID TOURS

assure you *extra* economies, *extra* good times! Transportation, hotels, sightseeing, entertainment are arranged for you by experts, on tours to almost anywhere—any length, any time.

Principal Greyhound Information Offices:
New York City • Cleveland, Ohio • Philadelphia, Penna. Boston, Mass. • Chicago, Illinois • San Francisco, Calif. Ft. Worth, Texas • Washington, D.C. • Detroit, Michigan St. Louis, Missouri • Minneapolis, Minnesota • Lexington, Ky. • Charleston, W. Va. • Cincinnati, O. • Richmond, Va. Memphis, Tenn. • New Orleans, La. • Windsor, Ontario (44 London St., E.) • Montreal, Quebec, (1188 Dorchester St., W.)

GREYHOUND

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

to nearest Greyhound office listed above, for free copy of booklet "This Amazing America," with cartoons and descriptions of the country's 140 most unusual places. Jot down name of any special place you'd like to visit on margin below.

Name_____

Address_____ ME-6

Say Hello To—



LOU COSTELLO—who with his partner Bud Abbott is Charlie McCarthy's new comedy foil on the Chase and Sanborn program Sunday nights on NBC. Bud and Lou are definitely big-time comics since their appearance in the movie, "Buck Privates," and the kids in your family will especially like their sorties with that imp, McCarthy. Lou is the high-voiced member of the team. He's short and stocky, and is never separated from his favorite two-bit cigar. His real name is Critello, but he took the Costello from a character he played in his first road show. His pet subjects of conversation are his family and his garden—both of which he has with him in Hollywood. He memorizes all his radio scripts before broadcasting.



SKINNY GIRLS Lack Charm

In *How to Gain Weight,* Bernarr Macfadden gives full information on what to eat and how to exercise to add those flattering pounds. If you really wish to put on healthful flesh—send for *How to Gain Weight* today. Only 50c postpaid.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC.

Dept. RM-6, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

a Dab a Day *keeps* P. O.* away!

*(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)*

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. *In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.*
2. *Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!*
3. *Examining nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!*

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no unpleasant smell on dresses. Actually soothing. 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



What's New From Coast To Coast

(*Continued from page* 10)

Irma Glen, NBC organist in Chicago, is so patriotic that she's even set aside a portion of her garden where she will grow nothing but red, white, and blue flowers.

* * *

Ted Straeter, who leads the vocal chorus on the Kate Smith program, has been off that show for the first time in five straight years while Kate was in Hollywood. Ted leads a band in a New York night club, and couldn't leave it to go on the trip.

* * *

MINNEAPOLIS—Cedric Adams, the ear-to-the-ground gentleman who gives the news to listeners of station WCCO, doesn't claim to be another Walter Winchell—but just the same, he has all of Winchell's ability for nosing out a good story.

In Minneapolis, Cedric is regarded as bigger news than many of the celebrities he publicizes through his newspaper column and radio program. For instance, when he and Mrs. Adams had their first baby the Minneapolis *Star-Journal* ran a page-one picture of Cedric holding the little girl. On another occasion, in his capacity as a journalistic watch-dog of civic morals, he announced that there was a bit of gambling going on around town. His statement caused so much fuss that all gaming establishments were closed down right away.

Ced Adams was born in Magnolia, Minnesota, thirty-eight years ago. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota, alternating months of seed-peddling with his studies. After college he went to work as a reporter for the Minneapolis *Star,* but after a while he got tired of the routine and quit to be a literary free-lance. He was writing a column for a shopping newspaper when the management of the new *Star-Journal* hired him back to write a similar sheaf of gossip for them. He boosted the paper's circulation, and a sponsor grabbed him for WCCO. Nowadays he's heard on that station Mondays through Saturdays at 12:45 P.M. and on Sundays through Fridays at 10:00 P.M., in distinctive newscasting periods —all sponsored.

He's more than just a columnist or radio reporter, for he's always ready to place his column or broadcast time at the disposal of any worthy local or national cause. He sends out calls for wheelchairs and artificial limbs for invalids and cripples, gets toys for children in hospitals, appeals for blood donors.

Less publicity, Ced is always offering a helping hand to people less fortunate than he. People are always coming to his office for help— a mother wanting him to intercede with the police in behalf of a son, a boy asking his aid in finding a job. And whenever it is humanly possible Ced assists these petitioners. He's proud of the fact that he has never consciously hurt a fellow human being by anything he has written or said on the air.

He has only one creed: "Do whatever you can to make people happy, and you'll get a lot of happiness out of it yourself." He's perfectly satisfied to continue with his present jobs.



William T. Baldwin is station KDYL's Special Events reporter.

SALT LAKE CITY—From being a master of ceremonies for a Walkathon contest to handling special events for station KDYL isn't such a terribly long jump—at least not for a man like William T. Baldwin, who made it.

The show-bug bit Bill when he played the lead in a high school operetta in his home town of Denver, Colorado. His dancing was the hit of the show, and for a while he thought very seriously of a musical-comedy career. But in 1933 he joined a Walkathon troupe as its master of ceremonies and traveled with it from coast to coast.

When the Walkathon craze died out, Bill found himself being the "front man" for an orchestra—in other words, he appeared to be its leader, only the orchestra didn't really need a leader and all Bill did was wave a baton. At the same time, without realizing what he was doing, he began building up a definite radio personality when he announced numbers for the band's broadcasts. On a one-night stand in Casper, Wyoming, he met the president of a large Nebraska corporation who said he could get Bill a job on WOW in Omaha. What's more, the executive actually carried out his promise.

From WOW Bill went to WGN in Chicago, where he tried his hand at writing for radio as well as announcing. Collaborating with his father, Jack Baldwin, he turned out some very clever air material before a serious illness attacked him and he was ordered to the Highland Sanatorium in Shreveport, Louisiana. He couldn't keep away from radio, and worked at KWKH while he recuperated.

For a while, he was at KOIL, Omaha, then joined a group of four traveling "Roller Derby" units as their radio announcer. He was in San Francisco when KSFO hired him away from the Roller Derby outfit to run an hour variety show every morning. And in 1940 he came to KDYL, where he is Special Events Director and collaborates with Charlie Buck on a morning program called Last Call for Breakfast, which is rapidly breaking all previous KDYL records for fan mail.

Bill's an ardent golfer, and recently broke 72 on one of Salt Lake's famous courses. He's happily married—and says he wouldn't change jobs with President Roosevelt.

PITTSBURGH—Just about every time CBS carries a program that originates in Pittsburgh, you'll hear Ernie Neff announcing it. He's one of station WJAS' crack announcers, and usually gathers in the network plums whenever they come along. Locally, he's heard on Forbidden Diary and other programs.

Radio hired Ernie (the full name is Ernest Duane Neff) in the first place because he could play the piano and organ. That was soon after he graduated from high school in 1931. He was put under contract with KOV as a staff musician. Then one day, when he had finished accompanying a singer on a commercial program, he left the keyboard, crossed the room, picked up the announcer's script and began to read it aloud. You guessed it—the studio channel was still open, and Ernie was heard by the station manager. From that day on, he was an announcer as well as a musician.

He was just another staff announcer until his big break came along in the fall of 1937. He was picked from a crop of Pittsburgh announcers to work on a weekly CBS commercial show, starring the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. When that program reached the end of its run, Ernie Neff's career continued. He was transferred to WJAS in 1938.

Although Ernie insists that he still hasn't mastered the technique of playing the organ, he's good enough to satisfy the management of two Pittsburgh hotels where he gives solo concerts. In addition, twice a week he's heard playing that instrument on Magic Melodies, over KQV.

Ernie's thirty years old. Some day his lovely wife wants him to take a screen test—she's certain he'd pass it.



Howard Duff plays the part of Lynn Reed on the Dear John series starring Irene Rich, Sundays at 9:30 E.D.S.T., over NBC stations.



Choose a smart new nail-polish shade to match each mood and each costume . . . now you can afford to! Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish costs so little, yet no polish offers you more. It flows on smoothly and evenly . . . dries to a brilliant, beautiful, *lasting* finish . . . gives you the widest choice of the season's loveliest tones. Get several shades tomorrow . . . and *thrill to your fingertips!*

10¢

Ask for it at your favorite 5 & 10 or drugstore. A companion product of the famous Dr. Ellis' Wave Set.

Dr. Ellis Sales Co., Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



JOAN CRAWFORD in "A WOMAN'S FACE"

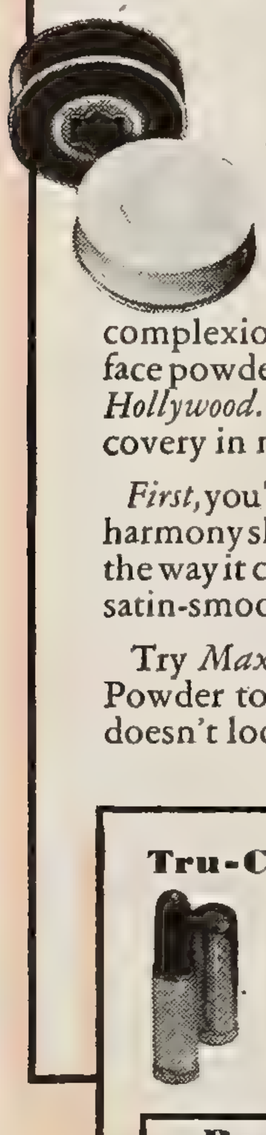
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION



If your skin looks dull, lacks color...

TRY THIS

HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER



WOULDN'T YOU like to find a powder that would give a lovely, youthful-looking color tone to your complexion? Then try this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*...and you'll make a discovery in make-up.

First, you'll like the original color harmony shades. *Second,* you'll like the way it clings, creating a lasting, satin-smooth make-up.

Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today... see if your skin doesn't look lovelier... $1.00

Tru-Color Lipstick...

ORIGINATED by *Max Factor Hollywood*—Four features... 1. *lifelike red of your lips...* 2. *non-drying, but indelible..* 3. *safe for sensitive lips..* 4. *eliminates lipstick line...* $1

Rouge.. Created in original color harmony shades for each type, *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge always appears lifelike... 50¢



Max Factor • Hollywood

★ ***Mail for* POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK *in Your* COLOR HARMONY**

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Book, "THE NEW ART OF MAKE-UP"... FREE. 25-6-66

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green . ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ... ☐	Hazel .. ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ..... ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow .... ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled . . ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Young Widder Brown

(*Continued from page* 30)

he'd been wanting to do, helping people. . . ."

"That isn't what I object to," Victoria interrupted. "I know Anthony had set his heart on doing just this sort of thing. But doing it in Chicago is one thing. Doing it here is another. You see, my dear, Anthony has enough money to indulge in a quixotic gesture and still live in the way he's been accustomed to living. He isn't the type to be happy in a place like Simpsonville long. This little house, for instance. How can you imagine he'd be satisfied with it after that glorious penthouse of his with the terrace looking out over Lake Michigan? Or the food Mrs. Oliver cooks for him after the dinners his man used to make. Oh, don't think those things aren't important, Ellen, even though they may sound trifling to you. You see, I'm a realist, not a romanticist like you and Anthony. I know you love him. That's why I'm appealing to you, Ellen, to send Anthony back to the world he belongs in, for I know that when a woman like you loved a man it wouldn't be the possessive, selfish kind of love that would hold him when his happiness lay elsewhere."

I'M not going to deny I love Anthony," Ellen said quietly. There were so many other things she wanted to say, but she held them back. Did Victoria really feel she was so naive that she couldn't reason things out for herself at all? As if she hadn't thought of those things long ago, thought of them and rejected them one by one. "You were speaking of his happiness, Victoria. Don't you think Anthony has shown that his happiness lies right here in Simpsonville?"

"That's because he's in love with you," Victoria said quickly. "And when a man's emotions are involved, he isn't in a state to be able to reason things out for himself. You're all Anthony wants now, Ellen. I know that. But will you always be? Even you must see how his life here compares to what he had. Our friends are stimulating and amusing. They talk about books and music and the things that are going on in the world. Their point of view is so much wider. It isn't closed in by the borders of Simpsonville. Of course, you aren't like that, Ellen, but do you think *one* person is going to satisfy Anthony after a while? That first fine, careless rapture won't last forever. It never does and then how will you feel seeing him become restless and bored?"

"I can't imagine Anthony bored, ever," Ellen said. "A vital person like him finds too much in himself to need anyone else. And as for stimulation, don't you know the old Main Street has disappeared, Victoria? Why, we get everything the big cities have these days. The best symphony orchestras play for us in our own living-room, the greatest singers sing for us and the most brilliant thinkers in the world talk to us. And with all the news broadcasts we certainly aren't kept in ignorance about anything that's going on. All we have to do is to turn a dial and the whole world comes right here to Simpsonville. And it isn't just the radio. I'd stack Uncle Josh's philosophy and humor and logic against anyone's, even if he does slip up on grammar here and there. You see, my values are different from yours, Victoria, and Anthony's are too."

She stopped suddenly as she heard Anthony's quick step outside the door and then she felt her heart lifting to the happiness in her eyes and her smile as he came into the room.

"What have you two been talking about, anyway?" He smiled as he sat down in the chair nearest Ellen's.

"What women always talk about when they're alone. Men, of course," Victoria said in her disarming way. "And you in particular. Ellen and I were talking about your happiness."

"That doesn't need any discussion," Anthony said. "It just is, that's all." And though he spoke to Victoria, it was Ellen he was looking at.

"Tony," Victoria said with a sigh, "I really can't do a thing with Ellen. She insists on being in love with you."

Rich color flooded Ellen's cheeks, but there was pride too in the intense way Anthony took her hand.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a persuader," Victoria continued.

"Good—then you admit defeat," Anthony smiled, and Ellen felt the warmth of his happiness.

"Well," Victoria was speaking more slowly, "I must admit I did have one more move I was going to make."

It was said simply, so simply Ellen couldn't understand why she should feel any worry. But Anthony was no longer smiling.

"As a matter of fact," Victoria said, "I might as well confess it." She laid her hand on Anthony's arm. "Don't be angry," she pleaded.

"How can I?" Anthony said tartly. "When we don't even know what you're talking about?"

SO Victoria told them. "There's Barry and Ronda and Terry and Jill. And Jim and Curt. I wrote asking them to come here. I don't know if they all will—I tried not to make it sound too serious."

Ellen waited for Anthony to speak. What could she say? Certainly it was between Victoria and Anthony whether she had the right to ask his oldest friends to come to Simpsonville, had the right to say in letters to them:

"Come and help me bring Anthony to his senses. Help me persuade him not to throw his whole life away. It's such a good life."

"But they probably won't even answer," Victoria said quickly when Anthony's dark face clouded in furious anger. Ellen, sitting between brother and sister, was silent. But her heart was telling her the truth. They would come. And perhaps it was right that they should. Perhaps when she had said that Anthony belonged where his happiness was, she really had meant *her* happiness. She remembered Victoria's question. Could Anthony find true fulfillment here with her, with the Health Center?

Anthony too knew they would come.

"They're my oldest friends, darling," he explained to Ellen after they had left Victoria, "so I know just how much such a foolish idea as this will appeal to them. They'll all come rushing here intent on saving me from

myself."

Ellen's mouth brushed Anthony's cheek and her words were almost a caress, she spoke them so softly.

"Are you sure you should stay here, Anthony? Perhaps they're right. Perhaps you should go back to Chicago." And it was only the possessiveness of Anthony's embrace, the sweet forgetfulness in his kiss that wiped away the doubt.

Barry Howard was the first to arrive. "Why didn't you tell me?" he complained to Anthony, when Ellen was introduced to him. "It's obvious now why Victoria's had such a hard time persuading you to come back." He said it so gaily that Ellen smiled until she saw that Anthony was not amused.

Ronda and Jill and Curt came together. Ronda, so beautiful in the perfection of her features, in the olive of her complexion, and the burnished tawniness of her hair; Jill, so quick in her thrusts, so frank in her admiration for Anthony, in her amazement at his choice of a place to work; Curt, so obvious in his desire to speed up things, to make Anthony come to his senses, so they could all be out of here as quickly as possible.

Ellen, caught in the whirlwind of their exclamations, their greetings, the quick flurries of conversation, the jokes usually too sly and involved to be actually funny, began to see why Anthony had warned her.

"You won't like them, my darling," he'd told her, "though you'll think you should because they're my friends."

ELLEN *did* try. Barry Howard was the only one who seemed to sense what was in her mind. What was in her heart was there to be read by them all.

"Don't mind us," Barry told her. "If it were anybody but Anthony we'd never even be here. But now we think we've got to do our duty and save him from you."

Ellen thought, How could you dislike someone when he admitted that he was wrong? So she wasn't able to dislike Barry Howard. Actually, it was flattering that he should pay attention to her, for as Victoria—seeing his interest—had been quick to point out, he was Broadway's most successful song writer.

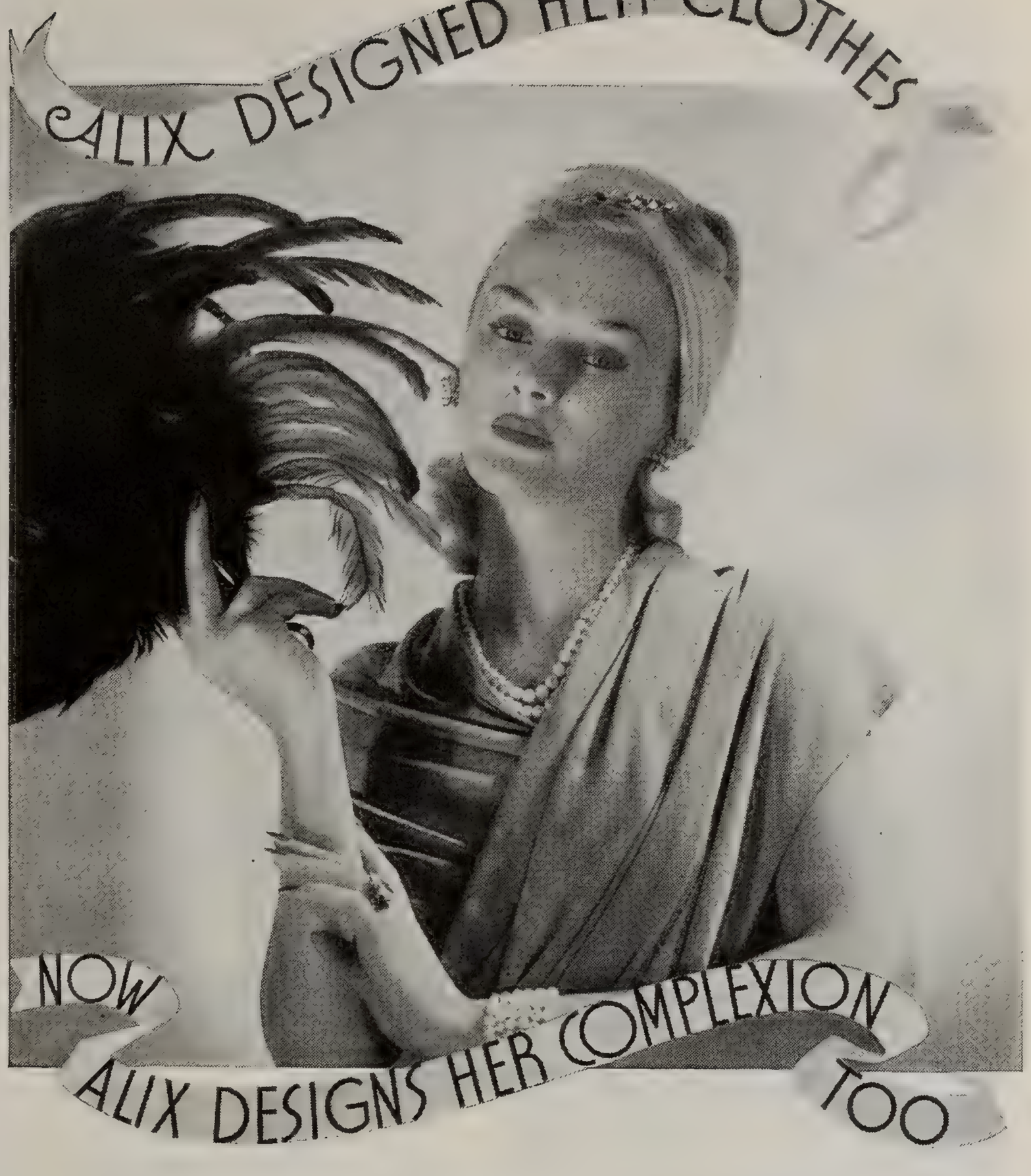
"Every beautiful woman in Manhattan has tried or is trying to get him to marry her," she said, "but so far he's succeeded in holding on to his freedom."

There were times when it seemed to Ellen as though Victoria had exaggerated Barry's desire to remain free. Or possibly it was because Ellen so obviously was Anthony's that he was attracted to her. Even Anthony remarked, wryly, "Better be careful or Barry Howard will be dedicating his newest song hit to you."

As a matter of fact, that was exactly what Barry told her, the next evening, he intended to do. It was flattery, of course. . . .

But not even flattery could make Ellen like the days that followed. It was absurd, the seemingly endless succession of lunches, of cocktails, of dinners—the same bright, brittle talk, the "what's doing tomorrow, Victoria?" Didn't these people have anything else to do? Weren't they needed somewhere, by someone? The tragedy of their empty lives was disturbing to Ellen.

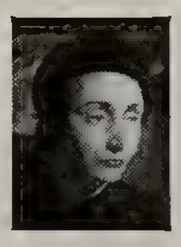
Ellen and Anthony managed one evening so that there was an hour



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Why I switched to **Meds**



—by a saiesgirl

The latest things always tempt me—especially if they're better than the old. And one modern thing I couldn't do without is *internal* sanitary protection. That's why I was so downright pleased when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Thanks to the "safety center," Meds make protection so sure. And Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators at this grand, low price.





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Noted NBC news analyst, H. V. Kaltenborn, and his wife, the former Baroness Olga von Nordenflycht, lunch at Hollywood's Brown Derby.

when just the two of them were together, sharing the exquisite peace where no words were continually being hurled into small breeches of quiet. Anthony's arm was around her, keeping warm the shoulder that her dinner dress left bare.

"Are they winning?" Ellen asked. "Are they taking you from me?"

Anthony's arm tightened around her. "If anything could have made me more sure that I belong here in Simpsonville it was seeing them all together again," he whispered.

Ellen thought of the dinner just over—remembering how Ronda had taken possession of Anthony, remembering Ronda's certainty and her quick laughter that always seemed to hold some second meaning, as if she were bidding Anthony laugh too at things only she and he knew of.

SHE asked timidly, "Ronda—she's beautiful, isn't she?"

"Beautiful—yes, of course. That's her career, so to speak. She spends all day at it. I once thought Ronda was very beautiful. Wonderful, in fact. I can't remember why."

He didn't even bother to try to conceal the old love Ellen had been sure had existed—and so she knew it was certainly dead. She sighed softly, happily. There was a faint fragrance of white lilacs in her hair and her lips, soft, yielding, were close to his.

It was Victoria who acknowledged their defeat. "You win," she told Anthony. "Tomorrow we all pack up and leave you to gloat over your triumph."

Barry called just before noon. "Our last day, Ellen," and somehow he managed to emphasize the words so that they meant only Ellen and himself.

"Yes," Ellen said.

"Won't you even say you're sorry to see us go?" Barry said.

"Do you want the truth?" Ellen asked.

"No," Barry replied quickly. "But you *will* go on the picnic, won't you?" he added. And when Ellen hesitated, he said, "You can't turn us down again, not after all the other times. And after all, this *is* the last party."

Even if Ellen had had Barry's own agility with words, she might still have agreed. It *was* the last time—

Barry drove by the tea room where Ellen was struggling against the tide of the noon hour rush. She was late, anyway, that morning. A letter had arrived from Peter Turner and Joyce—the first since their departure from Simpsonville—and the children, coming home from school, had demanded that it be read aloud to them at once. Ellen had found it strange, reading this matter-of-fact, carefully impersonal letter from a man who had once invaded her life so destructively. She was glad, for the children's sake, that there was no need to force the calmness of her voice as she read.

She had sent the children back to school and was carrying a tray full of dishes from the tea room into the kitchen when Barry appeared. He had a ridiculously large corsage of violets, and coming over to her, he took the tray out of her hands, giving her the flowers instead.

"Let me be the bus boy," he said.

When she held the violets with an exclamation of astonishment he smiled and said, "That's so you won't have to waste time picking them on the picnic."

When they were out on the sidewalk, Ellen asked curiously, "Where are the others?" "We're to meet them," Barry said, then, pointing to the back of the coupe, "Look!" Ellen saw an enormous hamper, with the fold of a white cloth caught in the cover. "Filled with the food of gods," Barry said.

"When is Anthony coming?" Ellen said.

"Don't ask me what a doctor's hours are," Barry smiled. "Get in," and he held the door open. "Perhaps I should call him," Ellen said. Barry slammed the door and ran around to his own side of the car. "Victoria's probably picking him up right now. She's arranged for everything. We'd better get started or we'll be late."

The sun was warm on Ellen's head and the wind pressed against her eyes as the car sped north towards the river. Honeysuckle, clinging to the banks at the road's side, was mixed with the heavy fragrance of fresh clover. Ellen flung her head

back and breathed the early summer air.

"Where is the picnic going to be?" Ellen asked.

"The river," Barry said. "Victoria and I found just the spot yesterday."

If he had been looking for the most secluded grounds in West Virginia, Ellen thought, as Barry turned off the highway and began a tortuous winding drive down a narrow clay lane, he couldn't have succeeded better. Brush pushed down against the passageway until branches were intertwined above the car roof, while others scratched the fenders. The quiet when they had stopped was suffocating. Dimly, through soaring elms, the June sun threw patterned shadows across the bank of the river where Barry laid out a luncheon cloth.

"We must be the first ones here," Ellen said, to break the quiet that pressed down on her.

"Looks like it," Barry said. "Help me?" he asked, struggling with the hamper. Ellen took the other handle and between them they carried it to the cloth.

"I never knew champagne weighed so much," Barry said. "Maybe it's the bucket of ice that goes with it."

"Champagne?" Ellen hadn't meant it to sound so much like a protest.

BARRY'S eyes held hers steadily until she looked away. "Champagne for a toast" he said, taking a bottle from its bed of ice. "A toast to the most beautiful woman I know, Ellen."

He drained the glass, then with the hamper open, "Now for something to eat," he suggested.

"Aren't we going to wait?" Ellen protested.

"Why should we? I'm hungry," Barry said. "Here, have a chicken leg. And some champagne."

Ellen shook her head. "I'll wait for the others, I think."

Barry cocked his head to one side and looked at her quizzically. "What are you trying to make me, the big bad wolf?" There was a quality of accusation in his voice. But he couldn't make her feel ridiculous now. The first indistinct tremor of doubt had passed and Ellen knew now that she was frightened. Barry drank the glass that he had filled for her.

"Barry, is this the first you've had to drink today?" Ellen said it quietly, her heart was beginning to pound.

"Practically," he smiled. "Just some champagne before I picked you up and you can drink that all day without anything happening. Why'd you ask?"

Ellen stirred uneasily. "What's happened to the rest of the party?" she said.

"Ellen," and there was a note of pleading, "I've a confession."

She knew before he spoke again what he was going to say. "There isn't any rest of the party. Wait," he caught her hand and held her. "I'll admit it was a rotten trick, but you'd never let me have a minute with you. I had to see you alone before I left. Ellen . . ."

His arm was around her now, gently, insistently.

"Barry!" Ellen struggled to keep panic out of her voice. His arm dropped to her side. "Barry, you know how I feel."

Barry said, "Sure, Anthony. You and he—" he began slowly. "Are going to be married," Ellen inter-



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posed quickly.

"Married?"

"Why—why not?" Ellen was uncertain for the first time.

"You and Anthony?" Barry said. "I don't think so, Ellen, and I don't believe you think so, either. I think you're just saying that."

Ellen stood up, her anger making her tremble. Barry jumped to his feet, his face flushed as he stood looking at her. "Wait, Ellen, I didn't mean . . ." the words trailed off. Suddenly he was holding her to him. "Ellen, I can't help it. I'm mad about you, have been from the beginning." His arms closed around her shoulders and his lips were seeking hers. "Barry!" she cried, and wrenched herself away.

"Oh you fool," she whispered. Color seeped up into Barry's face.

"Okay," he said. "Have it your way. As long as you don't think you're fooling me."

"What do you mean?" Ellen said and immediately regretted asking.

"About your marrying Anthony," Barry said, anger still making his words thick. "I don't care what's been said about you and that other doctor, that Peter Turner, but Anthony will."

"Oh," Ellen was sobbing as she walked to the car. Barry threw the hamper into the back and started the engine.

"Have you asked your children yet?" Barry said, and with a jerk of the wheel backed out and around towards the lane. The tears came then, hot, shameful tears. If it were only the champagne that had made Barry talk the way he had to her! She sat rigid as they came into Simpsonville. Without a word, Barry drove to Victoria's, but when he had stopped and helped Ellen out of the car she could see that the long drive had sobered him a little.

A GAY confusion of voices and laughter greeted her as she went in the house and then her heart froze as she saw the little boy standing there so defiantly in the midst of the crowd. It was Mark, her baby, his knickers that he played baseball in straggling down over his legs, a pin holding them at the waist, his face streaked with mud from the game.

"Oh, darling," Ronda greeted, "isn't he just too precious? We just had a scavenger hunt and I had to find a village urchin. Wasn't I lucky, finding him? And he's precious, really, if you see under all the grime."

Ellen didn't try to hold back the tears as she went to Mark and took him in her arms. She had never known what shame, real shame for people, meant before. She felt a sickening sense of loathing as she turned to face the others, and then she saw Anthony coming in, his eyes darkening as he looked at Mark clinging to her so desperately.

Someone came over to her then and when she looked up, she saw Barry and all the hate and mockery was gone from his eyes.

"It was Ronda's idea of a joke, Ellen. Let's say it was, anyway. Her sense of humor works like this, but I never knew it could be so cruel. You shouldn't blame her too much, or the rest of us, either. We know the truth too. That we're useless, time wasters, always trying to hide our uselessness.

"That's why we're leaving and why Anthony's staying."

Then Anthony was leading her to the door, Mark's hand tightly in hers. It was a relief, crying with Anthony's arm so protectively about her and Mark wasn't sobbing so, now that he was free of Ronda and the others.

"I hate those people," Mark said vehemently.

"No, Mark," Ellen said. "You mustn't hate them, you must feel sorry for them."

SHE told Anthony that night, when Mark had been put into his bed, told him what had happened between her and Barry, but what he had said to her, she couldn't tell. It was sweet, then, his lips finding hers in the dusk, his arms holding her again in that secret world of their own, secure in the knowledge that no matter what bitterness had touched them, they were still together.

Then a voice was cutting across her happiness and she trembled as she left Anthony's arms.

"Mother!" It was Janey's voice, frightened, bewildered, protesting. Ellen saw her, standing in the doorway, looking at them, her small face contracted against the tears that were so close. "Oh Mummy, why was he kissing you?" The child's words came frantically. "Where's Peter? I thought you loved Peter." Janey was crying.

"Darling," Ellen whispered despairingly, afraid to look at Anthony, feeling him stiffen beside her at the mention of Peter's name—as if he, too, had heard and remembered Barry's words that afternoon. Quickly she went to Janey, knowing that Anthony was watching her, looking at her as if he knew he had already lost her.

Will it take more ruthlessness than Ellen possesses to tell her children that she hopes to marry again? In next month's chapter of "Young Widder Brown" she takes a daring step in the hope of solving this new problem that faces her. Be sure to read about it in the July issue of RADIO MIRROR.



Say Hello To—

PAUL LAVAL—composer-conductor-musician who's heard every week on many NBC programs. He's best known as the conductor of the famous Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, in which he features his Children's Boogie Woogie Suites. Paul began his musical career at fourteen, playing the clarinet in his brother's band. He's still an accomplished clarinetist, and frequently plays in the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Toscanini. The radio is the only place you can hear him—he's refused many offers to take a band on the road for theater and hotel dates. He does his own arranging, and some of his clever ideas have won wide attention. He's a protege of Dr. Frank Black, NBC's famous musical director.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 7*)

This logic is backed up with proof. After two decades in the music world, Abe Lyman is still a top attraction. He just finished a lucrative 10-week engagement in Miami, cut a flock of Bluebird records, and is now in the midst of a road tour. His NBC commercials are in their eighth consecutive year.

Abe thoroughly enjoys his continued success because he vividly recalls his near-penniless childhood days. His father was a lowly fruit peddler in Chicago's streets. There were six other children besides Abe, and most of the time the father left the choicest fruits in his stock at home for seven growing youngsters to eat.

These circumstances curtailed Abe's education. He never finished public school. But he learned plenty selling papers, helping his father, driving cabs, and playing a poor set of drums in a nickelodeon. Though quickly fired from the last occupation, Abe decided it had a much better future than barking back at traffic cops. He splurged his savings and organized a band of his own when he was eighteen.

AFTER a few years of mediocre results, Abe's band was booked into the Los Angeles Cocoanut Grove for six weeks. The movie crowd, weary of pale-faced, sleek haired leaders, found the gruff, six-foot-two, leather lunged Chicagoan refreshing. When Wallace Beery and Harold Lloyd sat in with the band, Lyman's reputation was set.

One of the film stars, unused to Abe's booming voice, asked him why he talked so loudly.

"Listen," explained Abe, "did you ever try whispering when driving a cab?"

Lyman is reputed to be one of the wealthiest bandleaders. He invested wisely in his brother's string of West Coast drive-in restaurants and also backs a fleet of Chicago taxicabs.

His benevolent gestures are famous. One of his most serious endeavors is helping refugees from Europe. Just this season he financed a troupe of chorus girls, stranded in a Florida night club. Staffs of theaters and night clubs pray for a Lyman engagement during Christmas week. He tips lavishly and ushers, doormen, busboys, and cigarette girls usually mistake him for Santa Claus.

Abe is in his forties but is still considered an eligible bachelor. His name has been linked, from time to time, with such eyefuls as Hannah Williams (before she married Abe's pal, Jack Dempsey), the late Thelma Todd, Arline Judge, and Eleanor Powell. Right now his vocalist, Rose Blane, seems to be his constant companion on and off the bandstand.

But Abe is dubious about married life. He explains why:

"Years ago I fell for a pretty brunette in a vaudeville show. I was sitting outside her dressing room when I suddenly made up my mind to take the plunge. So I yelped, 'Will you marry me?' She said no because my proposal lacked glamor."

That was the first and last time Abe

(*Continued on page 77*)

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Alix Sherri, of the Cleveland staff, is noted for her pert, fresh-as-a-daisy blonde loveliness.



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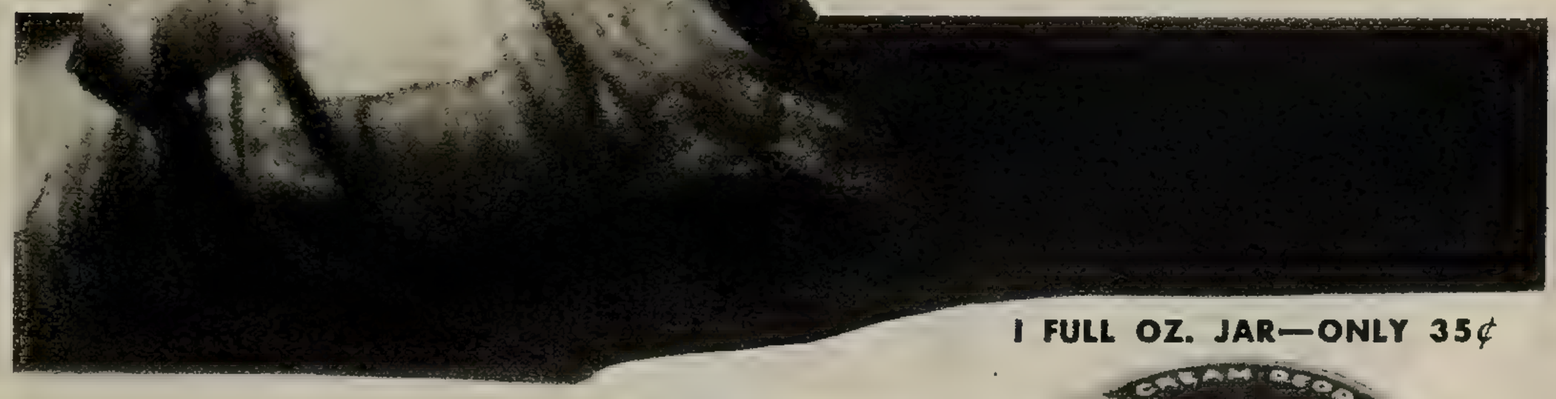
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THE LIFE AND LOVE OF

Deanna Durbin

Hollywood's Greatest Love Story—Revealed by Adela Rogers St. Johns

WHEN delightful little Deanna Durbin first flashed into your consciousness a few short years ago you welcomed a new and charming personality to your list of screen favorites, and into your heart. From Three Smart Girls up through a succession of other hit pictures to her latest, Nice Girl?, you watched her film career and her personal loveliness blossom into full flower while romance grew into betrothal and, almost before you knew it, the date was set when Deanna Durbin would become Mrs. Vaughn Paul!

Of course, you want to know everything, all the details, all the wise consideration, all the little-known elements that combined to make this triumphant romance into Hollywood's greatest love story. And Photoplay-Movie Mirror wants you to know. To tell you, we enlisted the aid of Adela Rogers St. Johns, noted biographer and reporter to whom all Hollywood is an open book. And now her fascinating study of the Life and Love of Deanna Durbin is yours to read, to enjoy and to treasure, beginning in the new June issue, now on sale. Recognize it at the nearest newsstand by the full color portrait of Deanna on the cover. Get your copy now.





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Did you know that in the home of Cesar Romero there is a bridal suite — undecorated, unfurnished — yet? Some day, someone is going to be its mistress. For her is reserved the exquisite privilege of planning and supervising its future loveliness. If the opportunity were yours, how would you arrange it? Photoplay-Movie Mirror reveals for you by plan and by picture the layout of this suite-in-waiting. Yours to study in the new June issue.

June Photoplay-Movie Mirror Also Brings You These Fascinating Features From Filmdom

A New Love for Lamour • The Three Nicest Women in Hollywood, by Hedda Hopper • What Ann Sheridan Learned in Exile • Meet the Girl With the "Immoral" Hair • The Real Story of the Draft, and Jimmy Stewart • Footnotes on Kisses, Pictures You Should Not Miss • Full Color Portraits of Lana Turner, Robert Young, Ann Sothern, Paulette Goddard • Another Thought-Provoker by "Fearless." Of course, you'll find the usual wealth of information in the regular specialized departments which always make Photoplay-Movie Mirror doubly interesting. Remember, two great magazines for the price of one!

Fascinating Map of Hollywood

How would you like an illustrated map of Hollywood showing where the stars live, work, play and hold their parties? Photoplay-Movie Mirror has a limited supply of maps of Hollywood drawn by the famous artist, Russell Patterson, 14" x 22", beautifully printed in two colors. While they last, readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror can secure them for only 10c each (coin or stamps). Address all requests to Photoplay-Movie Mirror Hollywood Map, Dept. W.G.6, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 75*)

ever proposed. He says he won't change his technique.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Duke Ellington: "Flamingo" and "Girl in My Dreams" (Victor 27326). A haunting tropical ballad that gets more enchanting on successive playings.

Russ Morgan: "Dolores" and "Last Time I Saw Paris" (Decca 3606). Cute capers from "Las Vegas Nights" and this year's nostalgic hit make a neat double.

Xavier Cugat: "In Chi-chi-Costenego" and "Let's Steal a Tune" (Columbia 35964). A rumba and beguine coupled for easy listening.

Tommy Dorsey: "You Might Have Belonged to Another" and "Look at Me Now." (Victor 27274). Two winners from T.D.'s "Fame and Fortune" program given polished vocal treatment by Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines and the Pied Pipers.

Bing Crosby: "Santa Fe Trail" and "I'd Know You Anywhere" (Decca 3565). Your monthly Crosby carol. They're both ASCAP tunes and Bing shows why he misses them on his broadcasts.

Dick Jurgens: "My Silent Love" and "Night and Day" (Okeh 6022). Two romantic oldies that easily stand up when played by this Chicago band.

Vaughn Monroe: "Lone Star Trail" and "I Do Mean You" (Bluebird 11013). This band is selling fast on records and they tell me the leader's vocals do the trick.

Some Like It Swing:

Metronome All Star Band: "One O'Clock Jump" and "Bugle Call Rag" (Victor 27314). Buddy Rich, Benny Goodman, Tex Beneke, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Count Basie, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Christian and other swing virtuosos all on one record that doesn't lose too much by having a pair of mediocre arrangements.

Harry James: "Music Makers" and "Montevideo" (Columbia 35932). The best swing disk of the month thanks to excellent ensemble work.

Gene Krupa: "Apurksody" and "Jungle Madness" (Okeh 5997). The drummer man's band is slowly developing into one of the nation's best. That odd title is just Krupa spelled backwards.

Andrew Sisters: "Bounce Me Brother," and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" (Decca 3598). Just what you would expect from this trigger-quick trio. Will Bradley and Ray McKinley's drums handle the former tune capably on Columbia 35967 with a unique piano and drum session called "Southpaw Serenade" on the reverse.

Artie Shaw: "Beau Night in Hatchkiss Corners" and "Calypso" (Victor 27315). Sort of a rural "Tuxedo Junction" and singer Anita Boyer makes it sound almost as good as its smash predecessor.

(Recommended Albums of the month are Carmen Cavallero's piano solos for Decca; Raymond Paige's over-arranged "Musical Americana" on Victor; Ethel Merman's zippy "Panama Hattie" grouping for Decca, and Columbia's memorial tribute to Hal Kemp.)

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Hats Off!

By
DR. GRACE GREGORY



Dresser set, courtesy of Pro-phy-lac-tic

For that extra hair loveliness you must brush, brush, brush— says Elizabeth Reller, co-star of CBS' Young Doctor Malone.

IN JUNE your hair is certainly on parade. Everyone goes around without a hat as much as possible. Now is the time when beautifully groomed hair, artistically arranged, is the main requisite. There is no fairer test of you, because a little regular time, effort, and taste is all that you need for hair loveliness.

When I first saw Elizabeth Reller I thought she had the most perfectly groomed hair in the world. It was burnished. I do *not* mean sleek—I mean glossy, like rich satin. It shone. It had the loveliest highlights and shadows. It was arranged trimly, not a hair out of place—but not severely.

That kind of hair means plenty of shampoos and rinses, and brush, brush, brush! "A hundred strokes a night, Elizabeth?" "At least that," said she.

You all know Elizabeth Reller, the co-star in Young Doctor Malone, with her lovely trained voice and fine acting. You hear her on CBS, at 2:00 P. M., E. D. S. T., and again at 6:00 P. M. The voice and acting, like that wonderful hair, are no accident but a result of careful training. She had two years in Swarthmore, majoring in drama, and two years at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. There she won a citation for mastery of an English accent. But when she came home and radio seized her, she had to lose that accent overnight.

Miss Reller has a long success story of honors won on the radio, but I'd rather tell you about herself—her charm, her intelligence, her genuineness. However you imagine her when you hear her in one of your favorite rôles, you may be sure that the girl herself is all you imagine and more.

The first requisite for beautiful hair, says Elizabeth, is a good brush, properly used. A really good brush is an investment. It will last for years, no matter how often you wash it.



Keep your brush clean by washing it several times a week—combs, too, of course. A little of your shampoo may be used for cleaning brushes and combs more efficiently than ordinary soap. A comb and brush cleaner helps, too. For an extra gloss on the hair, slip your brush into an old silk stocking. The bristles will come through sufficiently, and the silk helps give a polish.

Shampoo as often as your hair requires; at least every two weeks. For dandruff use antiseptic rinses or special shampoos if necessary, and shampoo more frequently.

Follow every shampoo with a special rinse to bring out the beauty of your hair. I'll be the first to tell you when any old-fashioned beauty secret is good; but I definitely do not recommend the vinegar rinse our grandmothers used before there were better ones available.

Beautifully-cared-for hair deserves beautiful arrangement. Your coiffure begins with hair-shaping and a permanent. Have the best. It's cheaper in the long run. Your permanent will last you six months at least. I like the kind that is done with little preheated clips, by experts. A good permanent looks smart and natural all the time.

There is a trick professional models have when they are taking a lot of dresses off and on, to preserve the hair-do. They take a large handkerchief of georgette or some other thin material, throw it over the head and hold one corner between the lips. Try it! Not a hair gets out of place. There are net caps and hoods for the same purpose. The net caps have other uses, however, such as protecting your wave at night or concealing curlers.

Some women seem to think they have to choose between a becoming hair-do and a smart one. Nonsense! There never was a time when you could not select from among the latest fashions, and then modify your selection. Here are a few don'ts. If your neck is short, please, no fullness between the shoulder and the ear. Either do the hair up, or let the bob end below the shoulder. Unless you have a young face with regular features, avoid severe effects such as the hair skinned tightly to a topknot or almost straight back. If you are in doubt, go to a really good hairdresser and have him style your hair for you.

Some women just miss getting their hair-do right because they try to handle the hair all at once. It cannot be done that way. Part your hair into four, five, or six sections and make the necessary pin-curls for each section. With a little dexterity, you can "set" your hair in an almost professional way, using bob-pins to hold each pin-curl securely.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY ★ ★ ★ ★

(*Continued from page* 18)

his shoulder, as if in afterthought, "It seems his lordship hasn't been X-rayed. A precaution, my lady, that should be taken as soon as possible. I've spoken to Dr. Maccrae."

Then, finally, Sunday knew. It was a grotesque, childish game they were all playing. One of those games that are played, by custom, in the dark. She, Henry, Dr. Maccrae, Dr. Fergusson—and, for all she knew, Aunt Alice as well—were aware that something more serious than a broken leg had happened to Henry in that plane crash. And all of them were keeping a conspiracy of silence. The doctors, she guessed at once, were as puzzled as anyone.

She met Maccrae as he was leaving Henry's room, and faced him with a new bravery.

"Please," she said, "stop trying to spare me. I know something is wrong. Tell me all you can. It will be easier for me if you do."

He gave her a look of quizzical despair. "I suppose I shall have to. . . . But it's not simple. You see, there's so little we do know." He drew her a little down the hall, away from the possibility of being overheard by Henry. "There *is* something. His chest . . . I won't be technical. The point is that strange things sometimes happen in wartime. Dr. Fergusson, this afternoon, succeeded in making Lord Henry admit something he hadn't told anyone else. Ever since he crashed, his chest has pained him. He thinks he must have been thrown against the frame of the cockpit, or whatever they call the things—"

"Then why didn't he tell us?" Sunday cried in despair.

"You know your husband, Lady Brinthrope. You know how he hates feeling that he is dependent—not fit. So many people are like that. They think if they ignore pain it will go away. That's what he did. Foolish—but very human."

"But how serious is it?"

"That's what we don't know. We'll have to wait until we've taken some X-rays. Meanwhile, I think we should keep up the deception Lord Brinthrope himself started. One of the most important things is to keep him from worrying."

KEEP up the deception. The words echoed and re-echoed in Sunday's thoughts throughout the next three weeks. She thought of them when she joked with Henry about the "pictures" they made when they wheeled him into the East wing of the Castle, where the X-ray camera had been installed. She thought of them when she made an excuse to leave the room because she could see that Henry was suffering and would not give way to that suffering in front of her. Most of all, she thought of them when Dr. Maccrae passed on to her the story the photographs told.

A chip—a splinter of bone had lodged in the lung tissues, obviously as a result of the knocking-about Henry had taken in the plane. "It's not important," Dr. Maccrae told her. "That is—not immediately. Potentially, it might be."

There was a silence. Sunday said in a small voice, "Potentially? I don't think I know what you mean."

"I've talked to Dr. Fergusson. He wants Lord Brinthrope to leave England as soon as he's strong enough, and go to America."

"To . . . America? But what for?"

"There's a doctor there, in Virginia, named Abbott. As it happens, he'd be the best doctor in the world for Lord Henry right now. Besides, he needs a dry, sunny climate. Scotland—any part of England, as far as that goes—is particularly bad for him in his present condition."

Sunday sketched a confused gesture in the air. It was too sudden—too complete a change in their lives for her to grasp. "I can't quite— Is it necessary?"

"It's advisable."

"Suppose Henry won't go?"

"Then you're the only one that can persuade him," the young doctor told her.

"When . . . ?"

"As soon as possible. Lord Henry should be able to walk with a cane in another two weeks. There should be no reason to stay in England later than that."

Sunday took an uncertain step toward Henry's room. "I'll go talk to him."

"Perhaps—" Maccrae was ill at ease. "Perhaps it would be better, Lady Brinthrope, if you made all arrangements first. He might accept it better that way."

HE was right, of course, she realized. Still, it was hard to be doing something, for the first time in their married lives, without consulting Henry first. The busy days of packing, of reserving places on the Clipper, of arranging with others to take over management of the hospital, filled her with a sense almost of guilt. Henry would be furious when he knew.

And Henry was. After the first stunned exclamation when she told him the plans, he listened in white-faced silence to her stumbling explanations—explanations in which she tried to steer a hazardous course between impressing him with the necessity of the move and quieting the panic that was certain to come when he realized that he was ill enough to be in danger here in England.

"And it all boils down to the fact," he said at last, "that I am an invalid."

"No, Henry! Nothing of the kind! It's just—" she struggled to find the words that would convince without hurting—"it's as if you wanted to grow a special kind of plant. You'd go to the climate that was best for it, and you'd call in the gardener who knew most about cultivating it—"

"Meaning that my health is that plant? Rather a tender growth, I should say," he interrupted with savage irony. "And hardly worth cultivating."

"Henry—darling, don't say such things!" The plea was wrung from her; she had intended not to let emotion enter into this matter, fearing that it would rasp his nerves to new rawness. But, unexpectedly, he softened, looked at her once more as if she were his wife and not some annoying stranger.

"Poor Sunday," he said ruefully. "It's pretty terrible for you, isn't it? Having a husband who isn't a husband—one you have to coddle and plan for, like a child!"



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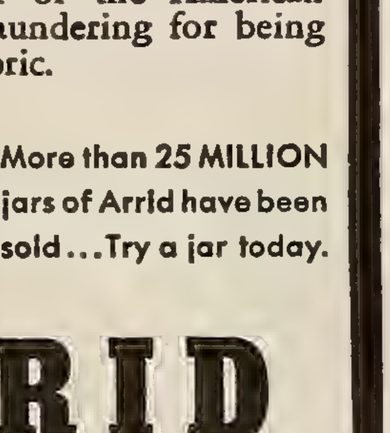
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TRIMAL

"It isn't terrible!" she exclaimed, and then, realizing how that sounded, blundered on, "I just feel so—"

"Sorry for me," he supplied bitterly, which wasn't at all what she had meant, but was near enough to it that she couldn't protest. "Well, thanks. But it isn't very pleasant, either, to know that you're an object of pity to your wife." He stood up; he had been navigating with a cane for two days now. "All right, we'll go," he said in a lifeless way. "Since I'm useless, I might as well be useless in America as in England."

She refrained from further argument. He had grudgingly allowed her to carry her point, and that, just now, was the important thing..

The journey was a form of nightmare. They made a small caravan: Alice, and the two children, and Jackey and Lively, and Henry and herself, with the minimum amount of luggage which nevertheless seemed far too much. Scotland to London by train, London to Croydon by car, Croydon to Lisbon by air . . . noise, confusion, hours of waiting . . . a frenzied sortie in search of Lonnie who had wandered away and was finally discovered in absorbed contemplation of a family of middle-European refugees. Then the Clipper: a feeling of unreality as the motors roared and the huge machine lifted itself so lightly from the water, and winged away into hours of blankness and boredom.

THROUGH it all Henry was quiet, aloof. It was not a pose. He made an effort to adjust himself to the necessity of going to America, nodded and smiled and even volunteered comments of his own when Sunday spoke to him, held Lonnie on his lap and talked to him about the things they saw from the windows of their various conveyances. But somehow, in spite of all this, he was not really there. Some part of him—some vital part—had been left behind, in England.

He had not kissed Sunday since he learned they were going to America.

It would be better, she insisted to herself, when they were in Virginia. Dr. Abbott expected them, he had cabled that he had leased a home into which they could move immediately upon their arrival. Black Swan Hall in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia—it had a nice sound, a peaceful sound, conjuring up visions of a gracious building not too unlike Henry's own Brinthrope Manor, surrounded by lovely country the very sight of which would calm Henry's hurt, angry heart.

Sunday's hand went to her breast, touched, through the good tweed of her traveling suit, the tiny hardness of the ivory figure on its chain. Perhaps she should throw it away. It could be nothing, now, but a reminder that those little twin figures, that should always have been together, were separated. One of them had been lost in the war. . . .

They paused for an hour at the New York airfield before taking another plane for Virginia. At any other time Sunday would have wanted to stay in New York a few days, to rest and shop and go to the theater, but now she could think of nothing but driving wearily on to the goal that had begun to seem like a haven—Black Swan Hall. There was little enough they could see of it when they finally arrived that night, making the last stage of the journey in a limousine Dr. Abbott had sent to meet them at the airport. A shapeless mass of darkness loomed against the softer darkness of a hill behind; lights glowed cheerfully from windows on the first floor.

Drugged with fatigue, the party stumbled out of the car and across the threshold, into a hall where a colored woman as broad as she was tall announced that her name was Gloriana and that supper was waiting in the dining room.

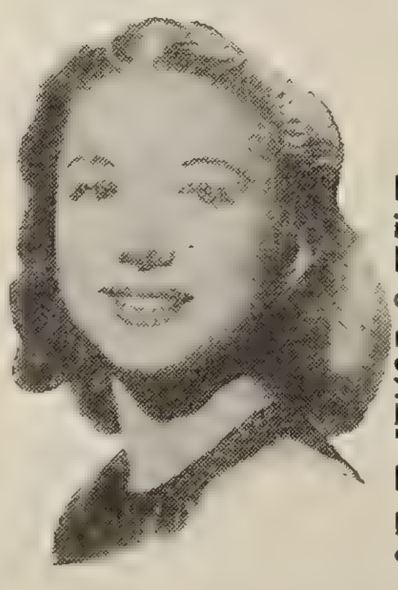
"We had something to eat on the plane," Sunday spoke for them all. "I think all we really want now is a chance to get some sleep."

Gloriana looked instantly disapproving, but she and another colored girl led them upstairs and into ornately furnished rooms. "This-here one for the children," she instructed, "right next door to the master an' missus."

Sunday felt, rather than saw, Henry tense in embarrassed protest. She said quickly, her heart a leaden weight, "Lord Brinthrope and I will take separate rooms, Gloriana. Adjoining, if possible," she added, determined not to let Henry cut himself off from help if he should need it in the night. Behind her, she was aware of sudden silence among Alice, Jackey and Lively; she swept on with Gloriana, unheeding.

At last she was alone, in a room which connected by a closed door with Henry's. She was thankful now for the weariness that kept her from remembering too vividly that horrible moment in the hall. Tomorrow she would think about it, try to decide why Henry had so unmistakably not wanted her with him. She took off her clothes and crept into the four-posted bed. It seemed terribly big, terribly cold.

DR. ABBOTT, who called the next morning, was tall and middle-aged and immediately comforting. He had



Say Hello To—

PHYLLIS DOBSON—who came from a stage career to play roles in Uncle Walter's Dog House dramas every Tuesday night over NBC-Red. Phyllis, besides being good to look at, is talented as a composer, a singer, an aviatrix and an actress. She wrote several new BMI dance tunes, and she holds her own airplane pilot's license. She first appeared in the movies when she was fifteen years old, and just before making her debut on the air was in the stage play, "The Little Foxes," with Tallulah Bankhead. And with all that talent, Phyllis has just turned twenty-two—her birthday was April 23. She's pretty and graceful, keeps in good condition by riding horseback and playing lots of tennis, and being well dressed is her hobby.

a brusque manner which seemed to imply that any and every illness was a nuisance, an impudent trespasser, and that he would soon see to sending it on about its business. Sunday liked him immensely.

After an exchange of civilities he carried Henry off in his car for a visit to his surgery, and Sunday was left alone at Black Swan Hall. Really alone, for Jackey and Lively had taken Lonnie to explore the grounds while Alice was in the children's room with David, writing letters to England. Sunday walked from room to room, anxiously followed by Gloriana, admiring the old furniture with which the place was filled, stopping now and then at a window to look out over a broad sweep of lawn to a miniature lake where real black swans floated with dignity.

"It's lovely!" she said finally. "Simply beautiful. And you keep it in such wonderful condition, Gloriana."

A prideful grin split the broad black face. "I tries to, Miss Sunday." Gloriana had already tackled "Lady Brinthrope," found it beyond her powers to remember, and settled on a simpler form of address.

"Lord Henry and I are going to be very happy here, I know." Sunday spoke a little defiantly, and was the more dismayed when Gloriana, instead of agreeing, answered doubtfully, "I hopes so."

"WHAT do you mean, Gloriana?" Sunday asked.

"Nothin'," Gloriana said quickly, obviously lying, just as obviously bursting to tell what she had in mind but uncertain of the proprieties.

"But you must have meant something," Sunday insisted. "Please tell me."

"Well'm . . . If I'd knowed you an' Mister Henry was so young an' fresh to bein' married, I'd never of let Mister Abbott rent this-here place for you," Gloriana said heavily. "It ain't no house for married couples to be happy in."

"Why not?" Sunday told herself she should be amused at the old woman's forebodings, but somehow she was not. "I think it's a lovely house."

"Mebbe so. But"—Gloriana's eyes grew large with superstitious wonder—"there ain't never been a married couple here that stayed married, Miss Sunday. Not since I or anybody else knows of. Mister Adrian Fairbrook—his wife was killed while they was out huntin'. An' Mister Ronald Fairbrook, what owns the house now—well," Gloriana pursed her lips primly, "Miss Marlin, his wife, went up north two years ago an' ain't been seen 'round here since."

Sunday laughed. You couldn't do anything but laugh. "My husband and I will try to break the spell, Gloriana," she said. But the old servant's gloomy prophecies stayed uncomfortably with her for the rest of the morning. If the unknown Ronald Fairbrook and his wife suffered from a ruined marriage, the beginnings of that break-up must have been in themselves, not in the house—and that thought led her inevitably to the point she had been trying to avoid. What had happened to the love she and Henry had had in such abundance?

Nothing, on her side. It was still as it had been when she was first married. She did not really live when he was away from her. She adored everything that was Henry—his well-



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cut clothes, his hands with the fine golden hairs across the backs and knuckles, the stubborn set of his jaw when he was angry, his British reticence, the way his voice lingered over the word "darling" and the way it clipped off parts of words in ordinary speech.

She would not have him different, not in even the smallest particular. If he had stopped loving her, it must be her fault, not his.

Suppose it was neither's fault, though? Could it really be only because of his illness? She knew that Henry had a fanatical pride in his body; to him, it was almost a sin not to be "fit." He might feel ashamed of his weakness, of the illness that had so rudely intruded into the finely controlled mechanism of his health. He might believe that she *could* not love a man who had been told by doctors to rest, avoid exertion, coddle himself; and believing this, perhaps he had turned away from accepting an unworthy counterfeit.

But that was silly! Sunday clenched small fists in resentment. Didn't he realize that it wasn't only his body she loved, but the real Henry of which the body was only a small part? He could have been crippled completely, and not one tiny scrap of her love for him would have been lost.

Absorbed in her thoughts, she had wandered outside, to the broad, grassy terrace that ran around the front of the house. It was warm with the friendly warmth of late spring; a humming-bird darted before her eyes and hovered over a blanket of honeysuckle that grew up a wall. Amid such peace, how could she and Henry help but find understanding once more!

"Lady Brinthrope?"

Startled, she whirled. A young man, dressed in a riding habit, had come quietly across the grass. He was slender, dark, and now he smiled apologetically, showing even, white teeth. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. My name is Ronald Fairbrook. I own Black Swan Hall, and I rode over this morning to see if everything is satisfactory."

"Oh—quite satisfactory," she murmured, a little dizzily, trying to fix this man against the story Gloriana had so recently told her about a Ronald Fairbrook. Then she realized she was staring at him, and blushed as she held out her hand. "I'm so glad to meet you. My husband is away now, but I expect him back for lunch. Won't you stay?"

"I'd be very happy to," he said gravely. "It's some time since I've enjoyed some of Gloriana's excellent cooking."

The mention of Gloriana's name was like a rebuke—as if he had looked into her mind and seen there the thought of him and the wife who had gone away. Another fancy, Sunday admitted to herself wearily. She seemed to be full of them these days.

Ronald Fairbrook was really a pleasant person, she thought when she had led him into the drawing room and offered him some sherry. He talked well and amusingly, and he smiled often—but only with his lips, she saw; his eyes never smiled at all. He spoke of riding, and offered her and Henry the use of his stable. Somehow, it was not difficult to tell him that Henry was convalescing from an illness and would be unable to ride, and to agree that perhaps she might herself take advantage of his offer—although privately she had no intention of doing so.

Henry came in soon after noon, and her heart melted in gratitude to Dr. Abbott, who had remained in his office, when she saw that he was in better spirits than he had been for days. Suddenly there was a new atmosphere in the room, one of gayety and good-tempered sociability. Henry and Fairbrook liked each other; Alice and Jackey and Lively came in with the children and there were introductions and pleasant chatter. For a brief hour or so she allowed herself to hope that all Henry needed were company, relaxation, new surroundings.

Then Ronald had left, and she and Henry were alone together. "Nice chap," Henry said, filling his pipe. "Thoughtful of him to offer you a horse."

"Um-hmm," Sunday agreed. "I wouldn't think of taking him up on it, though."

Henry's thumb, busy tamping down tobacco, stopped moving. He held her with a sharp glance of his eyes.

"You wouldn't? But why not, I'd like to know?"

"I'd rather be here with you," Sunday said simply. "It wouldn't be any fun riding if you couldn't be along."

"What absolute rot!" Henry spoke with still, fierce anger. "You're not a child, Sunday. It ought to be possible for you to exist independently—at least to the extent of putting yourself on a horse and riding it for an hour or so!"

His face had gone quite white, and his whole body was trembling a little. Sunday felt all the foundations of her life—insecure now for so many days—swept out from under her by one great rush of misery.

"Henry!" she stammered. "Darling—I don't understand you—"

"No? I thought I made myself perfectly plain. For heaven's sake, Sunday, don't stand there looking as if I'd hit you! I simply wish you would not insist upon being so confoundedly dependent on me all the time. It's not good for you, or for me. You ought to learn—" He broke off, anger making him unable to find the words he wanted, and there was a silence between them.

"You're trying to tell me," Sunday said at last, weakly, "you're trying to tell me that my love—is a burden to you?"

"Not a burden—of course not!" The words were as if wrung from him. "Don't talk melodrama. I'm only trying to explain that we're two individuals, each with our own resources—minds—likes and dislikes—personalities. Whatever you want to call them. And I can't have you submerging yourself entirely in me."

"I thought that was what marriage was for." Tears were in her eyes, spilling over to run down her cheeks. She made no effort to check them, she hardly knew they were there.

"In romances, yes. Not in real life." He closed his eyes and pressed the thumb and forefinger of his right hand against the lids in a gesture of unutterable weariness. "I'm sorry I said anything, Sunday. You don't understand, and there's no way I can make you understand. Forget it. I think I'll go up to my room."

"Henry!" she called. "I'll go riding—I'll do anything you want me to—if it will make you happier."

"Please do exactly what *you* want to do!" he said savagely, and strode from the room.

Once, Sunday thought dully, she always went to Jackey or Lively when she was unhappy—when something had happened at school or she needed advice desperately on some childish problem. But this problem wasn't childish, and Jackey and Lively were barred from her. She had no right to confuse and upset them with something that lay entirely between herself and Henry. No right—even though she longed for the reassurance of their rough, inarticulate love and sympathy.

Moving slowly, she went to the telephone and called Ronald Fairbrook. When she hung up again she had made an appointment to go riding with him the next morning.

LIFE at Black Swan Hall settled down into an even, muted routine. Henry neither repeated his outburst of the first day, nor did he mention it again. Every day, while he visited Dr. Abbott, Sunday rode with Ronald Fairbrook. In the afternoons Henry disappeared to his room, and Sunday

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played with the children or drove with Alice to the village to shop. In the evening there was dinner—with perhaps Fairbrook or Dr. and Mrs. Abbott as guests—and an early bedtime. But frequently at night Sunday heard Henry moving about in his room, saw a telltale sliver of light under the door, heard his smothered spasms of coughing.

It was a truce, more than anything else. It could not last. Sunday knew that eventually her nerves would break under the strain of living in the same house with Henry, wanting him to take her in his arms and tell her he loved her, longing for something better than the casual friendliness with which he treated her. If he really hated her, she sometimes agonized, it would be easier than this temperate, bloodless relationship.

Once, coming in rosy from her ride, she found him working at the desk in the study, and without giving herself time to be afraid of being repulsed, crept up behind him and put her arms around his neck. Later, she reflected that under the circumstances it had probably been a very foolish thing to do. But, probably because her action had been so unpremeditated and natural, he was not angry.

He leaped to his feet and stood defensively, facing her, his back to the desk. "Sunday!" he said. "I didn't expect you back so soon."

"It's almost twelve o'clock," Sunday pointed out. "We had a glorious ride."

Still standing uncomfortably against the desk, he asked, "You like Fairbrook?"

"Of course I like him." Could Henry possibly be a little bit jealous? she thought in sudden hope. Not that she wanted him to suffer the agony of jealousy, but it would prove he had not quite put her out of his heart. "He's very entertaining—and very sweet."

She was standing close to him; for once he had not thrown up a barrier of distance between them. Her hand crept to his shoulder, and a current of love for him ran through her. She could hardly master the longing to press him close, closer, let her love flow through and over him so that he could not hold out against it. Instead, she looked up and said timidly, "But no one's as entertaining—or as sweet—as you. Have you forgotten that I love you?"

"No," he said. "No, I haven't forgotten that." The last words were like a sigh. He leaned down and kissed her—but it was not a kiss, it was only a pat on the head for a child, a gesture of dismissal. "Run along, dear. I've work to do."

She could not let him see how much his coldness wounded her. To cover her emotion, she peered around his shoulder. "What are you working on?"

In a flash he had pushed her away, was gathering papers together higgledy-piggledy in his hands. "Nothing, Sunday!" he snapped. "Please don't bother me—hereafter I guess I'd better work in my own room!"

It was such lightning alterations of mood as this, such unpredictable swinging from gravity to anger, that made Sunday feel as if she were groping through a dark and unfamiliar room whenever she spoke to Henry. At any moment she was so likely to stumble against an obstacle the outlines of which she could just dimly grasp. She knew only that he was desperately unhappy, but all her efforts to break through and find the cause of that unhappiness met with rebuffs.

So she welcomed the telegram that came a day or so later, announcing the arrival for a visit of Cynthia and Newton Price. Cynthia Price was English, an old friend of Henry's in the days before he had met Sunday. Her husband was an American. They were motoring south, Cynthia wired, and wondered if they might stop overnight at Black Swan Hall. Henry wired back, urging them to come and stay much longer.

"Cynthia's grand," he said to Sunday with some of his old enthusiasm. "I've never met her husband, but I know you'll like her. She'll be wonderful company for you."

She didn't voice her thought: that he was the only company she wanted or needed.

Sunday pictured Cynthia as a typical English beauty—tall and blonde, a trifle raw-boned but with a dazzlingly fair complexion, tweedy, athletic. The reality was quite different. She was tiny and darkly vivacious, bubbling with elfin merriment, and equipped with a trunk full of clothes straight out of the most expensive Fifth Avenue shops. Her husband was quiet and slow-spoken, a perfect background for her darting gayety.

Again, the first evening they were at the Hall, Sunday saw a return of the normal, kindly atmosphere she had felt on the day Ronald Fairbrook had first been there. Was it possible, she wondered, that Henry simply needed people around him—new, stimulating people? Did he find her—his wife—inadequate? She faced the possibility squarely, knowing how much all its implications might hurt her.

Ronald had come to dinner. They were six at the table—Cynthia and Newton, herself and Henry, Alice and Ronald. Jackey and Lively, by preference, had their meals served in the

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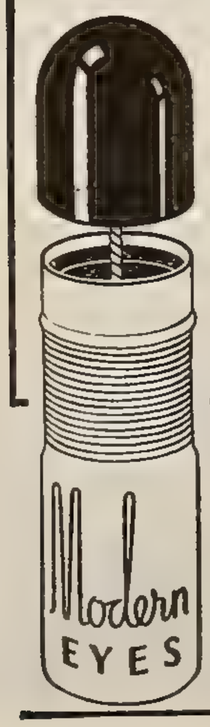


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room they shared, whenever there was company. Henry was at the other end of the table, chuckling at a story Cynthia had just finished telling. The color had come back into his cheeks in these few weeks at the Hall—that, at least, was something she could be thankful for, Sunday thought. Dr. Abbott's treatments were surely doing him good.

Outwardly there was nothing wrong. Just now, Henry appeared well and very happy. Yet—and Sunday tried to watch him coldly, unblinded by the fact that she loved him—there was, perhaps, a kind of forced shrillness to his laughter, a hectic falseness in his smile, as if he were playing the role of a man happy and at ease in his home.

She didn't know. It was impossible to tell.

It was the next day, after that evening when everything seemed so normal, that the blow fell.

Henry came to her bedroom in the morning, before breakfast. He was wearing, not the slacks and sports jacket that were his habitual costume, but a business suit. He stood just inside the door, looking at her where she sat before her dressing table, like a man who was trying to memorize every detail of a scene.

"I've got to tell you something, Sunday," he said.

She waited, her heart thudding in her breast, for she knew not what; sure that now, at last, she was to learn the reason for his change toward her.

"I'M going to the hospital today," he said. "Abbott is going to operate on me."

"Operate. . . ?" she whispered.

"We've known—he and I—for several days that it would have to be an operation. There's no sense in putting it off."

Sunday stood rooted to the floor, unable to move. "But why didn't you tell me?" she said. "Why wasn't I allowed to know?" All the weeks of being shut out of his life, all the lonely brooding of wakeful nights, was in her heartbroken cry.

"I didn't want to worry you."

"Worry me! Can't you see," she stormed, "that the best way to drive me frantic is to shut me out of your life, the way you've been doing? Keeping secrets from me, making me wonder—watch you—try to read your thoughts? Worry!" She began to sob hysterically, both hands over her face.

He touched her shoulder, and instantly she was in his arms, held with such strength she could scarcely breathe—and did not want to breathe, for this stormy pain was a delight she had been afraid she would never know again. She felt his tears mingling with her own, and heard him say:

"Oh, God, darling, I've tried so hard not to let you know what was happening. I'm afraid, Sunday—I'm afraid of being an invalid. I'm more afraid of that than I am of dying—"

"Hush, sweetheart—you mustn't say such things." She had drawn him down on the side of the bed. His head was pressed against her breast, her hand moved gently back and forth over the crisp coolness of his hair. "Is it so very dangerous, this operation?" She might have pretended that the operation was nothing, but intuition told her that pretense was no way to calm him now. The truth, whatever it might be, must be faced,

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and her greatest joy was that she could face it with him.

"Bad—yes. . . . I'm not afraid of the pain, Sunday—I'm not really afraid for myself at all. You understand that, don't you?" His head jerked back and he looked up at her in frantic entreaty. "I'm afraid I may be a drag on you—a dead body that's still alive, clinging to you, making you old and unhappy. I couldn't stand that. And when I think, too, of what's going on in England, while I'm tied here, unable to help—I hate myself. I hate the filthy trick my body has played on me!"

"Darling, you've been so terribly unhappy. Why didn't you tell me all this before? It would have helped, just to talk about it."

"I wanted to," he confessed. "I've wanted to, so often. But even more than that, I thought I had to kill your love for me. I couldn't stand the thought of what it would mean to you if I—died—or was an invalid. You've always been so dependent on me—I knew your only salvation would be in a—a cutting loose of the ties that held you to me. . . . And I *still* believe that!" he said, tearing himself away from her encircling arms and springing up to pace the floor. "Only I'm not strong enough to cut them!"

"You—did an awfully good job, though," Sunday said shakily. Things were clicking now into their proper places. She was beginning to understand. All that coldness had been Henry's deliberate attempt to make himself unnecessary to her. The desire for separate rooms, the insistence that she ride with Ronald Fairbrook, the remark that Cynthia would "be company for her"—all these were part of it. And part of it, too, were the unpredictable changes of temper, the flashes of despairing anger. These had come when nerves and emotions rebelled against the strictures so artificially imposed upon them.

But now it was over. Now she understood—without resentment at the masculine obtuseness that had thought so unnatural a scheme would serve its purpose; with, instead, a deep humility that she had been thought worthy of such a sacrifice.

"Come," she said gently. "If we're going to the hospital, we should start."

The hospital waiting room had no clock, and Sunday wondered if this omission was intentional or merely thoughtless. Did time go faster when there was no machine to record it? It could hardly go more slowly. It seemed hours that she had been sitting here in the leather chair that sighed gustily when it took your weight, looking about at the cream-colored walls, the mantelpiece with its two fat, empty jardinieres, the statue of the Madonna in one corner, the sepia engraving of the Ascension between the two windows. It seemed hours . . . but the rectangle of sunlight on the floor had crept only a few inches from the toe of her shoe.

Dr. Abbott had been frank, now that he knew Sunday was aware of the necessity for an operation. "There is a certain element of risk," he said. "I can't pretend otherwise. But there is definitely not the danger Lord Henry anticipates. I begged him—my dear, I all but ordered him—to consult you, days ago when we first decided an operation was indicated. He grew almost violent—insisted you weren't to know anything."

HE'S afraid he'll be an invalid," Sunday murmured. "Or—"

"Yes." Dr. Abbott frowned. "It amounts to an obsession with him. He told me that he's felt this way ever since the plane crash. And as with all obsessions it feeds upon itself. Lord Henry would be less of a worry to me," the doctor said gravely, "if he were not so convinced his life is at an end."

Sunday asked the question that was not important now, might become vitally so later on. "If the operation's successful, will he—will he be able to go back to England and fly again?" She hated herself for even thinking of this. She should want Henry to be able to fight for his country—and, of course, she did want him to, with one part of her. With the other, she dreaded losing him again. She dreaded the agony of new danger.

"Not for a long time, I'm afraid," the doctor said. "It will almost certainly be a long convalescence. But eventually, of course, it's possible. That's one reason he urged me to operate."

He turned to leave the waiting room. As he reached the door she stopped him with one more question. "Doctor—the operation is *really* necessary? I

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mean," she added, troubled at the slight coolness that came into his manner at the intimation that his diagnosis was subject to criticism, "Henry has looked so much better since you've been treating him—I thought—"

"I know." He forgave her. "But in a case like this, appearances are deceptive. The sun and air have been more responsible for that improved appearance of Lord Henry's than I."

So she was waiting, while in a white room somewhere in this building her husband's life was being drawn through a surgeon's firm, skilful—but not all-powerful—fingers. The others at the Hall had wanted to come to the hospital with her, but she had asked them not to. Waiting was hard enough alone; it would have been unbearable if she had been forced, besides, to keep up an appearance of composure.

The day dragged on. A nurse came to tell her that Henry had been taken back to his room, and that "everything had gone very well." She relayed this information to Alice at the Hall, over the telephone, and returned to her post in the waiting room, to sit in numb, weary silence.

At last Dr. Abbott was standing before her—calm, even smiling.

"Lord Henry is awake now," he told her. "Everything is fine. You may see him for a minute, but don't let him talk."

SHE was following him down a long, green-paved corridor, through a door and into a darkened room where a figure lay on the bed. All she could see were his eyes; the rest of his head was swathed in white. She bent over him, whispered, "Henry, dearest, you are going to be well. The operation went off wonderfully." Her lips were stiff and dry. It was a muscular effort to force them to speak, to smile. But his eyes answered her—narrowing, crinkling a little at the corners—before they closed again in sleep.

Outside the room sobs grew in her breast and battered their way from her lips. Dr. Abbott closed the door to his patient's room quickly. "Nurse," he said, "take Lady Brinthrope to a room and give her a sedative. She's dangerously near a breakdown."

Henry's recovery was rapid. Within three weeks he was nearly ready to come back to the Hall. And Sunday, filled with happiness, would let no one else take on the task of cleaning and preparing his room.

That was how she found the envelope. It was in his chest of drawers, lying among his handkerchiefs and shirts, and it was marked, "To be opened in case of my death."

A cold wind touched her. She had an impulse to tear the thing to pieces and burn every scrap. Instead, she put it carefully back where she had found it. Henry must not know she had seen it.

She knew, now, what he had been doing the morning she came home from her ride with Ronald Fairbrook and found him at the desk downstairs. That desk was where he kept his accounts and check-books. She even recognized the envelope as one of the neat pile always ready for his correspondence. He had jumped to his feet and hidden the papers on the desk with his body—because they were a draft of his will.

He'd been so sure he was going to die!

Working there in Henry's room, Sunday offered up a little prayer of



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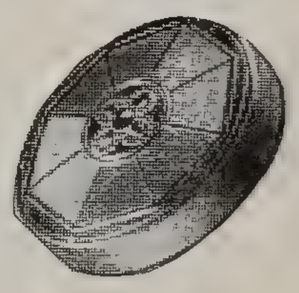
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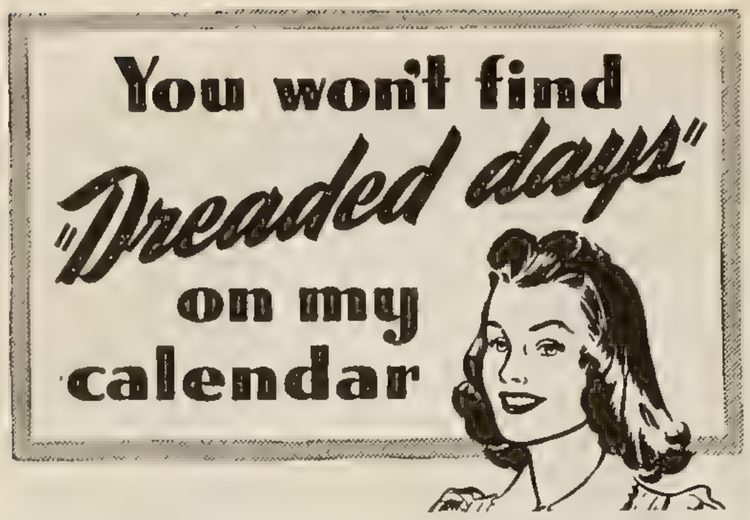
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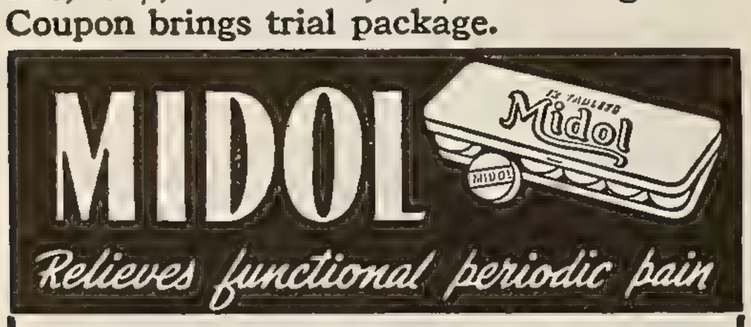
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thanksgiving. The war that was taking so many young lives had nearly taken one more—the most precious life in the world to her. For if Henry had died under Dr. Abbott's knife it would have been the war that killed him, just as surely as if he had died in the plane crash itself.

She felt very humble, with the humility of one who receives benefits others are denied. Her heart went out in pity for those thousands of other wives who had not been spared. She did not know why war had been gentle toward her, but from the bottom of her heart she was grateful.

There was only one thing Sunday did not know then, that she was to learn later. War invades the minds of men as well as their bodies.

SOMETIMES," Cynthia Price said, "I have to remind myself that you and Henry have been married three years."

Sunday set a vase full of giant dahlia blooms on the piano and stood back to appraise the effect. She laughed. "So do I," she said. "It seems more like three months."

"That wasn't exactly what I meant," Cynthia said, lighting a cigarette. Exquisitely manicured fingernails accented, with their color, the creamy smoothness of her hands; even though she smoked incessantly, stains never appeared upon her fingers. "Right now, for instance, you're acting like a bride."

"And why not?" Sunday hummed a little tune under her breath, rushed to the window to see if Dr. Abbott's car was in sight. "Any minute now Henry will be home from the hospital. I even *feel* like a bride."

"How in the world do you manage to keep feeling romantic about your husband?" Cynthia inquired lazily. "I can't remember when I last felt really romantic about Newton."

"Really? I think Newton's very handsome."

"It doesn't signify. The remarkable thing is that you think your own husband is handsome. Very few wives can, after the first year or so."

Again Sunday laughed, but she felt a growing sense of irritation. Cynthia was trying to be flip, amusing, and it wasn't coming off successfully; she was merely being cynical and a little vulgar. "I don't think," she said, "that it's necessary for a marriage to lose all its romance and excitement, no matter how many years go by."

"You don't? May you never be disillusioned, my sweet."

Looking at Cynthia curiously, Sunday realized that this time there was no idle amusement either in her face or in her voice. She was serious—quite tragically serious. And, as always in the presence of a genuine emotion, Sunday's heart went out in sympathy.

"You and Newton aren't happy together, Cynthia?"

Cynthia leaned forward and snubbed out her cigarette in an ashtray on the coffee table. "We're . . . not unhappy," she conceded; and then, in a rush, went on: "But something's gone—something that was very sweet and precious. I can't explain. You know what I mean, anybody that's ever been in love would know what I mean. It used to be that every day was an adventure—every minute we spent together was delicious excitement. Now . . . well, that's all over. Being married is . . . neither good nor bad. It's just nothing. Nothing at all."

Sunday recoiled before the picture of such desolation. But something, deep down in her mind, was whispering to her that the picture was—ever so faintly—familiar. She tried to silence the whisper: "If that's happened—and I don't really think it has, I think you're making things sound worse than they are—it's because you never were very deeply in love with Newton."

"I was in love with him, all right," Cynthia said shortly. "I was crazy-mad about him. And I was like you, I didn't think I'd ever get over it. But that was only four years ago—and I got over it. Worse luck."

"Did—Newton get over it, too?"

"Obviously. In fact, he got over it first. One morning I woke up and realized, all of a sudden, that my husband found me just about as essential to him as his morning toast and coffee. And just about as exciting. That, Sunday-gal, was the beginning of the end."

Sunday wished Cynthia wouldn't call her "Sunday-gal." She'd picked the habit up from Jackey and Lively; on their lips it sounded natural and affectionate, on hers it sounded almost like sarcasm.

"I think you were imagining it," she said staunchly.

"I must have a wonderful imagination, then. . . . Oh well," and Cynthia reached for another cigarette, "I suppose we're going through the period of second adjustment, Newton and I."

"Second adjustment? What's that?"

"The time when youthful passion"—Cynthia mimicked the phrase mockingly—"the hearts-and-flowers, moonlight-and-nightingales-singing sort of thing—settles down to mutual respect and affection. A game of cribbage by the fireside and don't forget to wind the alarm clock. Only," she stood up and shuddered, "I'm not old enough yet for that!"

A cheerful babble of voices came from the hall. Sunday jumped. "It's



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Henry!" she cried. "Dr. Abbott's brought him home and I wasn't at the door to meet him!"

In the hubbub of welcoming Henry back to the Hall, Cynthia's unpleasant views of marriage were driven from Sunday's mind; but they were to return, rather uncomfortably, again and again in the next few days—every time, in fact, that she saw the Prices together. There was something acutely distressing in knowing that two married people were not happy together. Having once seen past the conventional facade they presented to the world, Sunday was unable to bring that facade back into focus. Into every remark of Cynthia's she read, without intending to, a hint of Cynthia's dissatisfaction. In Newton's quiet reserve she saw a mask for a disillusion to match his wife's.

Unbidden, the wish came to her that they would leave. But, she loyally reminded herself, they were Henry's friends, and Henry enjoyed their company. It was good for him to have them here. It must be, when he found so much amusement in Cynthia's verbal sallies, so much masculine contentment in Newton's talk of business, politics, hunting.

I must be turning into one of those neurotic, possessive wives, she thought. For now she should have been happy—and yet she was not.

HENRY was convalescing to Dr. Abbott's entire satisfaction. Every day he was stronger. That cloud was gone, or so nearly gone that it was nothing to worry about. And Henry had returned to her arms, her heart, her love.

But—

He was different. The difference was so evanescent, so difficult to analyze or isolate, that at first Sunday was able to tell herself that she imagined it. Then she realized. Cynthia Price had put it into words. It was the "second adjustment"—when romance gave way to affection, desire to acceptance.

A wild anger possessed her. This must not happen—she would not let it happen! Not only for her own sake, but for Henry's, too, she determined to fight against it. He would not be happy, taking her for granted, letting their marriage jog into dreary routine—for it was in Henry to feel his emotions deeply, just as it was in her. He could not stand a marriage that was not quick with living, breathing vitality.

So she would fight to keep their life together full of color. But how? What weapons, what tactics, would she use? And there she stopped, because the fight would be against something so vague and elusive that it could not be attacked. Even Cynthia, cleverly feminine though she was, had admitted defeat in this self-same battle. Even Cynthia—

It must have been just then that the first small thought of jealousy entered her mind.

"I adore you, Henry," Cynthia had said one evening, after dinner. "I could kill Sunday for grabbing you."

It was a typically Cynthia-esque remark, and they had all laughed—Newton, Henry, Sunday herself. Now Sunday wondered if its intention had been entirely humorous.

Cynthia was always with them, at Black Swan Hall. Newton frequently drove down to the village, or took long walks through the woods, but Cynthia didn't like the village and



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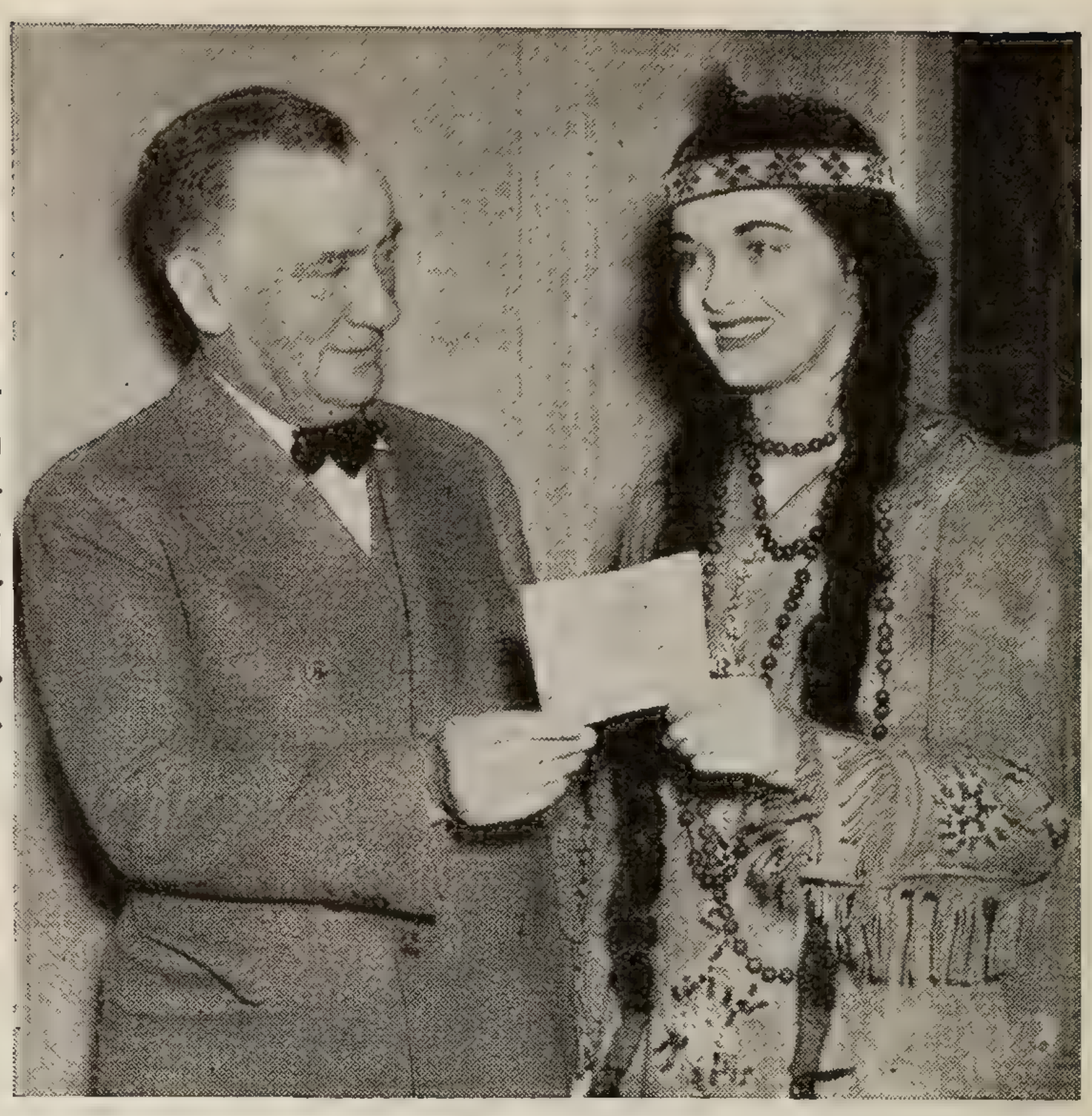
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walking bored her. She played an excellent game of tennis, and as soon as Henry was well enough they spent long sunlit hours on the court, playing or resting. Sunday could hear their laughter and the *ping* of the balls against the rackets when she was upstairs in David's room.

And Cynthia seemed never to tire of reminiscing with Henry about the gay season they had spent in London, the year Henry "came down" from Oxford. Names spattered gaily through their talk—Midge, Buckles, Reg, Flossie—and unless you had spent that season in London, too, you never knew that Midge, Buckles and company were all the Honorable this or Sir that. Newton would emit frank yawns, and Sunday would feel her face stiffening in its expression of interested amusement. It was impossible to tell whether Henry was bored or not. Cynthia did most of the talking, with Henry putting in only a polite word now and then, or supplying a forgotten detail.

HER fears crystallized on a drowsy afternoon when Henry had gone to Dr. Abbott's and she was reading on the terrace, stretched out in a huge chaise longue whose overhanging hood hid her from the drawing room windows behind. She heard Cynthia's voice:

"Frankly, darling, if you're so anxious to get back to New York I wouldn't dream of keeping you here against your will. But as for me—I stay as long as Henry and Sunday are willing to let me."

"I should think you'd be ashamed." Newton spoke with quiet, vibrant contempt.

Cynthia laughed. "It's you who should be ashamed, Newton, for your nasty thoughts."

"Then you aren't in love with Henry?—I beg your pardon, I should not have asked that. I know you aren't in love with him because you aren't capable of loving anyone except yourself."

Sunday heard Cynthia catch her breath sharply. "I was in love with you once—terribly in love. You've made it impossible for me to go on loving you."

"I know. I've heard that argument before—and I still don't know what it means. I haven't intended to change toward you at all—but your selfishness, your insistence on what you call 'a good time'—"

"And that's all something *I've* heard before, too," Cynthia said wearily. "Newton, why do we go on battering each other over the heads with the same sticks? Couldn't we find a new one occasionally?"

"Don't joke about it!" he snapped. "And please don't try to change the subject. Are you or aren't you trying to come between Henry and Sunday?"

"If I am, I'm quite sure neither of them realizes it. Henry doesn't, I know."

"I won't have you ruining a happy marriage," he said savagely, "just because you're bored and restless."

"If I had a happy marriage of my own, I might not be tempted."

"I've tried to make you happy—I've given you everything you wanted. I even left my office for this vacation trip because you wanted me to."

"And you haven't let me forget that great sacrifice for a minute!"

Sunday crouched down into the cushions of the chaise longue, wishing that you could shut off your sense of hearing as you could your sense of sight. She couldn't move, or they would see her. If only they would leave the drawing room! . . . Eventually, after some more argument that got nowhere but only revealed more clearly the bitter unhappiness of them both, they did go.

Throughout it all, Cynthia had skillfully evaded answering the most important question: was she bent on coming between Henry and his wife?

IT was two days later—two days in which Sunday felt as though she were balancing herself on a swaying tightrope over a dark chasm—that Henry said, just as they were going to bed, "Sunday—I want to talk to you, Rather seriously."

She had been brushing her hair, pulling the brush along the shining strands so they crinkled with electricity and floated in the air with a life of their own. Without turning around, she laid down the brush and said, "Yes, Henry?" She could see him in the mirror, sitting on the edge of the bed, leaning forward, his chin on one clenched hand.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

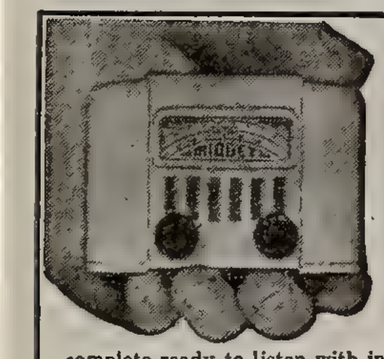
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It's impossible, she thought, that he is going to tell me he's fallen in love with Cynthia. Henry wouldn't hurt me so, if it had happened—he'd think he had to keep it a secret, not even admit it to himself. And that's the real danger . . .

"I want to go back to England," he said.

This was so much less than she had feared that she almost laughed with relief—until she remembered what returning to England would mean. Flying again, putting himself in peril . . . but that was his right as a man and a Briton; she could not try to rob him of it.

"Very well, Henry," she said slowly. "If you want to—and if Dr. Abbott says you're well enough—we'll go."

"Not we, dear. I want to leave you and the children here, and go alone."

"Oh, no!" At least, in Scotland she would feel that she was near him if he came to harm. With three thousand miles of tossing seas between them, and with nothing to do but think, couldn't he see that she would go mad with anxiety? "No, Henry—please! We'll leave the children here, if you like, but I must go with you!"

Henry got up and began to pace the room impatiently. "Don't be ridiculous, Sunday. What difference does it make whether you're in England or the United States? We couldn't be together anyway, if they take me back into the R.A.F. And perhaps they won't. I may have to stay in London, do what I can there."

"Then I'll stay in London too. There must be things I can do."

"It's out of the question. It would be—too dangerous."

BUT his slight hesitation had given her a clue. She knew him so well, with the knowledge love brings, that she could tell when he was not being entirely frank.

"Henry," she said, clasping her hands tightly together to stop their shaking, "Henry—it isn't just the danger. You don't *want* me with you, do you?"

His lips moved for a quick denial. Then, his eyes upon her, he took a deep breath.

"No," he said.

Sunday sat very still. She could feel her heart thudding in her breast, sending its pulse through her body. How foolish that it should go on working, maintaining life when life was over!

"Can't you understand how a man feels, Sunday?" he said. "For weeks I've been useless, doing nothing while my countrymen—my friends, people I went to school with—have been fighting and dying for things *I* love and believe in. I've got to help. But I can't be distracted by having you near me. Thinking of you—wondering if you were safe, planning when I could get away to see you again—that would make me soft. And I mustn't be soft."

"I see all that," she answered. "But you have a duty to me too, Henry. If this is your fight, it's mine as well. I've a right to help you with it. You can't leave me in safety while you risk your life. You can't because—I'm part of your life."

"Your job's here with the children," he said harshly. "Sunday, let's get things straight. I am going back to England. I'd like to go with your approval and blessing, but if I don't get them I'm going anyway. And I won't allow you to go with me."



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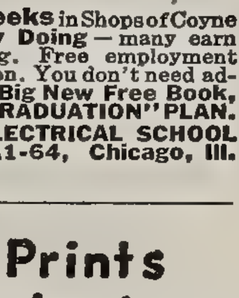
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"I see," she murmured. "Yes, that's getting things straight."

Sunday lay awake, that night, until the ghost of dawn entered the room. Beside her, she knew that Henry too was awake. But they did not speak.

BLACK Swan Hall was blanketed with rain the next morning. The skies were so dark that at breakfast they ate by the light of electricity. Sunday, heavy-eyed and feeling as if her brain were made of wool, could feel a mounting tension in the atmosphere. To add to the discomfort, Cynthia and Newton had not made up their quarrel. They were barely civil to each other. If only, Sunday thought, they would go away! Then perhaps she and Henry could find some way to return to their old relationship.

But she realized that this was begging the question. Cynthia and Newton, here in the hall, constituted an irritant, but the trouble between her and Henry had cut too deeply to be healed by their mere absence. And there was no reason for her to think that either of them had any connection with Henry's determination to go back to England.

After breakfast, unable to put her mind to her usual routine of morning duties, she put on a waterproof, got the roadster that Henry had brought out of the garage, and drove through the sluicing rain to Dr. Abbott's surgery.

"Henry wants to go back to England," she told the doctor without preliminaries. "I want to know if he's strong enough."

Abbott sat up straighter in his chair. "Headstrong young idiot!" he snorted. "Of course he isn't strong enough—won't be for weeks, months, maybe a year. You'll have to stop him."

"I can't," she confessed miserably. "He's got the bit in his teeth. We—quarreled about it last night."

Frowning, the doctor said thoughtfully, "I could warn him. But I don't suppose he'd pay any attention, if he's in that mood . . . I doubt very much that the R.A.F. would accept him for service."

"He's thought of that. He says if they won't he'll find some kind of war work to do in London."

"Lord! He'd last about two days in his present state of health. Well, I'll talk to him. I'll try to think up some argument that will appeal to his common sense, if he has any left."

Driving back, she knew that she should feel better. She had an ally to help her keep Henry in the United States. But it was not his going that would hurt her so much. It was his wanting to go—without her.

The rain continued, a steady, maddening flood, all that day and all the next. They were virtual prisoners in the Hall. And now even Alice Sedgewick, usually so placid and unconcerned, knew that an emotional strain was growing that must soon break into a storm as uncontrolled as the one raging outside.

At dinner of the second day Sunday saw Alice watching Henry and herself with troubled eyes in the too-long pauses between conversation. Cynthia and Newton, eating little, were together on the other side of the table. Newton's face was flushed as he laid down his napkin and pushed his chair back with a grating sound.

"Let's talk," he said thickly. "Cynthia tells me you're going back to England, Henry."

Sunday stopped breathing. He had told Cynthia!

"And Cynthia," Newton was continuing, still in that strange, muffled voice, "says she's going with you."

Alice's coffee cup clattered thinly in its saucer.

Through a haze, Sunday was trying to see Henry's face. But everything was swaying and jumping so, she couldn't tell how he looked, couldn't tell whether this news was a surprise to him or not. By the time she had steadied herself it was too late. Henry's face was an impassive, tight-lipped mask. She saw Cynthia looking at her, on her lips a little smile of triumph.

"Henry is English," Cynthia said. "So am I."

"Convenient for you," Newton said with lumbering sarcasm. "No sacrifice is too much to make for your country—is that it?" Even in her own misery, Sunday found time to feel a wave of pity for him, he was so deeply hurt, so out of his depth in a situation foreign to all his conventional notions of behavior. Abruptly, he put out his hand to pick up a wine-glass. Its slender stem snapped in his fingers.

"Just tell me one thing, Brinthrope," he demanded. "How much of all this was your idea?"

Henry's lips, drained of blood, twisted. "I—didn't suggest to Cynthia that she should go to London, if that's what you mean. I haven't influenced her in any way. I don't care whether she goes or not."

"Really, Newton," Cynthia said coolly, "you are making a most disgusting scene." She stood up, looking like a wax statue of disdain. Newton seized her wrist and swung her violently back into her chair.

"You sit down," he ordered. "This is one spot you can't get out of by turning up your nose. You heard what Brinthrope said. And I believe him. It was your idea to follow him to London—throw yourself at him when Sunday wasn't around—"

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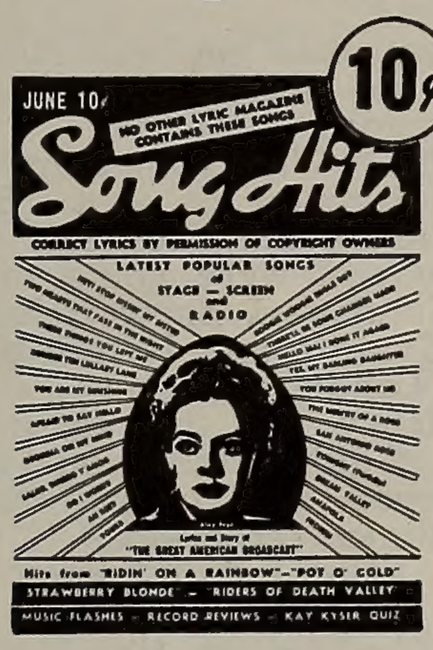


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There was a high, shattering humming in Sunday's ears. The room was pressing in around her, stiflingly. "I think I'll go out," she said, "I think I'll go outside for some—fresh air—"

She struggled to her feet and walked, first slowly, then faster and faster, to the door. Without stopping for a cloak she went through the hall and into the wet, windy night. A blast of rain soaked her thin evening gown, plastering it against her body, but she stumbled on unheeding, hardly knowing where she was.

That was what happened when marriages began to break up—sordid, ugly quarrels, words flung for the pleasure of hurting . . . little schemes and intrigues conceived by the woman, out of boredom and the feeling of neglect . . . the man fighting to keep his self-respect . . . love turned into a battleground . . . other people drawn into the chaos of emotions . . .

It mustn't happen to Henry and her . . . it mustn't. There was a way to fight it—if she could only think. If she could go back there to the Hall and face them all and say—

What would she say? What were the words she would use?

If she could think . . .

But the first thing was to go back to the Hall.

She turned, leaning against the wind, pushing drenched strands of hair from before her eyes. The lights of the Hall seemed to have disappeared. She must have gone in the wrong direction. Twigs caught at her skirt, the trunk of a tree loomed up blackly before her, and she turned again, hardly able to keep her footing on the wet, slippery ground.

Then, as she took another step, the earth fell away from beneath her, and she felt herself dropping, through a welter of mud and water and darkness.

IT'S all right, darling," Henry said, "just rest."

But when she opened her eyes he was not there. She was in her room at the Hall; sunlight came in a wide band through one of the windows; Alice Sedgewick was by her bed. "Henry?" she said.

"Henry's outside, dear," Alice said. "I'll call him."

"But I just heard him speak to me," Sunday said, feeling very weak and puzzled.

"That was yesterday, or the day before," Alice told her. "You've been ill for four days."

"Ill? I can't remember. . . ." Even as she spoke, stray bits of recollection did begin to come back: a storm, a terrible scene at the dinner table, Cynthia, Newton . . . London . . .

Alice was admitting Henry, a Henry whose face was pale and haggard, who came toward her with a nervous urgency

"Sunday—thank God you're all right!"

"Of course I am," she answered softly. "I can't think what happened—I was out in the rain—"

"The ground was soft—wet. It gave way with you out on that little bluff beside the creek. We looked for you all night long."

He sat down beside the bed, not touching her, just looking at her as if he could never look enough, smiling a little timidly, like a small boy who has been punished and is not quite sure the punishment is over. For a while they said little, and that little unimportant, and Sunday let memory seep



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back into her until the picture of the last few days was complete. They would have to talk, she knew, but just now she was content to lie there, warmed by Henry's love.

After a time he stood up. "Alice said I mustn't stay too long. She'll be coming in to banish me in a minute."

"Henry—" Sunday reached out a hand to him, and he seized it, his face abruptly wrinkling with pain.

"My darling—I've got to tell you before I go. I'm so sorry. I didn't realize until I thought I'd lost you how much you must have been suffering."

Tears of weakness came into her eyes. It was silly to be crying—but it was so good to know that the bad time was over. She didn't understand, yet, why it was over, but that didn't matter.

"Go to sleep now," Henry whispered. "Alice will be with you, and I'll be right outside."

Obediently, she closed her eyes, and did not even hear him leave the room.

HOURS of drowsy warmth and comfort—food temptingly arranged on a tray—Alice fussing over her, the doctor coming in once a day to boom good-natured insults at her and thus show that he too loved her, Henry sitting quietly beside her bed— In another day she was well enough to get up and sit by the window, wrapped in a cocoon-like, fuzzy blanket.

Henry, basking in the sunlight that flooded the window-seat, smiled at her. "You know, I'm not going to London," he said as casually as if this had not been the most precious gift he could offer her. "I had a little talk with Dr. Abbott. He made me even more ashamed of myself than I was before."

"What did he say, Henry?"

"'Brinthrope,' he said," Henry imitated Abbott's blunt manner, "'you seem to think the only thing you're good for is flying a plane or putting out a fire started by some other wild-eyed, airplane-flying maniac. I admire your modesty, but the truth is, those are two things you aren't any good for right now. So better lay off 'em.'"

They laughed, and Henry continued, "You were too considerate of my feelings, Sunday. But the doctor wasn't. He gave me a dose of psychology, and before he was done he had me admitting that at least part of my determination to go back to England was bravado—the biggest cowardice of all, which is fear of being thought a coward. Then he pointed out that I know a lot about constructing planes and that I have a good deal of money. The combination, he said, would make a good airplane factory, right here in America. And that, Sunday, is what we're going to have."

"An—airplane factory!"

"Right. If I can't fly for England myself," and only for a moment did his eyes contain a shadow of wistfulness, "I can make planes and ship 'em over so other chaps can fly for her."

"Henry! I'm so glad! . . . Not only because you won't be going away. I'm selfish about you, but I could stand that. But mostly I'm glad because you'll be doing something useful that only you can do."

He took her hand, and there was a silence between them that said more than words.

One name had not been mentioned, but it could not be put off forever. Sunday said:

"Cynthia? What's she going to do?"

Henry dropped his eyes. "She and Newton are gone. They left the day we knew you were going to be all right. Sunday—I know it looked as though Cynthia and I were planning to go to London together—"

"No, Henry, no," she reassured him quickly. "I didn't think you'd planned it. I believed what you said that night at the dinner table—that it was all her idea. But I didn't know—" she faltered. "I was afraid if she did go, you might—because she was there, because you were lonely—learn to love her . . . more than me."

"We were all a little crazy, I think," he said grimly. "Cynthia and Newton because they weren't hitting it off well together—I because I couldn't stop believing I was a coward to stay here in safety while—things were going on in England. And you because," his voice sank so she could barely hear it, "because of the way I treated you."

"You must forget that, dear," she said. "I have. . . . Is Cynthia going to leave Newton and go to England alone?"

I HOPE not. I don't think so. Cynthia learned a lesson too. She was terribly shaken by the time we found you. You see," Henry explained carefully, "Cynthia isn't the sort that ever thinks how other people will feel. She's—thoughtless, but not callous. She was bored and unhappy, so she went ahead with what she wanted to do, never considering what the effect might be on other people. It took your accident to show her that. I think, in a way, it must have shown her what Newton was going through, too."

"It was worth it, then," Sunday said. "I'd like to know that she and Newton were happy together—I'm so happy myself I can't bear the thought of other people being miserable."

Henry leaned over and kissed her—a long kiss that brought new color to her cheeks, a new brightness to her eyes. "The children and Jackey and Lively are out in the hall," he said, "raging to see you. I wouldn't let them, until I'd told you everything. But now I'll go and get them."

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